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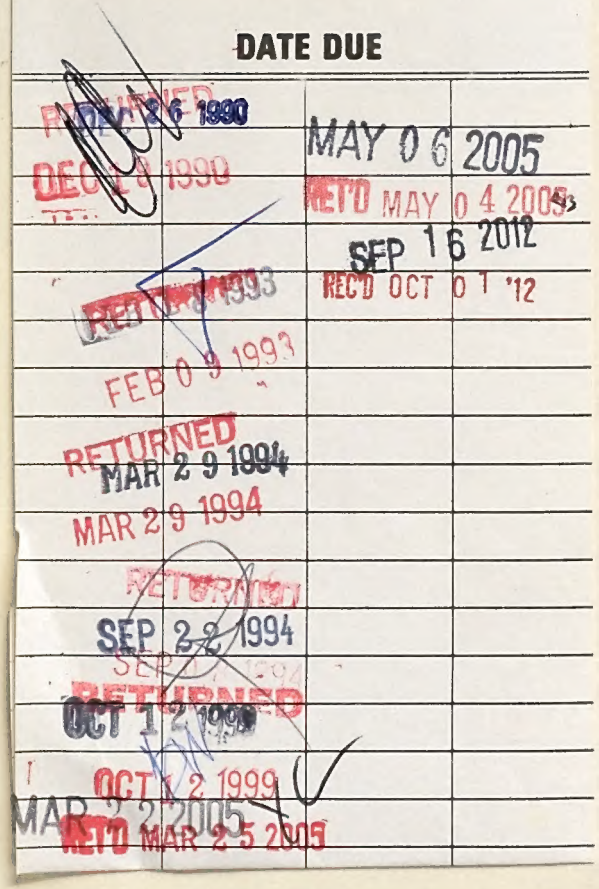
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CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE

TRANSLATED BY

CHARJES JERVAS—I

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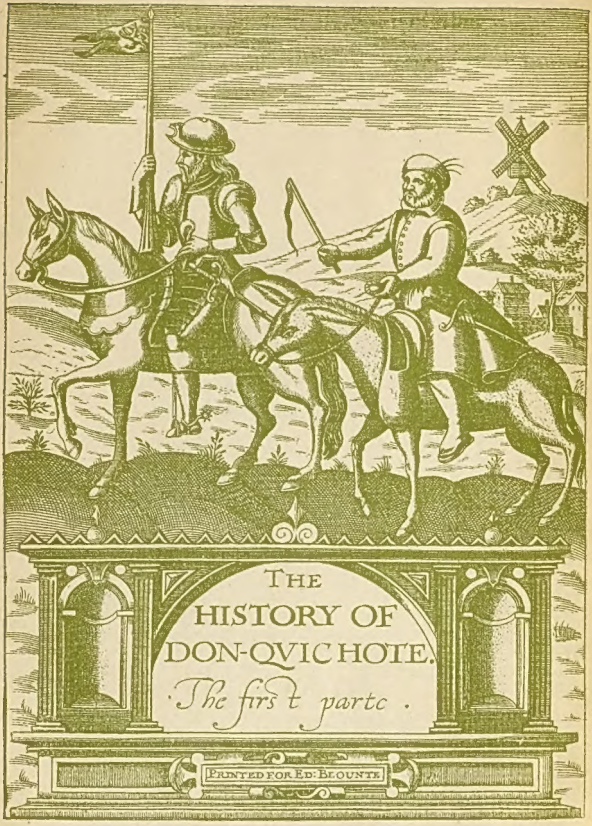

FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN 1612

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DON QUIXOTE

BY

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TRANSLATED BY CHARLES JERVAS

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION
BY JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY

IN TWO VOLUMES : VOL. I

HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK AND TORONTO

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Baptized, Alcalá de Henares . October 9, 1547
Died, Madrid . . . . April 23, 1616

The First Part of 'Don Quixote' was published at Madrid in 1605, *the Second Part at Madrid in* 1615; *both Parts were issued at Barcelona by the same publisher (but printed by different printers) during the course of* 1617; *the first edition of the book complete appeared at Madrid in* 1647. *Jervas' translation was first published in* 1742. *In 'The World's Classics' it was first published in* 1907, *and reprinted in* 1912.

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INTRODUCTION

Though apparently unfortunate, the circumstances of Cervantes's obscure but crowded life were an excellent preparation for the work to which he owes his universal fame. Much of his biography may be gathered from his masterpiece. At Alcalá de Henares, where the first Polyglot Bible was produced, he breathed the air of scholarship from his cradle, and he dwells with pardonable complacency on Alcalá's importance; but, as his parents were too poor and too nomadic to educate him at the celebrated university of his native town, his originality developed untrammelled by dead scholastic tradition or academic routine. His father was a rolling stone—a humble apothecary-surgeon, moving continually from place to place, attending such few patients as luck threw in his way. Cervantes, as he tells us in *Don Quixote*, could never resist reading even the scraps of paper which he picked up in the streets, and during his journeys with his father he contrived to make acquaintance with the chief existing monuments of Spanish literature. Passages in his writings make it clear that in his wandering youth he knew by heart the poems of Juan de Mena and Garcilaso de la Vega. At this period of his life also, in addition to *Lazarillo de Tormes*, he devoured those folios of chivalrous adventures which he, and he alone, has

saved from the iniquity of oblivion; and he must have studied them with microscopic eyes, for, nearly half a century later, he was able to say off-hand and with confidence (in the twentieth chapter of *Don Quixote*) that Gasabel, the mute squire of Galaor, is only mentioned once in *Amadis de Gaula*—'that history as long as it is faithful'. And his reading—wide, deep, close and desultory—was supplemented by observation of the motley company which he met on the road. He became familiar with the shifts of strolling actors, the craft of predatory innkeepers, and the wiles of gipsies; he exchanged suave compliments with lisping Andalusian rogues, learned to talk the spluttering jargon of illiterate outriders from Biscay, and rubbed shoulders with every class of adventurer. While still a boy, Cervantes had acted in the sordid tragi-comedy of hunger, played in every province of picaresque Spain.

Settling in Madrid, possibly as usher in a school, he made his first appearance in print (1569) with a sonnet, four *redondillas*, and an elegy on the death of Philip the Second's third wife, Isabel de Valois.

> From tender years I've loved, with passion rare,
> The winsome art of Poesy the gay,
> In this to please thee hath been all my care.

So he said, truly enough no doubt, in the *Voyage round Parnassus*. Whatever may be thought of his later efforts, these juvenile poems give no indication of his powers—even as a writer of verse. For the next eleven years, he had little time to spare to literature. Before he was twenty-two he set out to see the world, to study mankind—and to eat his bread with tears.

He worked his way to Rome, became chamberlain to a future cardinal (Giulio Acquaviva), and had ample opportunities of observing the clerical varieties of human frailty. Some traces of this experience are noticeable in his scornful reference to that poor windbag, the pompous churchman attached to the Duke's household, who was rash enough to call Don Quixote a booby :—' one of those who, not being born grandees themselves, cannot teach those who are to behave as such ; one of those who would fain measure the greatness of the great by their own pettiness of spirit '. The words ring with a resentment which tells its own story—a story of humiliations overpast, but unforgotten.

A year or less in Acquaviva's service answered Cervantes's purpose. He was provided with a store of material which he has utilized in creating Don Quixote's lively parish-priest, the learned canon who discussed the principles of dramaturgy, the Archbishop's chaplain who narrowly escaped being gulled by Neptune at Seville, and other diverse clerics. In 1570 Cervantes enlisted in the Spanish army, and was present next year at the battle of Lepanto. Nothing delighted him more than to dwell on his share in what he calls ' the most important action ever fought in all the history of the centuries—past, present, and to come '. And he had reason to be proud of it. Though he is modestly silent on the point, we learn from other sources that he was personally congratulated on his conspicuous gallantry by his chief, Don John of Austria. Fancy portraits (and there are no authentic likenesses of Cervantes) often represent him as having

lost an arm, and some loosely-worded phrases of his own may be quoted in support of this theory. The historical fact is rightly stated by Mercury in the *Voyage round Parnassus* :—

> I know that, in the naval bloody fight,
> Thy left hand shattered lost the active power
> It once possessed, for glory of the right.

At Lepanto Cervantes received two gunshot wounds in the chest, and a wound which mutilated his left hand. But his arm was not amputated ; he could still shoulder a musket, and, as soon as he was discharged from hospital, he was in the ranks again.

In garrison he became acquainted with the type of the military picaroon Vicente de la Roca—bravo, gallant, musician, and poet—whose fascination for Leandra is related by the goatherd to Don Quixote during the interval that the enchanted knight is released on parole from his cage ; and reminiscences of the Navarino and Tunis campaigns are plainly visible in the Captive's story. After five years of service Cervantes was still a private soldier, and he resolved to return to Spain to seek preferment. Provided with a letter of recommendation from Don John of Austria, he sailed from Naples, was captured by Barbary corsairs near Marseilles on September 26, 1575, and lived the life of a slave in Algiers till ransomed in September 1580. His experiences in captivity may be gathered from the Captive's account of his master in *Don Quixote* :

> ' Every day he hanged a man, impaled one, sliced off the ears of another ; and this with such slight provocation, or so utterly without provocation, that the Turks admitted

he did it simply for the sake of doing it, and because nature made him murderously inclined to all the race of man. One alone fared well with him—a Spanish soldier, something-or-other Saavedra by name, to whom he himself never gave a blow, nor ordered a blow to be given, nor said a harsh word, though he had done deeds which will live for many years in the memory of those people, and all to regain his liberty; and for the least of the many things he did we all feared that he would be impaled, and more than once he feared it himself; and, if time only allowed, I could now tell you somewhat of that soldier's deeds which would interest and amaze you far more than the relation of my own story.'

Reaching Spain towards the end of 1580, Cervantes found the country overrun with discharged soldiers like himself. His patron, Don John, was dead, and, in default of any other employment, he betook himself to literature. In 1585 he brought out the First Part of a pastoral romance called *La Galatea*. It won no great success in its day, nor did it deserve to succeed. Prose pastorals are artificial performances at the best, and there was nothing artificial in the nature of Cervantes. His genius is spontaneous, buoyant, and sincere, and in *La Galatea* he compels himself to be restrained and affectedly lachrymose. But the book was always a favourite with the author, and he is careful to place it prominently on the shelves of Don Quixote's library. He followed the literary mode of the hour because his daily bread depended on his pen. He must please, or he must starve. Indeed, he would have starved, had he not written copiously for the stage. In his bland ironical fashion he recalls that his plays 'were not hissed, nor hooted, nor did any-

one throw pumpkins at the actors while the pieces were being given'. And he willingly or banteringly makes believe that he was a successful dramatist for a time. These are the retrospective illusions of a brave spirit, deliberately optimistic to the last; the fact remains that Cervantes gave up the struggle in 1587, and was glad to go to Seville to collect stores for the Invincible Armada. It seemed clear that there was no place for him in literature.

His new work was squalid and ill-paid, and he plainly accepted it as a last resource. After the defeat of the Armada, he remained in the public service as a tax-collector; but he disliked the business, and vainly applied for employment in America. Fortunately for his fame, and fortunately for mankind, his petition was rejected. He remained to levy contributions with a perfect indiscretion which brought down on him the displeasure of his official superiors, and a threat of excommunication from the clergy. His high-handed, over-zealous proceedings led to his imprisonment in 1592, and he was imprisoned again at Seville in 1597, owing to his imprudence in entrusting Treasury funds to a fraudulent agent. As there was no charge of bad faith against him, he was speedily released; but he gave the impression of being careless or incompetent, and, as he was unable to make good the deficit, he was cashiered. Not a word as to these trials ever escapes him, even in his most expansive mood; none the less they were invaluable to the future author of *Don Quixote*.

He was now fifty years of age, and it was too late for him to make a fresh start in life. He seemed to

have no future: as to the past, he had tried many things and failed in all—failed as schoolmaster, as chamberlain, as soldier, as poet, as novelist, as playwright, as commissary, as tax-gatherer. He had been a slave for five years; he had been under threat of excommunication; he had been at least twice in prison. Naturally no one wished to employ a man with such a history. When Cervantes came out of Seville jail in 1597 he found himself little better than a pariah: in reality, though he himself never guessed it, he was on the threshold of immortality. Any other man might have been soured by an unbroken series of misfortunes, but the distinguishing notes of Cervantes's character are its calm courage and unwavering hopefulness—the very qualities with which he has endowed Don Quixote. There is nothing querulous in his attitude towards fate; so far from yielding to the fatal instinct of self-pity, he contemplates the riotous farce of human action with an air of interested and philosophic detachment. And he was now free to indulge his vein of whimsical speculation, for he was forgotten by all the world except the Treasury officials. Unable to repay the missing money, he was imprisoned in 1598 and again in 1601–2. But these interruptions did not gravely disturb his resigned tranquillity, and they even seem to have stimulated his creative genius. He describes *Don Quixote* as a book 'full of imaginings of every sort, and such as were never conceived in any other mind, just what might be begotten in a prison where every misery is lodged, and every dismal sound has its abode'; and the probability is that he began it in Seville jail. There are unmistakable signs that

Don Quixote was written at odds and ends of time; there are countless little negligences of detail which denote hasty and irregular composition. But there can be no question as to the maturity of its genius, and the unity of its design.

Yet it is doubtful if Cervantes recognized to its full extent the greatness of his own achievement, and it is more than doubtful if he recognized that *Don Quixote* had grown into something which far exceeded his original purpose. With a strange persistence he declares that his work is 'from beginning to end an attack on the romances of chivalry', and no doubt he began it with that intention. He lived so much in the past that he may at times have thought there was need for a crusade against the extravagant stories which he had read long ago with all a boy's credulous delight. But the vogue of such books was so completely over that not a single romance of chivalry had been published at Madrid during the forty-three years of Philip the Second's reign. It is true that Cervantes had drifted away from literature, that he had spent many years in the provinces, and that provincial readers still enjoyed the terrific adventures of the knights in the books of chivalry even more than they enjoyed the exquisite sensibility of the swains in the pastoral novels. But Cervantes was well aware that the literary fashion had changed, and it is obvious from a passage in the forty-seventh chapter of *Don Quixote* that he had already complied with the demand for tales of roguery by writing that most brilliant of picaresque novels *Rinconete y Cortadillo*.

Everything points to the conclusion that he began

with the idea of writing a short story parodying the extravagances of the knightly romances, that he was gradually led to enlarge its scope, and that, after many doubts and hesitations, he found himself committed to a great prose epic embracing the entire range of human character. It was more congenial to his mood to write of real rogues like Rinconete and Cortadillo than of wan, ineffectual phantoms like Galatea and Elicio. But why should he confine himself to amusing tales of picaroons? Why not draw more heavily upon the unrivalled wealth of his experiences? Tax-gathering is not, at first blush, a romantic calling; but it had enabled Cervantes to observe anew every aspect of life in Spain, and to revise the impressions which he had gathered when, as a lad, he traversed the tawny country-side in company with his father.

Don Quixote is not only a great romance: it is an invaluable historical document by means of which it is possible to reconstruct the social fabric as it existed in Spain towards the close of the sixteenth century. And the picture of manners is incomparably rich in colour and variety. Stately nobles, every kind of ecclesiastic, country gentlemen, aspiring poets, doctors, lawyers, university students, goatherds, muleteers, clowns, convicts, familiars of the Inquisition, officers of the Holy Brotherhood, great ladies, damsels in distress, boys and girls, old and young, rich and poor—their portraits find place in Cervantes's vast gallery, and even the secondary figures are memorable. The enchanter waves his wand, and calls back into existence a vanished world. Maritornes, Dorothea, the Knight's niece, Cardenio, Lothario, Fernando, and the inn-

keeper whose midnight accolade transformed the Ingenious Gentleman into the Champion of Christendom —they are more real to us than many acquaintances in everyday life. And above all these in brilliance and vigour is the presentation of Don Quixote's exultant idealism and Sancho Panza's alert ancestral wisdom.

Master and man are now inseparable in our imagination, but it is tolerably evident that Sancho Panza is an afterthought—surely the happiest afterthought in the world! Had he entered into Cervantes's original plan, he would undoubtedly have been introduced when Don Quixote was preparing for his first sally, naming his charger, burnishing his armour, and patching up his crazy helmet. Sancho Panza manifestly owes his existence to the innkeeper's tart hint that knights were commonly accompanied by squires, and it was some time before the author perceived the artistic possibilities of his new creation. But, from the tenth chapter onwards, Cervantes gathers confidence, gradually diminishes the purely burlesque element, and concentrates his powers on the dramatic characterization of his personages.

Coleridge has compared the evolution of the knight and the squire in a passage remarkable for its ingenious insight:

'Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits; his understanding is deranged; and hence without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and the moral sense, divested of the judgement and the understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the

common sense without reason or imagination; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect; but they are separated and without cement; and hence each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other. For the common sense, although it may see the practical inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination or abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world, alternately and interchangeably the cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakespeare, almost alone.'

It was not, however, from this philosophic point of view that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were judged when the First Part of their history appeared early in 1605. *Don Quixote* was not regarded as a work packed with esoteric doctrine, but as a 'book of entertainment'—*libro de entretenimiento*—and its unflagging gaiety secured its instant triumph. There were some readers, as Cervantes himself informs us, who 'would have been glad if the author had omitted some of the innumerable cudgellings which were administered to Señor Don Quixote in various encounters'; and Cervantes appears to have felt the justice of this criticism, for (in the third chapter of the Second Part) he goes on to remark in the person of Don Quixote that it is useless to record events which tend to bring contempt upon the hero. But the cavillers were few,

and the general public, delighted with the robust, abounding humour of the book, looked forward to the continuation vaguely promised at the end of the First Part:—'Let us have more Quixotades, let Don Quixote attack and Sancho Panza talk, and we shall be content with that, whatever it may be'. Cervantes, however, made no haste to produce the sequel. Age and failing health may have made him reluctant to undertake a work of any length. Reading between the lines, we may gather that he was half inclined to agree with those who said that 'no Second Part was ever good', and with those others who thought that 'enough has already been written about Don Quixote'. He had nothing to lose when he wrote the First Part of *Don Quixote*; but he was now his own most dangerous rival, and he was too acute not to see the difficulty of attaining a second success with the same group of characters. Whatever the reason of his hesitation, after a long spell of silence, he published volumes of short stories (1613), verses (1614), and plays (1615), before he brought out the Second Part of *Don Quixote* in the winter of 1615; and he might have delayed still longer had not an apocryphal sequel been issued at Tarragona in 1614 by Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, who prefaced his performance with a series of malignant insults addressed to Cervantes.

In the nature of things a sequel cannot have the novelty of a first design, but in every other respect the continuation of *Don Quixote* is superior to the First Part. The author is ten years older, and his humour, if more subdued, gains in subtlety and charm. Cervantes, in Mr. Watts-Dunton's pregnant phrase, has

now 'the tearful humour of a soul deeply conscious of man's ludicrous futility in his relation to his fellow-man'; and there is a more intense depth in his melancholy brooding on the absurdities of existence. But his spirit of fun, though less stormy than before, is unabated, and he has become an absolute expert in his craft. The flow of the story is no longer interrupted by the irrelevant digressions which were censured in the First Part; and yet the variety of incident is greater, the resources of the writer's invention being apparently inexhaustible. The numerous new personages are finely conceived—the Duchess indeed achieves the impossible in compensating for Dorothea, and the Bachelor Carrasco and Doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero easily outshine Cardenio and Fernando. There are more high spirits, more 'cataracts of laughter' in the First Part: in the Second there are loftier divinations, more intellectual force, more comprehension and therefore more delicate sympathy. The two central characters retain their logical unity, but acquire a profounder significance. And, in this connexion, I may quote from Mr. George Meredith's striking appreciation:

'Heart and mind laugh out at Don Quixote, and still you brood on him. The juxtaposition of the knight and squire is a Comic conception, the opposition of their natures most humorous. They are as different as the two hemispheres in the time of Columbus, yet they touch and are bound in one by laughter. The knight's great aims and constant mishaps, his chivalrous valiancy exercised on absurd objects, his good sense along the highroad of the craziest of expeditions; the compassion he plucks out of derision, and the admirable figure he preserves while

stalking through the frantically grotesque and burlesque assailing him, are in the loftiest moods of humour, fusing the Tragic sentiment with the Comic narrative.'

Cervantes died with the gratification of knowing that his ambitious attempt to repeat his triumph had succeeded, and that not only in Spain but out of it he was regarded as a great master of imaginative art. He was not, however, aware that during his lifetime the First Part of *Don Quixote* had been done into English (1612) by Thomas Shelton, and into French (1614) by César Oudin; but he slyly declares his conviction that 'there will be no land or language without a translation of it'. His genial presentiment has been fairly fulfilled. He asserts, with an air of inscrutable urbanity, that 'he who has shown most concern for the book has been the Emperor of China', who besought the author to send him the Second Part, 'since he purposed founding a college in which Castilian should be studied, and he wished that the textbook read might be the history of Don Quixote'. Cervantes refused the Emperor's petition, and China still lives on the alms of hope; but the story of the mad Manchegan knight's adventures is read to-day at Tōkiō in the Japanese version (1896) of Matsui Shōyō, and at Lucknow in the Hindustani (1894) of Pandit Ratan Nāth.

Among English translations of *Don Quixote*, that of Charles Jervas[1] has maintained its popularity ever

[1] The name was so written by friends, and contemporaries of the painter. Cp. Pope's *Sandys' Ghost*:

Let W—rw—k's muse with Ash—t join,
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's:
Tickell and Addison combine,
And P—pe translate with Jervas.

since it was issued (posthumously) in 1742. Jervas, once a fashionable painter, is the hero of a story to the effect that 'having succeeded happily in copying [he thought in surpassing] a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"'[1] And Pope's lines testify to Jervas's celebrity in his day:

> Oh! lasting as these colours may they shine,
> Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
> New graces yearly, like thy works, display;
> Soft without weakness, without glaring gay.

Jervas's free stroke and faultless line are no longer esteemed, and the fatuous artist would now be forgotten but for his version of *Don Quixote*; and, as it happens, some doubt has been thrown on his right to be regarded as author of the translation which bears his name. Warburton records that 'Mr. Pope used to say he had had an acquaintance with three eminent Painters, none of which had common sense. Instead of valuing themselves on their performances in that art, where they all had merit; the one was deep in military Architecture, without a line of Mathematics;

[1] Another instance of Jervas's egregious vanity is given by Horace Walpole in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, edited by Ralph N. Wornum (London, 1843), ii, 655. He was in love with the Countess of Bridgwater, and one day, as she was sitting to him 'he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture. "But," said he, "I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" said Lady Bridgwater, "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned his cap and showed her his own.'

the other in the doctrine of Fate, without a principle of Philosophy; and the third in the translation of *Don Quixote* without a word of Spanish'.[1] Horace Walpole is no doubt right in identifying the last two of this artistic trio as Kneller and Jervas.[2] Warburton's innuendo assumes a more circumstantial form in the hands of Sir John Hawkins:

'The fact is, that Jarvis laboured at it [a translation of *Don Quixote*] many years, but could make but little progress, for being a painter by profession, he had not been accustomed to write, and had no style. Mr. Tonson the bookseller, seeing this, suggested the thought of employing Mr. Broughton, the reader at the Temple church, the author and editor of sundry publications, who, as I have been informed by a friend of Tonson, sat himself down to study the Spanish language, and, in a few months, acquired, as was pretended, sufficient knowledge thereof to give to the world a translation of *Don Quixote* in the true spirit of the original, and to which is prefixed the name of Jarvis'.[3]

Hawkins's 'fact' may be dismissed as second-hand gossip retailed nearly half a century after Jervas's death, and his account of the matter is self-contradictory. It is, of course, possible that Pope (to whom Jervas left a legacy of a thousand pounds) made the remark ascribed to him; but we should prefer better security than the uncorroborated testimony of Warburton,

[1] *The Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.* . . . Together with the Commentaries and Notes of Mr. Warburton (London, 1751), vii, 322 *n.*

[2] *Anecdotes of Painting in England* (London, 1843), ii, 656 *n.*

[3] *The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, together with his Life, and Notes on his Lives of the Poets, by Sir John Hawkins, Knt. (London, 1787), i, 216.

and the collateral evidence is all in Jervas's favour. Thus, writing to Jervas on December 12, 1718, Pope reproaches him in a friendly way for staying too long in Ireland, and adds :—'I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case ; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish '.[1] And, in a letter to Swift, dated December 14, 1725, Pope announces that 'Jervas and his Don Quixote are both finished '.[2] Broughton was a versatile hack, prepared at a moment's notice to refute Tindal or Chubb, to translate Voltaire, or to adapt the Jesuit Darrell's devotional works to purposes of Protestant edification. But apparently Jervas was far advanced with his translation while Broughton was a boy at Eton, and evidently he had finished it before Broughton left Cambridge. Moreover, if there was any fraud in the matter, Warburton must have been a party to it, for he supplied Jervas's version with an elaborate discourse on the romances of chivalry, and was complimented on his dissertation by Pope. in a letter dated December 28, 1742 :

'I never read a thing with more pleasure than an additional sheet to Jervas's preface to *Don Quixote*. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus !* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods, by the first pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to express myself in, but could not omit this which delighted me so greatly.' [3]

It would be just as true to say that Pope translated

[1] *Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by W. Elwin and W. J. Courthope (London, 1871–1889), viii, 26.
[2] *Id.* vii, 67. [3] *Id.* ix, 227.

Homer without knowing Greek as to say that Jervas translated *Don Quixote* without knowing Spanish: it might even be truer. Pope's observation (if he ever made it) must be set aside as one of those gratuitous perfidies to which politicians and authors are given. Jervas not alone knew Spanish, but had a remarkable knowledge of the voluminous literature of chivalry, including the *Coronica del valiente y esforçado principe don Florando d'Inglatierra* (1545)—a book of the greatest rarity. The only plausible foundation for Hawkins's belated statement is that Broughton may perhaps have been engaged by Tonson, after Jervas's death in 1739, to correct the proof-sheets as they passed through the press: it was work for which Broughton was not unsuited. There can be no reasonable doubt concerning Jervas's title to be considered the author of the version which has survived for more than a century and a half, and which, whatever its shortcomings, commended itself to so fastidious a critic and so faithful a devotee of Cervantes as Edward FitzGerald.[1]

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

[1] *Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble* (1871–1883). Edited by William Aldis Wright (London, 1895), 110 and 115.

POSTSCRIPT

THE Prologue to the *Exemplary Novels* contains a passage which has been interpreted to mean that Cervantes sat for his portrait to Juan Martinez de Jáuregui, the translator of Tasso's *Aminta*, mentioned in the Second Part of *Don Quixote* (chapter lxii). The correctness of this interpretation is disputed; but, as no trace of any such portrait remains, the discussion need not be continued here. Francisco Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velazquez, is also said to have drawn a likeness of Cervantes in red and black chalk; this is not very likely, for Cervantes lived in great poverty at Seville, and does not seem to have mixed in the literary or artistic society of the city. At any rate, if Pacheco ever made such a drawing, it has disappeared.

In the above-mentioned Prologue to the *Exemplary Novels*, Cervantes has drawn his own portrait at the age of sixty-six. He pictures himself as 'of aquiline countenance, with chestnut hair, smooth and unclouded brow, smiling eyes, and a nose arched, yet well proportioned, silver beard, but golden not twenty years ago, long moustache, small mouth, teeth insignificant, since he has but six and those in bad condition and worse placed, for they do not correspond to one another; stature about the mean, neither tall nor short, high complexion, fair rather than dark, some

what stooped in the shoulders, and not very quick on his feet.'

This is the only authentic likeness of Cervantes in existence, and on it is based the current conventional portrait made by Hogarth's bugbear, William Kent, for Tonson's Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* (1738). Kent was perfectly frank as to the source of his engraving which is described (in Spanish) as a 'Portrait of Cervantes by himself', and we may suppose that he endeavoured to follow Cervantes's indications as closely as possible. What he actually produced was a highly idealized presentation of a smug, middle-aged man, expensively dressed, holding a pen in his right hand, while his left arm ends in a mutilated stump. As regards stump and costume, the details are wrong; but, even if they were correct, no authority could attach to an imaginative likeness which first came into existence a hundred and twenty-two years after Cervantes's death.

The Royal Spanish Academy did its best to procure a genuine portrait of Cervantes for its official edition of *Don Quixote* published at Madrid in 1780. It failed, but was grossly imposed upon. The Academy edition contains an engraving which purports to be from an original painting—or (more modestly) from a copy of an original painting—done from life by some unknown contemporary of Cervantes. The engraving in the 1780 edition is really nothing more than Kent's fancy portrait reduced in size from a three-quarter length to a bust: the unsightly stump is thus got rid of, but in all other respects Kent's mistakes of detail are preserved, and his insipidities are emphasized. The

arguments advanced to support a case for the independent origin of the Academy engraving were puerile inventions, and are now abandoned. It must be said in the plainest terms that what has so long passed, even in Spain itself, as Cervantes's portrait is a purely conventional likeness done to order in England by an inferior artist who was not born till Cervantes had been in his grave for nearly seventy years.

In default of an authentic likeness of Cervantes, it has been decided to insert in the present reprint a copy of the engraving which precedes Thomas Shelton's English translation of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, and François de Rosset's French version of the Second Part. The best bibliographer of Cervantes's works believed that this engraving was published in the first edition of Shelton's translation (1612),[1] and he appears to have seen one of the few perfect copies of this edition. The engraving was issued with Rosset's version (1618), and was reproduced in Shelton's translation of both Parts (1620). In any case, it cannot be later than 1618, while it may actually have appeared during the lifetime of Cervantes himself; and it is especially interesting as the earliest illustration accompanying the text.

[1] Leopoldo Rius, *Bibliografía crítica de las obras de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra* (Madrid, 1895–1905), i 253–4

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

You may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like: and therefore what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations, never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation? Whereas repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of *Don Quixote*, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, 'Under my

cloak, a fig for the king'. All which exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to *Don Quixote*, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble knight. For would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? for, when they cite the Holy Scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomases, and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that, in one

line, they describe a raving lover, and, in another give you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis: though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquesses, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal[1]. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved, that Señor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, until heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you.

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said: Before God, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and

[1] A hit at Cervantes's rival, Lope de Vega, who exceeded even the generous measure of the age in the number of eulogistic poems by 'obliging friends' which he printed at the beginning of his works. Amusingly enough, Cervantes himself had contributed a most flattering sonnet to Lope's *Dragontea* (1602).

so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry.

Say on, replied I, hearing what he said to me: after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness? To which he answered: the first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages, and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it.

As to citing in the margin the books and authors from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example, treating of liberty and slavery:

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever

said it.[1] If you are treating of the power of death presently you have:

Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.[2]

If of friendship and loving our enemies, as God enjoins, go to the Holy Scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God's own words: *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.*[3] If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the gospel again: *De corde exeunt cogitationes malae.*[4] On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich:

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.[5]

And so with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliath; and with this alone (which will cost almost nothing) you have a grand annotation; for you may put: 'The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it'.

Then, to show yourself a great humanist, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: 'The river Tagus was so

[1] Aesop, iii. 14, *The Fable of the Dog and the Wolf.*
[2] Horace, *Odes*, i. 4. 13–14.
[3] St. Matthew, v. 44.
[4] St. Matthew, xv. 19.
[5] The popularity of the *Disticha Catonis* in Spain is shown by Professor Karl Pietsch in the University of Chicago's *Decennial Publications* (1902), vol. vii. The above lines do not, however, occur in Dionysius Cato's *Disticha*. They are in Ovid's *Tristia*, i. 9. 5–6.

called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion its sands are of gold', &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtesans, there is the bishop of Mondoñedo [1] will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora, and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders, Julius Caesar gives you himself in his *Commentaries*, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo [2], who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca [3], 'On the love of God', where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons can imagine upon that fruitful

[1] The reference is to the famous Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondoñedo, who gives the stories in his *Epistolas Familiares* (1539), part i. lix. (in some editions, part i. lxiii.)

[2] The Jewish Neo-Platonist, Judas Abarbanel, called by the Spaniards Leon Hebreo, was expelled from Spain in 1492. His *Dialoghi di Amore* (1535), first published in Italian, had an immense vogue throughout Western Europe: see Montaigne, *Essais*, iii. 5. Cervantes was evidently unaware that there were already three Spanish translations of the *Dialoghi* in existence: one published anonymously at Venice (1568), a second by Carlos Montesa (1582), and a third by Garcilaso de la Vega, *El Inca* (1590). Borrow records a remark made by the Quaker, Joseph John Gurney, who introduced the future author of *The Bible in Spain* to the British and Foreign Bible Society:—'I do not like this Abarbanel the worse for having been a money-changer. I am a banker myself, as thou knowest.'

[3] Cristóbal de Fonseca's mystical treatise, *Del Amor de Dios* (Barcelona, 1594).

subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do but to find a book that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagances fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture which no Christian judgement should meddle with. All it has to do is, to copy nature: imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. And since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and

among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and insignificant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this Preface, wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgement of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgement for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom I think I have deciphered all the squire-like graces that are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And so, God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
de la Mancha

FIRST PART

CHAPTER I

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of the renowned gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an omelet[1] on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own homespun cloth. His

[1] '*Duelos y quebrantos*, the phrase in the original, has greatly puzzled translators and commentators. M. Alfred Morel-Fatio satisfactorily explains it as a common binary form, akin to 'aches and pains', applied by extension to the *maigre* of Saturdays which consisted in Castile of the head, tail, trotters, or entrails of animals. Similarly, *arme Ritter* is the name of a common Saturday dish in Germany, and 'bubble-and-squeak' is an analogous formation.

family consisted of a housekeeper somewhat above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for in this there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject), though by probable conjectures it may be gathered that he was called Quixana. But this is of little importance to our story; let it suffice that in relating we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva: for the glaringness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches and challenges, wherein in several places he found written: 'The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty':[1] and also when he read—'The high heavens that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you mer-

[1] This quotation from Feliciano de Silva's *Don Florisel de Niquea* (Valladolid, 1532) had been previously ridiculed in the *Carta del Bachiller de Arcadia al Capitan Salazar*, ascribed to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, and printed by Sr. D. Antonio Paz y Mélia in *Sales Españolas* (Madrid, 1890), part i.

torious of the merit merited by your greatness'.[1] With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubt as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself, precisely as it is there promised: which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

He had frequent disputes with the priest of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in Sigüenza[2]) which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun, and that if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for everything, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading from sunset to sunrise, and the days from sunrise to sunset: and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner, that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read in his books,

[1] The passage is from Antonio de Torquemada's *Don Olivante de Laura* (Barcelona, 1564).

[2] The degrees granted by such minor universities as those of Sigüenza and Osuna were a favourite subject of ridicule in Spain: see Part ii, Chapter xlvii.

to wit, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that the whole system of chimeras he read of was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the Knight of the Burning Sword, who with a single back-stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio for putting Orlando the Enchanted to death in Roncesvalles, by means of the same stratagem which Hercules used, when he suffocated Anteus, son of the Earth, by squeezing him between his arms.[1] He spoke mighty well of the giant Morgante; for, though he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred: but, above all, he was charmed with Reynaldos de Montalvan, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized that image of Mahomet, which was all of massive gold, as his history records. He would have given his housekeeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon[2].

In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world, with his horse and arms, in

[1] This version of Bernardo del Carpio's fictitious exploits occurs in Nicolas de Espinosa's *Segunda Parte de Orlando* (Saragossa, 1555). Cervantes himself dramatized Bernardo's story with indifferent success in *La Casa de los Celos y Selvas de Ardenio*.

[2] The Spanish form of Ganelon, the worst of the trio of traitors in the Charlemagne cycle. The others are Rainfroi and Girard de Fratte.

quest of adventures, and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprises he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trapisonda [1] by the valour of his arm; and thus wrapped up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he hastened to put in execution what he so much desired.

And the first thing he did was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he cleaned and furbished up the best he could; but he perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that, instead of a helmet, they had only a simple morion, or steel cap; but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within, in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did was to visit his steed; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a real, and he had more faults than Gonela's [2] horse, which *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,[3] he fancied that neither

[1] The Spanish form of Trebizond.

[2] Gonela was a jester at the court of Florence during the latter half of the fifteenth century.

[3] Plautus, *Aulularia*, iii. 6. 28.

Alexander's Bucephalus, nor [the] Cid's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him; for (as he said within himself) it was not fit that a horse so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was; for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now professed. And so, after sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rosinante [1]; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote [2]; from whence, as is said, the authors of this most true history conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight did in like manner call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence.

[1] From *rocin* = a drudge-horse, and *ante* = before: the best of steeds.

[2] *Quixote* = cuish, the piece of armour which protects the thigh. Smollett borrows the idea in the title of *Sir Launcelot Greaves*.

And now, his armour being furbished up, the morion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. If, said he, for the punishment of my sins, or through my good fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or in fine vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and with humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: 'Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island [of] Malindrania, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper'? Oh! how did our good gentleman exult when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts; then, casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea [1] del Toboso (for she was born at that place), a name, to his thinking, harmonious. uncommon, and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.

[1] Suggested by Dulcineo and Dulcina, a shepherd and shepherdess who appear in Antonio de Lofrasso's *Fortuna de Amor*, lib. vi.: see note to Chapter vi, p. 51.

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from his Village.

Now, these dispositions being made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution, being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world; such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by anybody, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he armed himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rosinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target, grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his backyard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarcely was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him and such as had well nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a knight, and that according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any knight: and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed

to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermine: and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying: Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: 'Scarcely had the ruddy Phoebus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarcely had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, who, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, disclosed herself to mortals through the gate and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rosinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel'[1] (and true it is, that was the very field); and passing along it, he continued saying: Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rosinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and excursions. Then on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he went on saying,—O princess Dulcinea! mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and

[1] 'Noted' in tradition as the spot where Peter the Cruel was defeated in 1369 by his bastard half-brother, Henry of Trastamara, and Bertrand du Guesclin.

disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine enthralled heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee.

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating as near as he could, their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He travelled almost that whole day without meeting with anything worth relating, which disheartened him much; for he wanted immediately to have encountered somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of [Puerto] Lápice; others pretend, it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and looking round about to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticoes, or palace of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and came up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, ladies of pleasure as they are called, who were going to Seville with certain carriers who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together with its drawbridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some

little distance from it, he checked Rosinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding they delayed, and that Rosinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened that a swineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called) from the stubble field, winding his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and at that instant Don Quixote's imagination represented to him what he wished, namely that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wondrous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who perceiving a man armed in that manner with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard visor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice thus accosted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes. The wenches stared at him, and with all the eyes they had, were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not contain their laughter, and that in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them: Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion: but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service. This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight,

increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much further, had not the innkeeper come out at that instant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable), who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarcely forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: If your worship, Señor Cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), everything else will be found here in great abundance. Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the innkeeper and the inn) answered: Anything will serve me, Señor Castellano, for 'arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose'. The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian[1], whereas he was an Andalusian, and of the coast of San Lúcar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: 'If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake';[2] and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night. And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had

[1] *Castellano* means Castellan as well as Castilian.

[2] Don Quixote leads off with a verse from a ballad:—

Mis arreos son las armas—mi descanso el pelear—

and the innkeeper continues the quotation:—

Mi cama las duras peñas—mi dormir siempre velar.

These lines occur towards the end of the ancient and celebrated *Julianesa* ballad; but their tone of courtly gallantry is in itself a proof that they are a late interpolation.

not broke his fast all that day. He presently requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horseflesh that ever ate bread in the world. The innkeeper viewed him, but did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be, no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order; whom the damsels were unarming (for they were already reconciled to him), and though they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut, which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety: 'Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was Don Quixote after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed'.[1] O Rosinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether

[1] An adaptation of a ballad on Lancelot, the subject of which recalls the episode of Méléaganz in Chrétien de Troyes' *Chevalier de la Charrette*. It is one of the very few old Spanish ballads in the Breton cycle.

he would be pleased to eat anything. With all my heart, answered Don Quixote ; anything eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call 'abadexo', in Andalusia 'baccalao', in some parts 'curadillo', and in others 'truchuela'. They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some 'truchuelas', for they had no other fish to offer him. So there be many troutlings, answered Don Quixote, they may serve me instead of one trout ; for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals as one real of eight ; and the rather, because, perhaps, these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly ; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the belly well. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze ; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-watered and worse-boiled 'baccalao', and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour : but it was a matter of great laughter to see him eat ; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put anything into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him ; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. But to give him to drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other : and all this he suffered patiently rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime there came to the inn a sow-gelder, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times ; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought, that he was in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor-jacks were trouts, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle ; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended

with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure until he had first received the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubbed a knight.

And now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said: I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg of you; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or say: he then strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. I expected no less, Sir, from your great magnificence, answered Don Quixote; and therefore know, that the boon I would request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow dub me a knight; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements.

The host who (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and had already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now, at hearing such ex-

pressions, thoroughly convinced of it; and that he might have something to make sport with that night, he resolved to keep up the humour; and said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he desired and requested; and that such achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit the suburbs of Málaga, the isle of Riarán, the compass of Seville, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of Valencia, the rondilla of Granada, the coast of San Lúcar, the fountain of Córdova, the hedge taverns of Toledo[1], and sundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and the dexterity of his hands; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs; in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain: and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other people's, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him there was no chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt): however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle; and the next day, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such a manner that he should be dubbed a knight and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the histories

[1] The places named were the chief resorts of picaroons in Cervantes's day.

of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be inferred, that they had none: and therefore he might be assured, that all the knights-errant (of whose actions there are such authentic histories) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them; and they also carried shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deserts where they fought, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a vial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds as if they had never been hurt: but that so long as they wanted this advantage, the knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and when it happened that the said knights had no squires (which fell out very rarely), they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant: therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson (which he was to be very soon) that from henceforward he should not travel without money, and without the aforesaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and Don Quixote gathering all the pieces

of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceived, that with a composed air he sometimes continued his walk: at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with his who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inned there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern; who, seeing him approach, called to him with a loud voice: Ho, there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity. The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcass) but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it seemed) on his mistress Dulcinea, he said: Assist me, dear lady, in this first affront offered to this breast enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger. And uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground in such piteous

plight, that, had he seconded his blow, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for still the first lay stunned) came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the cistern by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring anybody's protection, again let slip his target, and lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noise, and the innkeeper among the rest: which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and laying his hand on his sword, he said: O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness toward this thy captived knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits. Hereby in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded (for they perceived them in that condition) began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and a base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: but for you, rascally and base scoundrels (said he) I do not value you a straw: draw near, come on, and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are likely to receive of your folly and insolence. This he uttered with so much

vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forbore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the unlucky order of knighthood out of hand before any further mischief should ensue; and so coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness those vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing anything of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; for the whole stress of being dubbed a knight, lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, since he had been above four about it. All which Don Quixote believed, and said he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch, because, if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he should command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he entered the account of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers; and with the two abovesaid damsels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been saying some devout prayer), in the midst of the reading he

lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that with his own sword a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering between his teeth as if he was praying. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies; but indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform, kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said: God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle. Don Quixote asked her name that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received: for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied with much humility, that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobbler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sanchobienaya [1]; and wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herself Doña Tolosa; which she promised to do. The other buckled on his spurs; with whom he held almost the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she said she was called La Molinera, and was the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to add the Don, and call herself Doña Molinera, making her fresh offers of service and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-seen ceremonies being hastily dispatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rosinante, and embracing his host, mounted; and at parting said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour

[1] A square, lined with shops mostly kept by Moriscos, near the hospital at Toledo.

of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words, and, without demanding anything for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

CHAPTER IV

Of what befell our knight after he had sallied out from the inn.

It was about break of day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire; purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rosinante towards his village; who, as it were, knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it, when he said: I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are doubtless the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance. And turning the reins, he put Rosinante forward toward the place

from whence he thought the voice proceeded. And he had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was that person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was laying him on very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, The tongue slow, and the eyes quick. The boy answered, I will do so no more, dear Sir; by the passion of God, I will never do so again; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock.

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said in an angry tone: Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened), for I'll make thee to know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing. The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words answered: Señor Cavalier, this lad whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but, before God, and on my conscience he lies. Lies in my presence! pitiful rascal, said Don Quixote; by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance: pay him immediately without further reply; if not, by that God that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment; untie him presently. The countryman hung down his head, and, without replying a word, untied the boy. Don Quixote asked the lad, how much his master owed him; who answered, nine months' wages, at seven

reals a month. Don Quixote computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright answered, that on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (though, by the way, he had taken no oath) it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well. All this is very right, said Don Quixote; but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly: for if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing. The mischief is, Señor Cavalier, quoth the countryman, that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real. I go with him, said the lad; the devil a bit: no, Sir, I design no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew. He will not do so, replied Don Quixote; it is sufficient to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment. Take heed, good Sir, what you say, quoth the boy, for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood: he is John Haldudo the Rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar. That is little to the purpose, answered Don Quixote; there may be knights of the family of the Haldudos, and the rather since every man is the son of his own works. That 's true, quoth Andres; but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour? I do not refuse thee, friend Andres, replied the countryman; and be so kind to go with me; for I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world,

to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, and perfumed into the bargain. As to the perfuming, I thank you for that, said Don Quixote, give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn, else I swear to you by the same oath, to return to find you out, and chastise you; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know, who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise know that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; and so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid. And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rosinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had, and, when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andres, and said: Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me. And I swear so you shall, quoth Andres; and you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom God grant to live a thousand years, and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that truly, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatened. And I swear so too, quoth the countryman; but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, to increase the payment: and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. Now, master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedst but now. But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would

find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master stayed behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low voice: Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who (as all the world knows) received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent and cruelty commit: to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed that tender stripling.

Just as he had done speaking, he came to the centre of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who following his first motion, took the direct road toward his stable. And having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure; and, to imitate, as near as possibly he

could, the passages [1] he had read [of] in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. And so, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with an arrogant air, cried out: Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of la Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him: Señor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and, if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you demand from us. Should I show her to you, replied Don Quixote, where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious; the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require) or altogether, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justness

[1] 'Passages' here means passages of arms such as that recorded by Pedro Rodriguez de Lena in *El Paso honroso* of Suero de Quiñones, who, with nine other knights, held the bridge of St. Mark at Órbigo against all comers from July 10 to August 9 in the year 1434. I have accordingly supplied the word 'of' in the text.

of my cause. Señor Cavalier, replied the merchant, I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread: and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour. There distils not, base scoundrels, answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton; neither is she crooked, nor hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rosinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rosinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise; but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out: Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, could not bear it without returning him an answer

on his ribs; and, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that in spite of his armour, he threshed him to chaff. His masters cried out, not to beat him so much, and to leave him; but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler; and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking of them upon the poor fallen knight, who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces? yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; nor was it possible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horrible bruised.

CHAPTER V

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

But finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Valdovinos [1] and the Marquess

[1] The Spanish form of Baldwin or Baudoin, brother of Roland, in Jehan Bodel's *Chanson des Saisnes*. But Cervantes refers to Ogier's natural son Baudouinet, who, in *Ogier le Danois* and the Italian *Libro del danese*, is killed by Charlemagne's son Charlot.

of Mantua [1], when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mould to fit the distress he was in: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:

> Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
> Unconscious of thy lover's smart?
> Ah me! thou know'st not my distress;
> Or thou art false and pitiless.

And in this manner he went on with the romance until he came to those verses where it is said; 'O noble Marquess of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood'.[2] And it so fortuned that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquess of Mantua his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagances; and taking off his vizor which was beaten all to pieces, he wiped his face which was covered

[1] The Marquess (Urgel) is a Spanish re-cast of the character of Ogier le Danois, Mantua being substituted for La Marche.

[2] Quoted from a ballad beginning:—

De Mantua salió el marques—danes Urgel el leale.

The preceding quatrain comes from a later composition based on the ballad just quoted: the latter derives from *Ogier le Danois*.

with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it he knew him, and said, Ah! Señor Quixada (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant) how came your worship in this condition? but he answered out of his *romance* to whatever question he asked him.

The good man seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast-piece, to see if he had received any wound; but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easiest carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rosinante; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagances which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies; insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him. And sure nothing but the devil himself could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle. So that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions in which the prisoner Abindarraez [1] answered Rodrigo de Narvaez, according

[1] The *Historia de Abindarraez y Xarifa* is inserted in posthumous editions of Montemayor's *Diana*, and in the *Inventario* (Medina del Campo, 1565) of Antonio de Villegas. It was in existence before 1551, when Villegas obtained his licence to print: Villegas probably plagiarized it from an anonymous writer. The ballads on the subject derive from the prose story.

as he had read the story in the *Diana* of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense; from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches, who in conclusion said: Be it known to your worship, Señor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world. To this the peasant answered: Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquess of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor Quixada. I know who I am, answered Don Quixote; and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the Twelve Peers of France, yea, and the Nine Worthies [1], since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sunset: but the peasant stayed until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper

[1] Cp. Doll Tearsheet's praise of Falstaff in the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, ii. 4:—'Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies.' The Nine were Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godefroi de Bouillon.

was saying to them aloud: What is your opinion, Señor Licentiate Pero Perez (for that was the priest's name) of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha. The niece joined with her, and said moreover: Know, master Nicholas (for that was the barber's name), that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of disadventures two whole days and nights; and then throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and as well as ever, telling us that water was a most precious liquor brought him by the sage Esquife [1], a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagances, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great a store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical.

[1] *Esquife* = a skiff: Don Quixote's niece confuses this word with Alquife, the name of the wizard in *Amadis de Gaula*.

I say the same, quoth the priest, and in faith to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those who read them, to do what I fear my good friend has done.

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud: Open the doors, gentlemen, to Señor Valdovinos and the Marquess of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Señor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner. At hearing this they all came out; and as some knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. Forbear all of you, he cried, for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed, and if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds. Look ye, in the devil's name, said the housekeeper immediately, if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urgada [1], we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rosinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho, ho, says the priest, what! there are

[1] The housekeeper means Urganda, wife of Alquife, and not less potent than her husband in the art of magic. A recent Spanish commentator suggests that the mistake is wilful, and is intended to recall *hurgamandera*, a person of loose morals.

giants too in the dance: by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night. They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagances he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and all the way home; which increased the Licentiate's desire to do what he did the next day, which was to call on his friend, master Nicholas the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI

Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.

Whilst Don Quixote still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, and said: Señor Licentiate, take this and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, should enchant us in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world. The priest smiled at the housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, they might find some that might not deserve to be chastised by fire. No, said the niece, there is no reason why any

of them should be spared; for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody. The housekeeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that, without first reading the titles at least.

The first that master Nicholas put into his hands, was *Amadis de Gaul*, in four parts [1]; and the priest said: There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and therefore I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy. Not so, Sir, said the barber; for I have heard also, that it is the best of all books of this kind; and therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared. It is true, said the priest, and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him. It is, said the barber, the *Adventures of Esplandian* [2], the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul. Verily, said

[1] A unique copy of the earliest known edition (Saragossa, 1508), is in the British Museum, but the romance was probably printed before this date. It is uncertain whether the first three books of *Amadis de Gaula* derive from a lost French original, or whether they were adapted from various French prose romances by a Portuguese or a Spaniard. The author of these three books, the language in which they were first written, and the date of their composition are unknown; the books were current in Spain (either in Portuguese or Spanish) about the middle of the fourteenth century. They owe their present form in Spanish to Garci Rodriguez de Montalvo, who added the fourth book. If any earlier Portuguese text ever existed, it has disappeared.

[2] *Las Sergas de Esplandian* (Seville, 1510), by Rodriguez de Montalvo, whose name is also given as Ordoñez de Montalvo and Gutierrez de Montalvo.

the priest, the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress housekeeper, open yon casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire. The housekeeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest *Esplandian* was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatened. Proceed, said the priest. The next, said the barber, is *Amadis of Greece* [1]; yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of Amadis. Then into the yard with them all, quoth the priest; for rather than not burn queen Pintiquiniestra [2], and the shepherd Darinel [3] with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant. Of the same opinion am I, said the barber; and I too, added the niece. Since it is so, said the housekeeper, away with them all into the yard. They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window.

What tun of an author is that? said the priest. That is, answered the barber, *Don Olivante de Laura* [4]. The author of that book, said the priest, was the same who composed *The Garden of Flowers* [5]; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity. This that follows is *Florismarte of Hyrcania* [6], said

[1] This book is said to have appeared anonymously in 1530: in later editions it is ascribed to Feliciano de Silva.

[2] Queen of Sobradisa.

[3] A shepherd and wrestler of Alexandria, in love with Princess Onoloria's daughter, Silvia.

[4] See the note to Chapter i, p. 11.

[5] Antonio de Torquemada's *Jardin de flores curiosas* appeared at Salamanca in 1570.

[6] By Melchor Ortega of Úbeda, and published at Valladolid in 1556.

the barber. What! is Señor Florismarte there? replied the priest: now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress housekeeper. With all my heart, dear Sir, answered she, and with much joy executed what she was commanded. This is *The Knight Platir* [1], said the barber. That, said the priest, is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon; let him keep the rest company without more words; which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled, *The Knight of the Cross* [2]. So religious a title, quoth the priest, might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, The devil lurks behind the cross: so to the fire with him. The barber, taking down another book, said: This is *The Mirror of Chivalry* [3]. Oh! I know his worship very well, quoth the priest. Here comes Señor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and the twelve peers, with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boiardo's invention; from whom also the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him

[1] Published anonymously at Valladolid in 1533.

[2] The first part, by Alonso de Salazar, was published at Valencia in 1521, the second, by Pedro de Lujan, at Toledo in 1563: some bibliographers ascribe both parts to Lujan.

[3] The first two parts, by Pero Lopez de Santa Catalina, appeared at Seville in 1533-36, and the third at Toledo in 1547. It is possible, however, that Cervantes alludes to Pedro de Reinosa's *Espejo de Caballerias* (Medina del Campo, 1586).

upon my head. I have him in Italian, said the barber, but I do not understand him. Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not, answered the priest; and we would willingly have excused the good captain [1] from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books that shall be found treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them, excepting *Bernardo del Carpio* [2], and another called *Roncesvalles* [3], who, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the housekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission. The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so good a Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world.

And so opening another book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva* [4], and next it another called *Palmerin of*

[1] Captain Jerónimo Jimenez de Urrea, whose poor translation of Ariosto appeared at Antwerp in 1549, is also the author of *Don Clarisbel de las Flores y de Austrasia*, a romance of chivalry, which remained unpublished till 1879, when the first twenty-five chapters were issued at Seville by the Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces.

[2] By Agustin Alonso of Salamanca, and published in 1585.

[3] By Francisco Garrido de Villena of Valencia, and published in 1583.

[4] Printed anonymously at Salamanca in 1511, and said to be the work of a woman residing at Augustobrica (which is variously identified as Burgos, Ciudad Rodrigo, Aldea el Muro, and Villar de Pedroso). The question is complicated by a statement made in the Introduction to

England[1], which the licentiate espying, said: Let this *Oliva* be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes remain; but let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, and kept, as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda are most excellent, and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved in all the characters with great judgement and propriety. Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgement, let this and *Amadis de Gaul* be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any further inquiry. Not so, gossip, replied the barber; for this that I have here is the renowned *Don Belianis*[2]. The priest replied: This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its excessive choler; besides, we must remove all that relates to the Castle of Fame, and other impertinences of greater consequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of transportation, and as they show signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice; in the meantime, neighbour, give them room in your house; but let nobody read them. With all my heart, quoth the barber, and without tiring himself any further in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who

Book II of *Primaleon* (Venice, 1534), by Francisco Delicado, who alleges that Augustobrica was the writer's name, and that she was the daughter of a carpenter.

[1] Written in Portuguese, about 1544, by Francisco de Moraes Cabral, and translated into Spanish in 1547–1548.

[2] *Don Belianis de Grecia*, by Jerónimo Fernandez, first appeared at Burgos in 1547.

had a greater mind to be burning them than weaving the finest and largest web. And therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tossed them out at the window.

By her taking so much together, there fell one at the barber's feet, who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be *The History of the renowned knight Tirante the White*[1]. God save me! quoth the priest, with a loud voice, is *Tirante the White* there? Give me him here, neighbour; for I make account I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrieleison of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Tirante[2] fought with [the] *Alano*[3], and the smart conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada; and madam the empress in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills

[1] The *Libre del valeros e strenu caualler Tirant lo Blanch* (Valencia, 1490), was begun on January 2, 1460, by Johannot Martorell, who is believed to have written it in Portuguese, and to have translated it later into Catalan. Martorell died after finishing the third part; the translation of the fourth was executed by Marti Johan de Galba. A Spanish version of this famous Catalan book appeared at Valladolid in 1511.

Martorell professes to have translated from an English original, of which no trace has been found. He is thought, however, to have visited England in 1425, and perhaps then became acquainted with *Guy of Warwick*, mentioned in *Tirant lo Blanch* as 'Guillem de Varoychi'.

[2] The name was wrongly given as 'Detriante' in all editions of *Don Quixote* previous to John Bowle's (1781), and the misprint was reproduced by the translators. I have made the necessary correction in the text.

[3] *Alano* is not, as the translator apparently thought, the name of a knight; it is the Spanish word for a mastiff.

before their deaths; with several things which are wanting in other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true. I will do so, answered the barber; but what shall we do with these little books that remain? These, said the priest, are probably not books of chivalry, but of poetry: and opening one he found it was the *Diana* [1] of George of Montemayor, and said (believing all the rest to be of the same kind): these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done; they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt. O Sir, said the niece, pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which they say is an incurable and contagious disease. The damsel says true, quoth the priest; and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend's way. And since we begin with the *Diana* of Montemayor, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose in God's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing. This that follows, said the barber, is *Diana*, called the Second, by [the] Salmantino [2]; and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo [3].

[1] Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana* was published about 1558: the author was killed in 1561 in a quarrel arising out of a love affair.

[2] A worthless sequel (Alcalá de Henares, 1564) to Montemayor's book, by Alonso Perez of Salamanca.

[3] The *Diana Enamorada* (Valencia, 1564), an admirable continuation by Gaspar Gil Polo.

The Salmantinian, answered the priest, may accompany and increase the number of the condemned; to the yard with him; but let that of Gil Polo be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch, for it grows late.

This, said the barber, opening another, is the *Ten Books of the Fortune of Love*[1], composed by Antonio de Lofrasso, a Sardinian poet. By the holy orders I have received, said the priest, since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best and most singular of the kind that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it, may reckon that he never read anything of taste: give it me here, gossip, for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin. He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying: These that follow are *The Shepherd of Iberia*[2], *The Nymphs of Henares*[3], and *The Cures of Jealousy*[4]. There is no more to be done, said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done. This that comes next is *The Shepherd of Filida*[5]. He is no shepherd, said the priest, but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved and laid up as a precious jewel. This bulky volume here, said the barber, is entitled *The Treasure*

[1] A nonsensical pastoral published at Barcelona in 1573; but it suggested the name of Dulcinea, and was reprinted at London in 1740 by Pedro de Pineda, who took Cervantes's burlesque laudation seriously.

[2] By Bernardo de la Vega, and published at Seville in 1591.

[3] By Bernardo Gonzalez de Bobadilla, and published at Alcalá de Henares in 1587.

[4] By Bartolomé Lopez de Encisco, and published at Madrid in 1586.

[5] By Luis Galvez de Montalvo, with whom Cervantes seems to have been on very friendly terms: the book appeared at Madrid in 1582.

of Divers Poems[1]. Had they been fewer, replied the priest, they would have been more esteemed; it is necessary this book should be weeded and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities; let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing. This, pursued the barber, is a *Book of Songs*[2] by Lopez Maldonado. The author of this book, also, replied the priest, is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good; let it be kept with the select.

But what book is that next to it? The *Galatea* of Michael de Cervantes, said the barber. That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the second part, which he promises[3]; perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him: in the meantime, gossip, keep him a recluse in your chamber. With all my heart, answered the barber; and here come three together; *The Araucana*[4] of Don Alonso de Ercilla; *The Austríada*[5] of John

[1] By Pedro de Padilla, and published at Madrid in 1580.

[2] Maldonado's *Cancionero* (Madrid, 1586) contains a flattering sonnet by Cervantes.

[3] The promised continuation of the *Galatea* (Alcalá de Henares, 1585) never appeared.

[4] An epic poem published at Madrid in 1569, 1578, 1590. The author wrote the first part on scraps of old letters and bits of leather, while serving in the Chilean campaign against the Araucos.

[5] The substance of *La Austriada* (Madrid, 1584) is plagiarized from Diego Hurtado de Mendoza's *Guerras de Granada*, which was not published till 1627, more than

Rufo, a magistrate of Córdova; and *The Monserrate*[1] of Christoval de Virues, a poet of Valencia. These three books, said the priest, are the best that are written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved as the best performances in poetry Spain can boast of. The priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called the *Tears of Angelica*[2]. I should have shed tears myself (said the priest, hearing the name), had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success.

CHAPTER VII

Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

While they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call out aloud, saying: Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the

half a century after the author's death. It follows that Rufo must have read it in manuscript. Cervantes contributed a complimentary sonnet to *La Austriada*.

[1] The theme of *El Monserrate* (Madrid, 1588) was used long afterwards by Matthew Gregory Lewis in *The Monk* (1795).

[2] Luis Barahona de Soto published a continuation of Ariosto under the title of *Primera Parte de la Angélica* (Granada, 1586): *Las lágrimas de Angélica*, the alternative title given by Cervantes, occurs in the colophon. It was long thought that Barahona de Soto did not even begin the second part of his poem; but Sr. D. Francisco Rodríguez Marín has discovered some fragments of it embedded in the *Diálogos de la Montería*.

tournament. This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all further scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went *The Carolea*[1], and *Lion of Spain*[2], with *The Acts of the Emperor*, composed by Don Louis de Avila[3], which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left; and perhaps had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings with his drawn sword, laying furiously about him, back-stroke, and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said: Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days. Say no more, good gossip, said the priest; it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded. Wounded! no, said Don Quixote; but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of

[1] A worthless poem by Hieronymo Sempere, published at Valencia in 1560.

[2] *El Leon de España* (Salamanca, 1586), a tedious poem in twenty-nine cantos by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos.

[3] A slip of the pen for Luis Zapata's *Carlos famoso* (Valencia, 1566), consisting of fifty interminable cantos. Luis de Avila y Zúñiga describes the campaign against the Lutherans in his prose *Comentarios de la Guerra de Alemania* (1548). Charles V is here represented in so favourable a light that he remarked after reading it:—'My exploits cannot compare with Alexander's, but his historiographer cannot compare with mine'.

an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Reynaldos de Montalvan, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments; but at present bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself. They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness.

That night the housekeeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too; and some must have perished, that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the saying, that 'the just sometimes suffer for the unjust'. One of the remedies which the priest and barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady, was to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; in hopes that the cause being removed, the effect might cease, and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all, which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: he came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him: What room or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away. It was not the devil, said the niece, but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent on which

he rode, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time, out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said, with a loud voice, that, for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Muñaton. Friston[1], he meant to say, quoth Don Quixote. I know not, answered the housekeeper, whether his name be Friston, or Friton: all I know is, that it ended in ton. It doth so, replied Don Quixote: he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the unkindness he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that? said the niece; but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool, and return shorn themselves. Oh! dear niece, answered Don Quixote, how little do you know of the matter: before they shall shear me I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine. Neither of them would make any further reply, for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He stayed after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses

[1] *Don Belianis de Grecia* purports to be written by the wizard Friston.

between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber; he affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor), but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly; for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With these and the like promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money, and by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho said he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honour-

ably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day, they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now Sancho Panza said to his master: I beseech your worship, good Sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big. To which Don Quixote answered: You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me: on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it; for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, stayed till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of Count, or at least Marquess, of some valley or province, be it greater or less: but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom, as may have others depending on

it, as fit as if they were cast in a mould, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to such knights by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise. So then, answered Sancho Panza, if I were a king by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mari Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children infantes. Who doubts it? answered Don Quixote. I doubt it, replied Sancho Panza; for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well upon the head of Mari Gutierrez; for you must know, Sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her, and that too with the help of God, and good friends. Recommend her to God, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, and he will do what is best for her: but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant. Sir, I will not, answered Sancho, especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear.

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other events worthy to be recorded.

As they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired; look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat

more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives: with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth. What giants? said Sancho Panza. Those you see yonder, answered his master, with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues. Consider, Sir, answered Sancho, that those which appear yonder, are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go. One may easily see, answered Don Quixote, that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants; and, if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat. And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rosinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were without all doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud: Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you. Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move: which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it.

And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rosinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance, as fast as his ass could carry him; and

when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and Rosinante had received in falling. God save me, quoth Sancho, did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills; and nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Friston who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword. God grant it, as he can, answered Sancho Panza; and, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rosinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; for there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare; and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said: I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca [1]; and from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this because from the first oak or crabtree we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in meriting to behold them; and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed. God's will be done, quoth Sancho: I believe all just as you say, Sir: but, pray, set your-

[1] *Machucar* = to pound.

self upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by the fall. It is certainly so, answered Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails came out at it. If it be so, I have nothing to reply, answered Sancho; but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant. Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered, that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best-fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full (and not of dandelion-water) he made but one sleep of it: and if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awaked him. At this uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward [Puerto] Lápice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. Here (said Don Quixote, espying it) brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are a vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in nowise lawful nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle, until you are dubbed a knight. I assure you, sir, answered Sancho, your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles: but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him. I say no less, answered Don Quixote; but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity. I say I will do so, answered Sancho; and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day.

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in

the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscaine lady, going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire: Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power. This may prove a worse job than the windmills, said Sancho: pray, Sir, take notice that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray, hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you. I have already told you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently. And so saying, he advanced forward and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice: Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds. The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring as well at the figure of Don Quixote, as at his expressions; to which they answered: Señor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of monks of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on

our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not. Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels, said Don Quixote: and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rosinante, and with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second monk seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him, began to take off his habit. In the meanwhile the monk's two lackeys coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes. Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lackeys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, and threw him down, and, leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. And without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frighted, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance, to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter; but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying: Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm; and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of

your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer, who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian, and worse Biscaine, after this manner: Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee: I swear by that God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer. Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness answered: Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave. To which the Biscainer replied: I no gentleman! I swear by the great God thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then if thou hast anything else to say. Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages [1], answered Don Quixote; and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscainer, with a resolution to kill him. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword; but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach-

[1] Agrages was nephew of Queen Elisena, and therefore cousin of Amadis.

side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they could not; for the Biscainer swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and everybody that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the rigorous conflict; in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity. The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, was all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right, or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscainer, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscainer expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were trembling, and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach, and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows and promises

of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of these exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe, that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history: which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the second part.

CHAPTER IX

Wherein is concluded, and an end put to the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscainer and the valiant Manchegan.

In the first part [1] of this history we left the valiant Biscainer and the renowned Don Quixote with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pome-

[1] When *Don Quixote* was published in 1605, it was divided into four parts; the first included chapters i–viii, the second included chapters ix–xiv, the third included chapters xv–xxvii, and the fourth included chapters xxviii–lii: the chapters, it will be observed, are numbered consecutively throughout. This division into parts may be due to the publisher. At any rate, Cervantes cancelled this arrangement ten years later by calling his continuation the Second Part.

granate: but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was yet wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a sage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits, a circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant, who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made, as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret. Surely then so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want what Platir and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed or had destroyed it. On the other side, I considered that, since among his books there were found some so modern as the *Cure of Jealousy*, and the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, his history also must be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at least, still remain in the memories of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first, who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to moun-

tain, and from valley to valley: (unless some miscreant or some lewd clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them) damsels there were, in days of yore, who, at the expiration of four-score years, and never sleeping all that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi[1], to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one for some better and more ancient language, I should have found him there.[2] In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at? and he answered me, at something

[1] *Algun morisco aljamiado*, the phrase in the original, means 'some Spanish-speaking Moor', and, especially, a Moor capable of reading and writing Spanish in Arabic characters.

[2] The Alcana at Toledo, the scene of this meeting, was mainly occupied by Jewish traders: the 'more ancient language' is, of course, Hebrew.

which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, said; there is written on the margin, as follows: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha'. When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: 'The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer'. Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book, and snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of Don Quixote) into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding anything to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where in a little more than six weeks he translated the whole in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscainer, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscainer's mule

so to the life that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscainer had a label at his feet, on which was written, 'Don Sancho de Azpeitia'; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rosinante was another, on which was written, 'Don Quixote'. Rosinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rosinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written 'Sancho Zancas': and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle shanked: which doubtless gave him the names of Panza and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. But if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying; though they being so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so in fact, he seems to have done: for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfec-

tion is wanting to it, it must, without all question, be the fault of the infidel [1] its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscainer; which fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good God! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (which he could not defend), that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, if he had not laid fast hold of her neck: but, notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great

[1] The translator states that he has preferred to give 'infidel' instead of 'hound', the literal equivalent of *galgo* in the original.

calmness, and when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote) if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him, that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity: Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit. The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. In reliance upon this promise, said Don Quixote, I will do him no further hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands.

CHAPTER X

Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Panza.

By this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monk's lackeys, and stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master Don Quixote, and besought God in his heart that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised him. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was

ready to mount again upon Rosinante, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best that ever governed an island in the world. To which Don Quixote answered: Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better. Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rosinante, and himself mounting his ass, began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave, or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rosinante made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rosinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the Holy Brotherhood,[1] and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches, we may chance to sweat for it. Peace, quoth Don

[1] Brotherhoods exercising police functions existed in Spain as early as 1282; but the Holy Brotherhood was not formed till after the decisive victory at Toro (February 18, 1476), when it was organized by Ferdinand of Aragon's natural brother, the Duke of Villahermosa.

Quixote; for where have you ever seen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides? I know nothing of your omecils, answered Sancho, nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them; only this I know, that the Holy Brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it. Set your heart at rest, friend, answered Don Quixote; for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans: how much more out of those of the Holy Brotherhood! but tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall? The truth is, answered Sancho, that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray God we be not called to an account for these darings, where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have here some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet. All this would have been needless, answered Don Quixote, if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras [1]; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines. What phial, and what balsam is that? said Sancho Panza. It is a balsam, answered Don Quixote, of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much

[1] The giant Fierabras possessed the miraculous balsam of Joseph of Arimathea; this was stolen from him by Oliver, who defeated him in single combat, whereupon Fierabras became a Christian. His adventures, as recounted by Henri Bolomier, became extremely popular in Spain through Nicolas de Piamonte's translation (1525).

as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens), to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then you will see me become sounder than any apple. If this be so, said Sancho, I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing, in payment, of my many and good services, but only that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will anywhere fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it would cost much the making? For less than three reals one may make nine pints, answered Don Quixote. Sinner that I am, replied Sancho, why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace, friend, answered Don Quixote, for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses; and for the present, let us set about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish.

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet; but when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said: I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquess of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos (which was, not to eat bread on a tablecloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed), until I am fully revenged

on him who hath done me this outrage. Sancho hearing this, said to him: Pray consider, Señor Don Quixote, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime. You have spoken and remarked very justly, answered Don Quixote, and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw: I know what example I follow therein; for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante [1] so dear. Good Sir, replied Sancho, give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences; such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the Marquess of Mantua, which you, Sir, would now revive? Consider well that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named, in all the days of their lives. You are mistaken in this, said Don Quixote; for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albracca,[2] to carry off Angelica the fair. Well, then, be

[1] A slip for Dardinel: see Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xviii. 151.

[2] A fortress in Cathay, belonging to Angelica's father, Galafrone. The siege is celebrated by Boiardo in the

it so, quoth Sancho, and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa, which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and, moreover, being upon *terra firma*,[1] you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have anything for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to God my ear pains me very much. I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread, said Sancho, but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship. How ill you understand this matter! answered Don Quixote. You must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat once in a month; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand; and if you had read as many histories as I have done you would have known this; for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satis-

Orlando Innamorato, and there is an allusion to it in *Paradise Regained*, iii. 338-341:—

> . . . When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
> Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
> The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
> The fairest of her sex, Angelica.

[1] Possibly a punning allusion to the 'Insula Firme' in *Amadis de Gaula*; it has been identified as the Cotentin peninsula, but the geography of *Amadis* is too vague and inconsistent to enable us to give the precise positions of either Sobradisa or the Island.

fying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed that, as they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges. Pardon me, Sir, said Sancho; for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from hencefôrward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance. I do not say, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and so do I. It is a happiness to know these same herbs, answered Sancho; for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge.

And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry repast. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night; but both the sun, and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and so they determined to take up their lodging there: but, if Sancho was grieved that they could not reach some habitation, his master was so much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that every time this befell him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAPTER XI

Of what befell Don Quixote with certain goatherds.

He was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rosinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote that he would seat himself upon a trough, with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him: That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will, that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry which is said of love, that it makes all things equal. I give you a great many thanks, Sir, said Sancho; but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And further, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better

than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good Sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship) be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me: for though I place them to account as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world. Notwithstanding all this, said Don Quixote, you shall sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself God doth exalt; and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant and did nothing but eat and listen, and stare at their guests who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these:—

Happy times, and happy ages! those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold (which in this our iron age, is so much esteemed) was to be had in that fortunate period without toil and labour; but because they who then lived were ignorant of these two words, *meum* and *tuum*. In that age of innocence all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid foun-

tains, and running streams, offered them in magnificent abundance their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into the tender bowels of our first mother who, unconstrained, offered from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those nowadays in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person

to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about alone, and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others; and if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of whom, as times grew worse and wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing that without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason that with all possible goodwill towards you, I should acknowledge yours to me.

Our knight made this tedious discourse (which might very well have been spared), because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; and supper being over, one of the goatherds said: That your worship, Señor knight-errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready goodwill, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades sing, who will

soon be here: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck to heart's content. The goat-herd had scarcely said this, when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and presently after, came he that played on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and he answering, yes,—he who had made the offer, said: Then, Antonio, you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here among the mountains and woods some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you show them, and make good what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village. With all my heart, replied the youth; and without further entreaty he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a singular good grace, he began to sing as follows:

ANTONIO

Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see,
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
The border of her robe displays.

Ah! lovely maid! in equal scale
Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
Be gentleness and courtesy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My passion will rewarded be:

And if obsequious duty paid
The grateful heart can ever move,
Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
I dress myself with studious care,
And, in my best apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say, I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dress and spruce attire
Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play,
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.

Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I praised you, said in spite;
Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight:

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary love himself might cheat.

I swore, 'twas false; and said, she lied;
At that, her anger fiercely rose:
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire;
My love is chaste, without allay
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.

The church hath silken cords that tie
Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke wilt try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.

If not, by all the saints I swear,
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell.

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master: Sir, you had better consider where you are to lie to-night; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the nights in singing. I understand you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music. It relished well with us all, blessed be God, answered Sancho. I do not deny it, replied Don Quixote; but lay yourself down where you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should. Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy; for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.

CHAPTER XII

What a certain goatherd related to those who were with Don Quixote.

While this passed, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said: Comrades, do you know what passes in the village? How should we know? answered one of them. Know then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcela, daughter of William the Rich; she, who rambles about these woods and fields in the dress of a shepherdess. For Marcela! say you? quoth one. For her, I say, answered the goatherd: and the best of it is, he has ordered in his will that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report and what they say he himself declared, that was the very place he himself saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers, that the whole must be fulfilled without omitting anything, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what Ambrosio and all the shepherd's friends require; and to-morrow they come to inter him with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. And I am of opinion it will be very well worth seeing; at least, I will not fail to go, though I knew I should not return to-morrow to the village. We will do so too, answered the goatherds, and let us cast lots who shall stay behind to

look after all our goats. You say well, Pedro, quoth another: but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which stuck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking. We are obliged to you, however, answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman of a neighbouring village among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read person; particularly, it is said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky: for he told us punctually the clipse of the sun and moon. Friend, quoth Don Quixote, the obscuration of those two greater luminaries is called an eclipse, and not a clipse. But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying he also foretold when the year would be plentiful, or estril. Sterile, you would say, friend, quoth Don Quixote. Sterile or estril, answered Pedro, comes all to the same thing. And as I was saying, his father and friends who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in everything. This year, he would say, sow barley, and not wheat; in this you sow vetches, and not barley may: the next year there will be plenty of oil: the three following there will not be a drop. This science they call astrology, said Don Quixote. I know not how it is called, replied Pedro; but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheepskin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot

to tell you how the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas Eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented; and everybody said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money, of all which the youth remained dissolute [1] master; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know) who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were as old as the itch [2]. Say, 'as old as Sarah', replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. The itch is old enough, answered Pedro; and sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelvemonth. Pardon me, friend, said Don Quixote, I told you of it because there is a wide difference between the itch and Sarah: and so go on with your story; for I will interrupt you no more.

I say then, dear sir of my soul, quoth the goatherd, that in our village there was a farmer richer than the

[1] Pedro confuses 'dissolute' with 'absolute'.

[2] *Sarna* = itch. Opinions differ as to the original form of the proverb. Some hold that the vulgar, misled by the similarity of sound, corrupted 'as old as Sarah' into 'as old as *sarna*'; others think that superfine people purposely substituted 'Sarah' for *sarna*.

father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, besides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other: and above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. Her husband William died for grief at the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share; and for all that it was judged that her daughter would surpass her. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close: notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he (who, to do him justice, is a good Christian), though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, Sir-errant, that, in these little places, everything is talked of, and everything censured. And, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns.

It is true, said Don Quixote, and proceed: for the story is excellent, and, honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace. May the grace of the Lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose! and further know, quoth Pedro, that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said that he rather adored, than loved her. But think not, that because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner; yet upon any

one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stonebow. And by this sort of behaviour, she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair: and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noonday heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the meantime, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. And there-

fore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing: for Chrysostom has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried.

I will certainly be there, said Don Quixote, and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story. Oh! replied the goatherd, I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you get you to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident. Sancho Panza, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rosinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well rib-roasted.

CHAPTER XIII

The conclusion of the story of the shepherdess Marcela, with other incidents.

But scarcely had the day began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great ex-

pedition : and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a pathway, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheepskin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback in very handsome riding habits, attended by three lackeys on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously ; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial ; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said : I fancy, Señor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time misspent in staying to see this famous funeral ; for it cannot but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd, as of the murdering shepherdess. I think so too, answered Vivaldo ; and I do not only not think much of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it. Don Quixote asked them, what it was they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom ? The traveller said they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner ; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many that wooed her ; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began ; he who was called Vivaldo, asking Don Quixote what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner through a country so peaceable ? To which Don Quixote answered : The profession I follow will not allow or suffer me to go in any other manner.

The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the least. Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? Have you not read, Sir, answered Don Quixote, the annals and histories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom, in our Castilian tongue, we perpetually call King Artús; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved that, from that time to this, any Englishman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time was instituted that famous order of the Knights of the Round Table; and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra[1], passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintañona being their go-between and confidante: which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of 'Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain'[2]: with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world: and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds; as the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation[3]; the valorous Felixmarte of

[1] The Spanish form of Guinevere.
[2] Already parodied in chapter ii, p. 21.
[3] The succession is as follows: (1) Amadis de Gaula,

Hyrcania; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirante the White: and we, in our days, have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry: of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess: and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy.

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him; which struck them with the same admiration that it did all others at the first hearing. And Vivaldo, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagances. And therefore he said to him: Methinks, Sir Knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth; and I verily believe, that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid. It may be as strict for aught I know, answered our Don Quixote; but that it is so necessary to the world I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting; for to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. I would say, that the religious with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers and knights really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms and the edge of our swords; and that, not

(2) Esplandian, (3) Lisuarte de Grecia, (4) Florisel de Niquea, and (5) Rogel de Grecia.

under covert, but in open field, exposed to the unsufferable beams of summer's sun and winter's horrid ice. So that we are God's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice in it. And considering that matters of war, and those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat, toil, and labour, it follows that they who profess it do unquestionably take more pains than they who, in perfect peace and repose, are employed in praying to heaven to assist those who can do but little for themselves. I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse religious: I would only infer from what I suffer, that it is doubtless more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and if some of them rose to be emperors by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat; and if those who arrived to such honour, had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations.

I am of the same opinion, replied the traveller; but there is one thing in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion as if they were their God, a thing which to me savours strongly of paganism. Señor, answered Don Quixote, this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant who should act in any other manner, would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who,

being about to attempt some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. And though nobody hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart; and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. And you must not suppose by this that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work. But, for all that, replied the traveller, I have one scruple still remaining; which is, that I have often read, that words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and fetching a large compass about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full speed; and in the midst of their career, they commend themselves to their mistresses; and what commonly happens in the encounter is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and, if the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to God in the course of this so hasty a work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady in the midst of the career had been employed about that, to which, as a Christian, he was obliged. And besides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, because they are not all in love. That cannot be, answered Don Quixote: I say there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm, you cannot show me a history in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour; and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard

and one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber. Yet, for all that, said the traveller, I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress to whom he might commend himself; notwithstanding which, he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight. To which our Don Quixote answered: Señor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know, that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured: he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested that he had one whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself.

If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover, said the traveller, it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession; and if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy if all the world knew that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be. Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said: I cannot positively affirm, whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased or not that the world should know I am her servant: I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized; for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows,

her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow; and the parts which modesty veils from human sight, such as (to my thinking) the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for. We would know, replied Vivaldo, her lineage, race, and family. To which Don Quixote answered: She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas and Orsinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; the Palafoxes, Nuças, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foças, and Gurreas of Aragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendoças, and Guzmans of Castile; the Alencastros, Pallas, and Meneses of Portugal: but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha; a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that Zerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said: 'Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando'.[1] Although mine be of the Cachopines of Laredo, replied the traveller, I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears until now. Is it possible you should never have heard of it? replied Don Quixote.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two: and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of our Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso:

[1] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xxiv. 57.

Come volesse dir: Nessun la muova,
Che star non possa con Orlando a prova.

for no such a name or princess had ever come to his hearing, though he lived so near Toboso.

In these discourses they went on, when they discovered through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which (as appeared afterwards) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with a great variety of flowers and boughs; which one of the goatherds espying, he said: They who come yonder, are those who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste, therefore, to arrive; which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground: and four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously: and presently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers, in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age; and, though dead, you might perceive that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance, and hale constitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on, as those who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; until one of those, who brought the deceased, said to another: Observe carefully, Ambrosio, whether this be the place which Chrysostom mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will. This is it, answered Ambrosio; for in this very place, he often recounted to me the story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of the human race: here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion: here it was that Marcela finally undeceived, and treated him with such disdain, that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life;

and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then turning himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, saying: This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in everything that was good, and second to none in everything that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned; he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompense he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men, as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth. You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them, said Vivaldo, than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him, who commands something utterly unreasonable. Augustus Caesar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Señor Ambrosio, though you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not, therefore, commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet; rather act so, that, by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcela may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those, who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices; for I, and all here present, already know the story of this

your enamoured and despairing friend; we know also your friendship, and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his deathbed; from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those, who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and so out of curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come, and behold with our eyes, what had moved us so much in the recital: and in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy it, if we could, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them. And, without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest. Which Ambrosio perceiving, he said: Out of civility, Señor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain, is a vain thought. Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them, which had for its title *The Song of Despair*. Ambrosio, hearing it, said: This is the last paper this unhappy man wrote: and that you may see, Señor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard; for you will have leisure enough, while they are digging the grave. That I will with all my heart, said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read, in an audible voice, as follows:

CHAPTER XIV

Wherein are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased shepherd, with other unexpected events.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG

I

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear then, and listen with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

II

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
For ah! no common language can express
The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III

Yet let not echo bear the mournful sounds
To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
Or Betis crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
But here midst rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
On shores by human footsteps never trod,
Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th' envenom'd race of savage beasts

That range the howling wilderness for food,
Will I proclaim the story of my woes;
Poor privilege of grief! whilst echoes hoarse
Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
O'erturn th' impatient mind; with surer stroke
Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
No lover can support; nor firmest hope
Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect:
Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
Absent and sure of cold neglect, still live.
And midst the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul:
Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs,
Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel
Presents the hideous phantom to my view?
What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
Disdain avow'd, suspicions realiz'd,
And truth itself converted to a lie?
O cruel tyrant to the realm of love,
Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
That love has most enthralled: still to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
Still let me find the source of her disdain;
Content to suffer, since imperial love
By lover's woes maintains his sovereign state.

With this persuasion and the fatal noose,
I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
And dying offer up my breathless corse,
Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII

O thou, whose unrelenting rigour's force
First drove me to despair, and now to death,
When the sad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn;
But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate
With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
The festival of thy disastrous end.
Ah! need I bid thee smile? too well I know
My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss;
Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst,
And, Sisyphus, thy still-returning stone;
Come, Tityus, with the vulture at thy heart,
And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel;
Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.
Pour your united griefs into this breast,
And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
(If a despairing wretch such rights may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, denied a winding-sheet.
And let the triple porter of the shades
The sister furies, and chimeras dire,
With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
By Beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
Complain no more; but since my wretched fate
Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.

Chrysostom's song was very much approved by those who heard it: but he who read it said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcela; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcela. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: To satisfy you, Señor, as to this doubt, you must know, that when this unhappy person wrote this song he was absent from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by everything, and seized by every fear, so was Chrysostom perplexed with imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcela's goodness, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and disdainful, envy itself neither ought nor can lay any defect to her charge. It is true, answered Vivaldo; and going to read another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed to be, which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: for on the top of a rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so handsome that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those who had never seen her until that time, beheld her with silence and admiration, and they who had been used to the sight of her were no less surprised than those who had never seen this fair shepherdess before. But Ambrosio had scarcely espied her, when, with signs of indignation, he said to her, Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to discover whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of

burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corpse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin [1]? tell us quickly, what you come for, or what it is you would have: for since I know that Chrysostom, while living, never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, though he be dead.

I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of those purposes you have mentioned, answered Marcela; but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know, how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom: and therefore I beg of all here present, that they would hear me with attention; for I need not spend much time, nor use many words to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist that I am bound to love you. I know by the natural sense God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not comprehend, that merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, I love you for being handsome: you must love me, though I am ugly. But, supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it doth not therefore follow that the inclinations should be so too: for all beauty doth not inspire love; and there is a kind of it, which only pleases the sight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for the beautiful objects being

[1] Ambrosio follows a Spanish ballad in which Tullia figures as the daughter of Tarquin: she was wife of Tarquin, and daughter of Servius Tullius.

infinite, the desires must be infinite too. And, as I have heard say, true love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unforced :—this being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being not otherwise obliged thereto, than only because you say you love me ? For, pray tell me, if, as heaven has made me handsome, it had made me ugly, would it have been just that I should have complained of you because you did not love me ? Besides, you must consider that my beauty is not my own choice ; but such as it is, heaven bestowed it on me freely without my asking or desiring it. And, as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword : neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it ? I was born free, and that I might live free, I choose the solitude of these fields : the trees on these mountains are my companions ; the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass : to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am a fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And if desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom, nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said, that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them ; I answer, that, when in this very place, where they are now digging his

grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had held him in suspense, I had been false: if I had complied with him, I acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; he despaired, without being hated. Consider now, whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived, complain; let him to whom I have broken my promise, despair; let him whom I shall encourage, presume; and let him pride himself, whom I shall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murderous, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and from loving by choice, I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, make their own particular use of this declaration: and be it understood from henceforward, that if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain; for she, who loves nobody, should make nobody jealous; and plain-dealing ought not to pass for disdain. Let him who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing: let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me; him, who thinks me shy, not know me; who cruel, not follow me; for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this shy thing, will in nowise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men? You all know that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and

I have no mind to subject myself: I neither love nor hate anybody; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by which the soul advances to its original dwelling.—And in saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration as well of her sense as of her beauty.

Some of those who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, discovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make. Which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice, said, Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of Chrysostom's death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous. Now, whether it were through Don Quixote's menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, until, the grave being made, and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the bystanders. They closed the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, until a tombstone could be finished, which, Ambrosio said,

he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner:

Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigour's cruel hand he died,
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bade adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since, in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they showed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not, and ought not to go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey: in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of Marcela and Chrysostom, as of the madness of Don Quixote, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history, the second part ending here.[1]

[1] See the note to Chapter ix, p. 68.

CHAPTER XV[1]

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befell Don Quixote in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yangüeses.

The sage Cid Hamet Ben Engeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her everywhere, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noonday heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the ass and Rosinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man ate what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rosinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yangüesian[2] carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that, where Don Quixote chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the Yangüeses. Now it fell out, that Rosinante had a mind to solace

[1] In the original, Chapter xv begins the Third Part.

[2] Natives of Yanguas, in the province of Segovia.

himself with the fillies and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and without asking his master's leave, betook himself to a smart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than anything else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner, that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing of Rosinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote said to Sancho: by what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rosinante before our eyes. What the devil of revenge can we take, answered Sancho, they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half? I am as good as a hundred, replied Don Quixote: and without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the Yangüeses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound, through a leathern doublet which he wore, on the shoulder. The Yangüeses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true, that at the second pale they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befell Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead; and as fate would have it, he fell just at Rosinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands.

The Yangüeses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza: who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried: Señor Don Quixote! ah! Señor Don Quixote! What would you have, brother Sancho! answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. I could wish, if it were possible, answered Sancho Panza, your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blas [1], if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds. Unhappy I, that we have it not! answered Don Quixote. But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out. But in how many days, do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet? replied Sancho Panza. For my part, said the battered knight Don Quixote, I cannot limit the number; but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men, who were not dubbed knights like myself. And therefore, I believe the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this; that when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in nowise do it; but do you draw your sword, and chastise them to your own heart's content: but if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends: so arrogant

[1] *Feo Blas* = ugly Blas, Sancho's attempt at 'Fierabras': see note to Chapter x, p. 76.

was the poor gentleman become by the victory over the valiant Biscainer.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering, and saying: Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, Sir, to tell you, by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant nor against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done or shall do me, or that any person is now doing or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever. Which his master hearing, he answered: I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease ever so short a while, that I might convince you, Panza, of the error you are in. Harkye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen. In this that hath now befallen us, answered Sancho, I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and

valour your worship speaks of; but I swear on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, Sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rosinante, though he does not deserve it; for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rosinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that 'much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons'; and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life'. Who could have thought that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders? Thine, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And were it not that I imagine; (do I say imagine?) did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation. To this replied the squire: Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us.

Learn, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath shown us in many and divers knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis de Gaul

saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard.[1] And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us that the Knight of the Sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon underground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight. So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons, who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced; for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, answered Sancho, to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whinyard [2], when they crossed my shoulders with their saplings, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to

[1] This incident does not, however, occur in *Amadis de Gaula*.

[2] *Tizona* in the original = brand. Tizona (or rather Tizon) and Colada were the names of the Cid's two favourite swords.

think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression on my memory, as on my shoulders. All this, notwithstanding, I tell you, brother Panza, replied Don Quixote, there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to. What greater misfortune can there be, replied Panza, than that which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again.

Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rosinante does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share. That is not at all strange, answered Sancho, since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear. Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy, said Don Quixote. I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rosinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read that the good Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates [1], went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass. It is like he rode as your worship says, answered Sancho: but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish. To which Don Quixote answered: The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend

[1] The Thebes of the hundred gates was not in Boeotia, but in Egypt.

Panza, answer me no more, but as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please, upon your ass, that we may get hence, before night comes on, and overtakes us in this uninhabited place. Yet I have heard your worship say, quoth Panza, that it is usual for knights-errant, to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate. That is, said Don Quixote, when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when calling himself Beltenebros, he took up his lodging on the poor rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shown to him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rosinante.

That would be the devil, indeed, quoth Sancho, and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him hither, he raised himself up, but stayed bent by the way, like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rosinante, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In fine, Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rosinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster, now slower, towards the place where he thought the road might lie. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, in which

he espied an inn; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER XVI

Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a castle.

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. Now this agreeable lass helped the damsel; and they two made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In which room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of our Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other

trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock bed no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for so the Asturian was called) holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said, that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, said Sancho; but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark: he said also; pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little. So then, said the hostess, you have had a fall too. No fall, said Sancho Panza; but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs. That may very well be, said the girl; for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awakened, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen. But here is the point, mistress, answered Sancho Panza, that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote. How is this cavalier called? quoth the Asturian Maritornes. Don Quixote de la Mancha, answered Sancho Panza: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world. What is a knight-errant? replied the wench. Are you such a novice, that you do not know?

answered Sancho Panza. Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing, that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous, and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire. How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman, said the hostess, have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom? It is early days yet, answered Sancho; for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master, Don Quixote, recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain.

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service you have done me, eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high heavens that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty.

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek; though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and

so, thanking him with innlike phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but she performed it, though she had made it on the mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in that calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious [1] cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two, stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arévalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, leaving behind, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. The blessing of God a thousand times on the author of *Tablante of Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count de

[1] *Estrellado* in the original = starlit.

Tomillas, with what punctuality do they describe everything! [1]

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered and laid down; and though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always carried about him, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived; which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle (for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles), and that the innkeeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera (which he had formed to himself) for reality and truth, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself with the lady Quintañona should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these ex-

[1] The praise is clearly ironical. *Tablante de Ricamonte y Jofre* (Toledo, 1513) derives from a prose version of the *Roman de Jaufre*; the Count de Tomillas figures in the *Historia de Enrrique fi de Oliva* (Seville, 1498), based on *Doon de la Roche*. Neither work contains much detail, but both are tedious.

travagances, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the Asturian's coming drew near; who, in her smock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarcely was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters, and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the Asturian, who, crouching and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he fell to feeling her smock, which, though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. And though her breath, doubtless, smelled of last night's stale salt fish, he fancied himself sucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously-wounded knight with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: O that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty! But fortune, who

is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands.

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled, without speaking a word, to get loose from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, to see what would come of those speeches, which he did not understand. But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood; and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground; at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes; for, having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up, and lighting a candle, went towards the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who

was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The innkeeper entering, said: Where are you, strumpet? these are most certainly some of your doings. Now Sancho awaked, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the nightmare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his fisticuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep in spite of his drowsiness; who, finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier, perceiving by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding without doubt that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick: the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the innkeeper the wench: and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest: and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those they call the Holy Brotherhood of Toledo; who likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, catched up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: Forbear in the name of justice; forbear in the name of the Holy Brotherhood. And the first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard,

as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly: I charge you to aid and assist me: but, finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying: Shut the inn door, see that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here. This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw: only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

CHAPTER XVII

Wherein are continued the numberless hardships which the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a castle.

By this time Don Quixote was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along 'in the Valley of Pack-staves',[1] he began to call to him, saying: Sancho, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend Sancho? How should I sleep? woe is me? answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexa-

[1] The opening of an early sixteenth-century ballad on the Cid:—

Por el Val de las Estacas — pasó el Cid á mediodia.

tion ; I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night. You may very well believe so, answered Don Quixote ; and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret until after my death. Yes, I swear, answered Sancho. I say it, replied Don Quixote, because I am an enemy to the taking away anybody's reputation. I do swear, said Sancho again, I will keep it secret until after your decease, and God grant I may discover it to-morrow. Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that you would willingly see me dead so very soon ? It is not for that, answered Sancho ; but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping. Be it for what it will, said Don Quixote ; I trust for greater matters than that to your love and kindness ; and therefore you must know, that this night there has befallen on me one of the strangest adventures imaginable ; and to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago, there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the inhabitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person ? what of the sprightliness of her wit ? what of other hidden charms, which to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence ? Only I must tell you, that heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted, at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a douse on the chops, that they were all bathed in blood ; and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rosinante's frolic, did us the mischief you know.

Whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me. Nor for me neither, answered Sancho; for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray Sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share. What! have you been pounded too? answered Don Quixote. Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage! quoth Sancho. Be in no pain, friend, said Don Quixote; for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye. By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and Sancho seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us? It cannot be the Moor, answered Don Quixote; for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by anybody. If they will not be seen, they will be felt, said Sancho; witness my shoulders. Mine might speak too, answered Don Quixote: but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that what we see is the enchanted Moor.

The officer entered, and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back without being able to stir through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him, and said: How fares it, honest friend? I would speak more respect-

fully, answered Don Quixote, were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead? The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it, and lifting up the brass lamp with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate, in such sort that he broke his head; and all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. Doubtless, Sir, quoth Sancho Panza, this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks. It is even so, answered Don Quixote: and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them: for as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, Sancho, if you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam: for in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wounds this phantom has given me bleed very fast.

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, and meeting with the officer who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn. The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn door, and calling the host, told him what that honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned

by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in: and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruse, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruse above four-score Paternosters, and as many Ave-Marias, Salves and Credos, and every word was accompanied with a cross, by way of benediction: at all which were present Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruse could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in: and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive reachings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat: wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fierabras; and that with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter without fear any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swallowing very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and

squeamish as his master's: and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come: and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote seeing him in that condition, said to him: I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you because you are not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to those who are not. If your worship knew that, replied Sancho (evil betide me and all my generation!), why did you suffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to discharge at both ends with so much precipitation, that the flagmat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but everybody else thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation lasted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken that he was not able to stand. But Don Quixote, who, as is said, found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam; and thus, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rosinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat about twenty persons: among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and ever and anon sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up

from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a very solemn and grave voice, said to him: Many and great are the favours, Señor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire. The host answered with the same gravity: Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge when any injury is done me; I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging. What, then, is this an inn? replied Don Quixote. And a very creditable one, answered the host. Hitherto, then, I have been in an error, answered Don Quixote; for, in truth, I took it for a castle, and no bad one either: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in any inn where they have lain; and that because of right and good reason, all possible good accommodation is due to them, in recompense of the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger,

with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth. I see little to my purpose in all this, answered the host: pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of anything, but how to come by my own. Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper, answered Don Quixote; so clapping spurs to Rosinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without anybody's opposing him, and without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said that since his master would not pay, he would not pay either; for being squire to a knight-errant, as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay anything in public-houses and inns. The innkeeper grew very testy at this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that among those who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse fountain of Córdova[1], and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicsome fellows; who, as it were, instigated and moved by the selfsame spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's bed-

[1] The *potro* of Córdova, mentioned in chapter iii as a resort of picaroons, was a square in which stood the statue of a colt encircled by fountains.

blanket; and putting him therein, they looked up and saw that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud, that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his squire; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop he came up to the inn; and finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarcely got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales; but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not so much as alight, and so from on horseback he began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing; but that they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties; yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at last they left off from pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying: Son Sancho, drink not water: child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: see here, I hold the most holy balsam

(showing him the cruse of the potion) by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again. At these words Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a loud voice: Perhaps you have forgot, Sir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after last night's work. Keep your liquor in the devil's name, and let me alone. His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment: but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine: which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a Christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell a-kicking his ass; and the inn gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety, his carcase. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that though Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAPTER XVIII

In which is rehearsed the discourse which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote, with other adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said: Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted, for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rosinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity. And I too, quoth Sancho, would have revenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themselves at my expense, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord's name is John Palomeque the Left-handed: so that, Sir, as to your not being able to

leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of, will at the long run bring us into so many disadventures, that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca[1], leaping out of the frying pan into the fire.

How little do you know, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession: for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? none without doubt. It may be so, answered Sancho, though I do not know it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant, or you have been, Sir (for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number), we have never won any battle, except that of the Biscainer; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say. That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps

[1] 'Ceca' was the name of the sanctuary in the mosque at Córdova; the expression corresponds roughly to 'from John o' Groat's House to Land's End', or to Johnson's 'from China to Peru'

fortune may procure me that of Amadis[1], when he called himself 'Knight of the Burning Sword', which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world; for beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour, though never so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it. I am so fortunate, quoth Sancho, that, though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow. Fear not that, Sancho, said Don Quixote; heaven will deal more kindly by thee.

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits as shall remain written in the book of fame to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? it is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there must be two armies, said Sancho; for on this opposite side there rises such another cloud of dust. Don Quixote turned to view it, and seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, amours, and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now, the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness,

[1] Not Amadis of Gaul, but Amadis of Greece.

that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: Sir, what then must we do? What, replied Don Quixote, but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm; for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare [1]. But why do these two princes hate one another so, demanded Sancho? They hate one another, answered Don Quixote, because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a Christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian. By my beard, said Sancho, Pentapolin is in the right, and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power. In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight. I easily comprehend that, answered Sancho; but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast. You are in the right, said Don Quixote; and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rosinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. And, that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence both the armies may be distinctly seen. They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two

[1] Like Scanderbeg, King of Epirus, and like Suero de Quiñones mentioned in note to Chapter iv, p. 35.

flocks which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised obstructed and blinded the sight: but for all that, seeing in his imagination what he neither did, nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say:

The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge: the other with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quirocia: the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple which Sampson pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see in the front of this other army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of the New Biscay, who comes armed with armour quartered, azure, vert, argent, and or, bearing on his shield a cat, or, on a field gules, with a scroll inscribed *Miau*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who, it is reported, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter to Alfeñiquen, Duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, Lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other whom you see, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pied fleet courser, and his armour of pure azure, is the powerful Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed with this motto in Castilian—*Rastrea mi suerte*—'Thus drags my fortune'.

In this manner he went on, naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to

each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness: and so, without hesitation, he went on thus:—That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations: here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain, by sundry and divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians: and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis [1]; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine Genil; those who tread the Tartesian fields, abounding in pasture; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xerez; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; those who bathe themselves in the Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those who shiver on the cold brow of shady Pyreneus, and the snowy tops of lofty Apenninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes.

Good God! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his

[1] Martial's *Baetis olivifera* (xii. 98) is the Guadalquivir.

discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears anywhere; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's goblins. How say you, Sancho? answered Don Quixote: do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, answered Sancho, but the bleating of sheep and lambs: and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, Sancho, said Don Quixote, makes you that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are; and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone; for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance. And saying this, he clapped spurs to Rosinante, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: Hold, Señor Don Quixote, come back: as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me! what madness is this? Look! there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled; sinner that I am! what is it you do? For all this Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: Ho, knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Trapobana. And saying thus he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out

to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? present thyself before me: I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta. At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruse, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down: but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand, and on the cruse, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagances, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses; and said to him: Did I not desire you, Señor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men? How easily, replied Don Quixote, can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that

it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and see how many grinders I want; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head. Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth: and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. Blessed Virgin! quoth Sancho, what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruse he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master; so that they both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass to take something out of his wallets to cleanse himself, and cure his master; but not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and proposed in his mind to leave his master, and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his

teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rosinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned), and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms, that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly; for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them. How no share in them? answered Sancho: peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are somebody's else? What! are the wallets missing, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. Yes, they are, answered Sancho. Then we have nothing to eat to-day, replied Don Quixote. It would be so, answered Sancho, if these fields did not produce those herbs you say you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities. For all that, answered Don Quixote, at this time I would rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Doctor Laguna himself [1]. But, good Sancho, get upon your ass, and follow me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in His service as we are, since He does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the

[1] Andres Laguna's translation of Dioscorides, with a valuable commentary, was first printed at Antwerp in 1555.

water; and so merciful is He, that He makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust. Your worship, said Sancho, would make a better preacher than a knight-errant. Sancho, said Don Quixote, the knights-errant ever did and must know something of everything; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's high-way, with as good a grace, as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris; whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well, let it be as your worship says, answered Sancho; but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for, if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.

Child, said Don Quixote, do thou pray to God, and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time, I leave it to your choice where to lodge us; but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain. Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said: How many did your worship use to have on this side? Four, answered Don Quixote, beside the eye-tooth, all whole, and very sound. Take care what you say, Sir, answered Sancho. I say four, if not five, replied Don Quixote; for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay. Well then, said Sancho, on this lower side, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper, neither half nor whole; all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am! said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him; I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword arm; for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of

chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt. Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly (for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste), Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIX

Of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.

It is my opinion, master of mine, that all the disadventures which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of Malandrino [1], or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember. Sancho, you are in the right, said Don Quixote; but, to tell you the truth, it had quite slipped out of my memory; and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for, in the order of chivalry, there are ways of compounding for everything. Why, did I swear anything? answered Sancho. It matters not that you have not sworn, said Don Quixote; it is enough that I know

[1] *Malandrino* = bandit, a sly travesty of Mambrino's name.

you are not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy. If it be so, said Sancho, see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath; perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and perhaps with your worship, if they find you so obstinate.

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger; for, with the loss of their wallets, they had lost their whole larder of provisions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befell them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night fell pretty dark; notwithstanding which, they went on, Sancho believing, that, since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw advancing towards them on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came, the bigger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head; who, recovering a little courage, cried out: Sancho, this must be a most prodigious and most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Woe is me! answered Sancho; should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure? Let them be never such goblins, said Don Quixote, I will

not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure. But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth Sancho, what matters it whether we are in the open field, or no? For all that, replied Don Quixote, I beseech you, Sancho, be of good courage; for experience will show you how much of it I am master of. I will, an't please God, answered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be; and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white [1]; which dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; behind whom came a litter, covered with black; which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to

[1] *Encamisados* is usually applied to maskers wearing white tunics or shirts over their clothes: it seems likely from the context that the processionists wore cottas.

himself, that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near he raised his voice, and said: Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you. We are going in haste, answered one of those in white; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require: and so, spurring his mule, he passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said: Stand and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle. The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that rising upright on her hind legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lackey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and, without staying any longer, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; and turning him about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought Rosinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or a festival

night. The mourners likewise were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, demolished them all, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be. There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the falling man answered: I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me; you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders. Who the devil then, said Don Quixote, brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic? Who, Sir? replied he that was overthrown: my misfortune. A greater yet threatens you, said Don Quixote, if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you. Your worship shall soon be satisfied, answered the licentiate; and therefore you must know, Sir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonso Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I come from the city of Baeça, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeça, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying place in Segovia, where he was born. And who killed him? demanded Don Quixote. God, replied the bachelor, by means of a pestilential

fever he sent him. Then, said Don Quixote, our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death in case anybody else had slain him; but since he fell by the hand of heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent and shrug up our shoulders: for just the same must I have done had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redressing grievances. I do not understand your way of righting wrongs, said the bachelor: for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet you who are seeking adventures. All things, answered Don Quixote, do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonso Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world; which laid me under the necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for until now I took you to be no less. Since my fate would have it so, said the bachelor, I beseech you, Señor knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule, for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle. I might have talked on until to-morrow morning, said Don Quixote: why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness? Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him; but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; and then running

to his master's call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from under the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon, gave him the torch; and Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said: If perchance those gentlemen would know who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure'.

The bachelor being gone[1], Don Quixote asked Sancho what induced him to call him the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Figure', at that time more than any other? I will tell you, answered Sancho; it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth, your worship makes, at present, very near the most woeful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied Don Quixote; but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself 'the Knight of the Burning Sword'; another, that 'of the Unicorn'; this 'of the Damsels'; that 'of the Phoenix'; another 'the Knight of the Griffin'; and another that 'of Death'; and were known by these names and ensigns over the whole surface of the earth. And therefore I say, that the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into my mouth, to call me 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure', as I purpose to call myself

[1] Opinions vary as to the proper arrangement of the text of the episode in which Alonso Lopez figures. According to one view (which I share), the paragraphs relating to this incident in the first edition were inverted by the printer, and the attempt to rectify the mistake in the second edition is unsuccessful. But this rectification is accepted by the translator, by most other translators, and even by most modern editors of the original.

from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield. You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made, said Sancho; your worship need only show your own, and present yourself to be looked at; and, without other image or shield, they will immediately call you 'Him of the Sorrowful Figure'; and be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, Sir (and let this be said in jest), that hunger, and the loss of your grinders, make you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture may very well be spared.

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; and he said: I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication, for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud, si quis suadente diabolo*, &c.; though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I respect and reverence like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befell the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his Holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated [1]; yet honest Rodrigo de Vivar passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight.

The bachelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one

[1] This unhistorical incident is taken from a sixteenth-century ballad.

man, and being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, 'To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread'; and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics, that attended the deceased (such gentlemen seldom failing to make much of themselves), had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befell them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water to drink; and they being very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XX

Of the adventure (the like never before seen or heard of) achieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard, than ever any was achieved by the most famous knight in the world.

It is impossible, Sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs; and therefore we should go a little farther on; for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself. Don Quixote approved the ad-

vice; and he taking Rosinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. I say, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and, as an addition to all this, a total ignorance where they were. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rosinante, and, bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people usually express it, 'the golden age'. I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the 'Knights of the Sun', and the Belianises, with the

whole tribe of the famous knights-errant, of times past, performing, in this age, in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused and [deadened] sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that, which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore straiten Rosinante's girths a little, and God be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to Toboso, where you shall say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her enthralled knight died in the attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled hers.

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter this so fearful an adventure: it is now night, and nobody sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days: and, as nobody sees us, much less will there be anybody to tax us with cowardice. Besides I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, that, 'he who seeketh danger perisheth, therein': so that it is not good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no

escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice, that heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let this thought and belief prevail, that, scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse, for it: but, as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes: for, when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear Sir, do me not such a diskindness; and, since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it until daybreak, to which according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear [1] is at the top of the heads, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How can you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of, is, since the night is so dark that not a star appears in the whole sky? True, said Sancho: but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky: besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of daybreak. Want what it will, answered Don Quixote, it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore, pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; for God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort

[1] Literally 'the mouth of the horn' (of Ursa Minor).

thee in thy sadness. What you have to do, is, to girt Rosinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead.

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait until day, if he could: and so while he was straightening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rosinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter, so that, when Don Quixote would have departed he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said: Ah, Sir! behold how heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rosinante cannot go: and, if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune and, as they say, 'kick against the pricks'. This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay until day appeared, or until Rosinante could stir, believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he thus spoke: since it is so, Sancho, that Rosinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming. You need not weep, answered Sancho; for I will entertain you until dawn with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary, when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for. What call you alighting, or sleeping? said Don Quixote: Am I one of those knights, who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt: I will do what I see best befits my profession. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, answered Sancho: I do not say it with that design; and coming

close to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the saddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraïd of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he promised: to which Sancho replied he would if the dread of what he heard would permit him; notwithstanding, said he, I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and pray be attentive, for now I begin.

What hath been, hath been: the good that shall befall, be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And pray, Sir, take notice, that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales, was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzorino [1] the Roman, who says, 'And evil to him that evil seeks'; which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to your finger, signifying, that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us. Go on with your story, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow. I say then, continued Sancho, that, in a place of Estremadura, there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd; which shepherd or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was a daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman —— If you tell your story after this fashion, Sancho, said Don Quixote, repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days: tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more. In the very same manner that I tell it, answered Sancho, they tell

[1] Cato the Censor; but, as *zonzorino* means noodle, he appears as Cato the Senseless in Sancho's version of the name.

all stories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs. Tell it as you will then, answered Don Quixote; since fate will have it that I must hear thee, go on.

And so, dear Sir of my soul, continued Sancho, as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine; for she had certain small whiskers; and methinks I see her just now. What, did you know her? said Don Quixote. I did not know her, answered Sancho; but he who told me this story said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, beyond measure: and so much did he hate her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before. It is a natural quality of women, said Don Quixote, to slight those who love them, and love those who slight them. Go on, Sancho.

It fell out, proceeded Sancho, that the shepherd put his design into execution, and collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small gallipot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever she carried (for I shall not now set myself to vouch what it was),

I only tell you, that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks: and, on the side he came to, there was neither boat nor anybody to ferry him or his flock over to the other side, which grieved him mightily, for he saw that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small that it could hold only one person and one goat: however, he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry him over, and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat and carried over a goat; he returned, and carried over another; he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, Sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over; for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another. Make account he carried them all over, said Don Quixote, and do not be going and coming in this manner; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth. How many are passed already? said Sancho. How the devil should I know? answered Don Quixote. See there now; did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before God, there is an end of the story; I can go no further. How can this be? answered Don Quixote. Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no further? No, Sir, in nowise, answered Sancho: for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say fled out of my memory; and in faith it was very edifying and satis-

factory. So then, said Don Quixote, the story is at an end. As sure as my mother is, quoth Sancho. Verily, answered Don Quixote you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories imaginable; and your way of telling and concluding it is such as never was, nor will be seen in one's whole life; though I expected nothing less from your good sense: but I do not wonder at it; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding. All that may be, answered Sancho; but as to my story, I know there 's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins[1]. Let it end where it will, in God's name, said Don Quixote, and let us see whether Rosinante can stir himself. Again he clapped spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive food on which he had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural (which is rather to be believed), it so befell that Sancho had a desire to do what nobody could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master; and, to think to leave that business undone, was also impossible: and so what he did for peace sake was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, with which, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running point that kept up his breeches; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles; then he lifted up his shirt the best he could, and exposed to the open air those buttocks which were none of the smallest. This being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him,

[1] This story of the goats is given in Pedro Alfonso's *Disciplina Clericalis*, x, and in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, xxx. It is no doubt of oriental origin.

which was, that he thought he could not ease himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held his breath as much as possibly he could. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, he was so unlucky after all as to make a little noise, very different from that which had put him into so great a fright. Don Quixote heard it and said: What noise is this, Sancho? I do not know Sir, answered he, it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures never begin with a little matter. He tried his fortune a second time, and it succeeded so well with him, that, without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself discharged of the burden that had given him so much uneasiness. But, as Don Quixote had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and Sancho stood so close, and as it were sewed to him, some of the vapours, ascending in a direct line, could not fail to reach his nostrils; which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and, with a kind of snuffling tone, said: Methinks, Sancho, you are in great bodily fear. I am so, said Sancho; but wherein does your worship perceive it now more than ever? In that you smell stronger than ever, and not of ambergris, answered Don Quixote. That may very well be, said Sancho, but your worship alone is in fault, for carrying me about at these unseasonable hours, and into these unfrequented places. Get three or four steps off, friend, said Don Quixote (all this without taking his fingers from his nostrils), and henceforward be more careful of your own person, and of what you owe to mine; my overmuch familiarity with you has bred contempt. I will lay a wager, replied Sancho, you think I have been doing something with my person that I ought not. The more you stir it, friend Sancho, the worse it will savour, answered Don Quixote.

In these and the like dialogues the master and man passed the night. But Sancho, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with

much caution untied Rosinante, and tied up his breeches. Rosinante, finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rosinante began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and everything being distinctly seen, Don Quixote perceived he was got among some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade: he perceived also that the striking did not cease; but he could not see what caused it. So without further delay, he made Rosinante feel the spur, and, turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain it was God's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him till the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, that he must have been well born, and at least an Old Christian[1]. This tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness:

[1] As distinguished from the New Christians—persons of Jewish descent, whose conformity was suspected to be merely external in many cases.

on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on towards the place, from whence, the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading as usual his ass—that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. And having gone a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they came to a little green spot at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses; from amidst which proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. Rosinante started, and was in disorder, at the noise of the water and of the strokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fair and softly towards the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprise; and, by the by, besought God also not to forget him. Sancho stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking between Rosinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards further, when, at doubling a point, the very cause (for it could be no other) of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain, and exposed to view.

It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) six fulling-hammers, whose alternative strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst with it; and, notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight

of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony: 'You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born by the will of heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements'. And so he went on, repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility: Pray, Sir, be pacified; by the living God, I did but jest. Though you jest, I do not, answered Don Quixote. Come hither, merry Sir, what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not showed the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be (as it really is), that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me. It is enough, good Sir, replied Sancho; I confess I have been a little too jocose: but pray, tell me, now that it is peace

between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in ? for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror are. I do not deny, answered Don Quixote, but that what has befallen to us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle. But, answered Sancho, your worship knew not how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on my shoulders; thanks be to God and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, it will out in the bucking; for I have heard say, 'he loves thee well, who makes thee weep'; and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinados, bestow islands or kingdoms on the continent. The die may run so, quoth Don Quixote, that all you have said may come to pass; and forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know, that the first motions are not in a man's power; and henceforward be apprised of one thing (that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me), that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault both in you and me; in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the Firm Island [1] ? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent

[1] See the note to Chapter x, p. 79.

that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history ? From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lackey, and between knight and squire. So that, from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect ; for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time ; and if they do not come, the wages at least, as I have told you, will not be lost. Your worship says very well, quoth Sancho ; but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages), how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times ? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers ? I do not believe, answered Don Quixote, that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen ; for I cannot yet tell how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle ; for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers. It is so in truth, said Sancho, since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord. By so doing, replied Don Quixote, your days shall be long in the land ; for, next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters as if they were our fathers.

CHAPTER XXI

Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befell our invincible knight.

About this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so, turning to the right-hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it, but, turning to Sancho, he said: I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says; 'Where one door is shut another is opened'. I say this, because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet [1], about which I swore the oath you know. Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do, said Sancho; for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses. The devil take

[1] Mambrino, King of the Saracens, was despoiled of his helmet by Reynaldos de Montalvan: it was inherited by Ogier le Danois who is reincarnated in Spain as the Marquess of Mantua.

you! replied Don Quixote: what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills? I know not, answered Sancho; but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say. How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor? said Don Quixote. Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head? What I see and perceive, answered Sancho, is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters. Why, that is Mambrino's helmet, said Don Quixote: get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure (to save time) without speaking a word; and the helmet I have so much longed for, shall be my own. I shall take care to get out of the way, replied Sancho: but, I pray God, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure. I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them any more, said Don Quixote: if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you. Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass basin. And fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be spoiled (for it was a new one) he clapped the basin on his head, and being new scoured, it glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said; and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dappled-grey

steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagances and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rosinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due. The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from his ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour over the plain, with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground; with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who holding it in his hand, said: Before God, the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor; and not finding it, he said: Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting. When Sancho heard the basin called an helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. What dost thou laugh at, Sancho? said Don Quixote. He answered, I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin. Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must

have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin: but, be it what it will, to me, who knows it, its transformation signifies nothing; for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that, which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles [1], shall not surpass, nor equal it; in the meantime, I will wear it as I can; for something is better than nothing; and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones. It will so, said Sancho, if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse, in which was contained that most blessed drench which made me vomit up my guts. I am in no great pain for having lost it, for you know, Sancho, said Don Quixote, I have the receipt by heart. So have I too, answered Sancho; but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss one. You are no Christian, good Sancho, said Don Quixote, at hearing this; for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you

[1] Vulcan forged arms for Memnon, for Achilles, and even for Aeneas: but not for Mars, apparently.

cannot yet forget that jest? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime; and, had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen: who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is: and here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. Let it then pass for a jest, said Sancho, since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest: but I know of what kind the jests and the earnests were, and I know also, they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders.

But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff [1], whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself: for, to judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, Dapple is a special one. It is not my custom, said Don Quixote, to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for, in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in the battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him. God knows whether it were best for me to take him, replied Sancho, or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good; verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping of one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind. I am not very clear as to that point, answered Don Quixote; and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them. So extreme,

[1] More accurately 'that Martino'—another of Sancho's variants of Mambrino.

replied Sancho, that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person. And so saying, he proceeded, with that licence, to an exchange of caparisons [1], and made his own beast three parts in four [2] the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and without resolving to follow any particular road (as is the custom of knights-errant) they put on whithersoever Rosinante's will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho said to his master: Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one jest now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Out with it, said Don Quixote, and be brief in thy discourse; for none that is long can be pleasing. I say then, Sir, answered Sancho, that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and cross-ways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know anything of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice

[1] In the original, *mutatio capparum*—the technical ecclesiastical term to describe the cardinals' change of fur hoods for silk hoods at Whitsuntide.

[2] 'Bettered by a third and a fifth of the estate' would be a more exact rendering of the legal phrase in the original.

of your worship's intention, and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgement, that we went to serve some emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding: which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten.

You are not much out, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that by achieving some he may acquire such fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, this is the 'Knight of the Sun', or of the 'Serpent', or of any other device, under which he may have achieved great exploits. This is he, will they say, who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years. Thus from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say: Ho there, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder. At which command

they all shall go forth, and the king himself, descending half-way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it must immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermines. The knight being come, he shall sup with the king, queen, and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself;

and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water, he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune: and the princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible; which he promises with many oaths: he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit; the knight thinks it is for grief at his departure: his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion: the damsel confidante is all this time present, and observes what passes: she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not: the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours

to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect anything amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles; returns to court; sees his lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services: the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse, and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the knight is son of a valorous king of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and in two words, the knight becomes a king. Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of his amour and daughter to one of the chief dukes.

This is what I would be at, and a clear stage, quoth Sancho: this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure'. Doubt it not Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for by those very means, and those very steps, I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen to be kings and emperors. All that remains to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the Christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is still another thing wanting; for supposing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor: for the king will

not give me his daughter to wife, until he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and twenty crowns a year [1], and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two sorts of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed: others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king of my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied: and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents.

Here, said Sancho, comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'never stand begging for that which you may take by force', though this other is nearer to the purpose; 'a leap from a hedge is better

[1] 'Entitled to the fine of five hundred *sueldos*' (the sum payable to any 'gentleman' who had been injured morally or materially), or 'entitled to a grant of five hundred *sueldos* for services in the field'. Both interpretations are legitimate.

than the prayer of a good man '. I say this, because, if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he share his misfortune with her, until it shall please heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse. That you may depend upon, said Don Quixote. Since it is so, answered Sancho, there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God and let things take their course. God grant it, answered Don Quixote, as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so. Let him, in God's name, said Sancho; for I am an Old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Aye, and more than enough, said Don Quixote: but it matters not whether you are or no; for I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the least service; and in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course; and say what they will, in good faith, they must style you 'your lordship', though it grieved them never so much. Do you think, quoth Sancho, I should not know how to give authority to the indignity? Dignity, you should say, and not indignity, said his master. So let it be, answered Sancho Panza: I say, I should do well enough with it; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that everybody said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining in gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me. You will make a goodly appearance, indeed, said Don Quixote: but it will be necessary to trim your beard

a little oftener; for it is so rough and frowzy, that, if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, they will discover what you are a musket shot off. Why, said Sancho, it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee. How came you to know, demanded Don Quixote, that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them? I will tell you, said Sancho: some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord [1]: a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it. You are in the right, said Don Quixote, and in the same manner you may carry about your barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl, who carried about his barber after him, and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse. Leave the business of the barber to my care, said Sancho; and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl. So it shall be, answered Don Quixote, and lifting up his eyes, he saw what will be told in the following chapter.

[1] This 'little gentleman' is conjectured to be Don Pedro Tellez de Giron, Duke of Osuna, subsequently Viceroy of Naples.

CHAPTER XXII

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter. Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords, and Sancho Panza, espying them, said: This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys. How! persons forced! quoth Don Quixote; is it possible the king should force anybody? I say not so, answered Sancho, but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys per force. In short, replied Don Quixote, however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking. It is so, said Sancho. Then, said his master, here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable. Consider, Sir, quoth Sancho, that justice, that is, the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes.

By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted

those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. For all that, replied Don Quixote, I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune. To these he added such other courteous expressions to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves; they may inform you if they please; and inform you they will, for they are such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries. With this leave (which Don Quixote would have taken though they had not given it) he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight? He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. For that alone? replied Don Quixote: if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them. It was not such love as your worship imagines, said the galley-slave: mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my goodwill to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no place for the torture; the process was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the *gurapas*, and there is an end of it. What are the *gurapas*? quoth Don Quixote. The *gurapas* are galleys answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedrahita. Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected: but the first answered for him, and said: This gentleman goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and

a singer. How so, replied Don Quixote, are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers? Yes, Sir, replied the slave; for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony. Nay, said Don Quixote, I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief'. This is the very reverse, said the slave; for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after. I do not understand that, said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: Señor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a *quatrero*, that is, a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. And he is always so pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind, and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: for, say they, No contains the same number of letters as Ay; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it. And I think so too, answered Don Quixote; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; I am going to Mesdames the *gurapas* for five years, for wanting ten ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to redeem you from this misery. That, said the slave, is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodóver in Toledo, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound: but God is great; patience; I say no more.

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a

man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming thither, began to weep, and answered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the usual procession, pompously apparelled and mounted. That is, I suppose, said Sancho, put to public shame. Right, replied the slave; and the offence, for which he underwent this punishment, was his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjurer. Had it been merely for pimping, said Don Quixote, he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be a general of the galleys; for the office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth; and none but persons well-born ought to exercise it; and in truth there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many mischiefs would be prevented, which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons, such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarcely know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons, to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before those, who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those gray hairs, and that venerable countenance in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard: though I very

well know, there are no sorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love: it being, as I say, a thing impossible to force the will. It is so, said the honest old fellow: and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it, but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good design could not save me from going whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so laden with years, and so troubled with the stranguary, which leaves me not a moment's repose: and here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousins-german of mine, and with two other cousins-german not mine: in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me; I had neither friends nor money; my wind-pipe was in the utmost danger; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years. I submit—it is the punishment of my fault; I am young; and life may last, and time brings everything about: if your worship señor cavalier, has anything about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in heaven, and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him, that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as your goodly presence deserves. This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards

said he was a great talker, and a very pretty Latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect; only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other: he was bound somewhat differently from the rest; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villainies than all the rest put together; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. What kind of villainies has he committed, said Don Quixote, that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys? He goes for ten years, said the guard, which is a kind of civil death: you need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla. Fair and softly, Señor commissary, said then the slave; let us not now be lengthening our names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Pasamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say; and let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do. Speak with more respect, Sir Thief-above-measure, replied the commissary, unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow. You may see, answered the slave, that man goeth as God pleaseth; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla, or no. Are you not called so, lying rascal, said the guard? They do call me

so, answered Gines; but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Señor cavalier, continued he, if you have anything to give us, give it us now, and God be with you; for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives: if you would know mine, know that I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers. He says true, said the commissary; for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn for two hundred reals. Aye, and I intend to redeem it, said Gines, if it lay for two hundred ducats. What! is it so good? said Don Quixote. So good, answered Gines, that woe be to *Lazarillo de Tormes*,[1] and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truth so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them. How is the book intituled? demanded Don Quixote. *The Life of Gines de Pasamonte*, replied Gines himself. And is it finished? quoth Don Quixote. How can it be finished? answered he, since my life is not yet finished? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys. Then you have been there before, said Don Quixote. Four years the other time, replied Gines, to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull's-pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book: for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart. You seem to be a witty fellow, said Don Quixote. And an unfortunate one, answered Gines: but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious. Pursue the villainous, said the commissary. I have already desired you, Señor commissary,

[1] The earliest of Spanish picaresque novels, wrongly ascribed to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza.

answered Pasamonte, to go on fair and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands: now by the life of—— I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough.

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then turning about to the whole string he said: From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking: and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to show in you the effect, for which heaven threw me into the world and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But knowing that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards, added Don Quixote, these poor men have committed

no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world: there is a God in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it. This is pleasant fooling, answered the commissary; an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, señor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot, answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins, and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain; and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it, first at one, and then at another,

without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Pasamonte's gun than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the Holy Brotherhood, which, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. It is well, said Don Quixote; but I know what is now expedient to be done. Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them. To be thankful for benefits received is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins, at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompense whereof my will and pleasure is, that, laden with this chain, which I have taken from your necks, you immediately set out, and go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her, that her Knight of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her: and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list.

Gines de Pasamonte answered for them all, and said: What your worship command us, noble Sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the Holy Brotherhood, who doubtless will be out in quest of us. What your worship may, and ought to do,

is to change this service and duty to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of Ave-Marias and Credos, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say, to take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree. I vow then, quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, Don son of a whore, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back. Pasamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rosinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body, with such force that they brought him to the ground; and scarcely was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trousers too, if the greaves had not hindered him. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each a several way, with more care how to escape the Holy

Brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and to go and present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rosinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rosinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the Holy Brotherhood: and Don Quixote very much out of humour to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of what befell the renowned Don Quixote in the Sable Mountain, being one of the most curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful history.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning from henceforward. Your worship will as much take warning, answered Sancho, as I am a Turk: but since you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the Holy Brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy already I hear their arrows whizzing about my ears. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, said Don Quixote; but that you may not say I am

obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell anybody that I retired and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lie, and will lie, every time you say or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world. Sir, answered Sancho, retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct: therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rosinante, if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me; for my noddle tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands. Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sable Mountain [1], which was close by, it being Sancho's intention to pass quite across it, and to get out at Viso or Almodóvar del Campo, and to hide themselves for some days among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the Holy Brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass had

[1] The Sierra Morena range.

escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sable Mountain, where Sancho thought it convenient to pass that night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions he had with him lasted: so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides, fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it, that Gines de Pasamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the Holy Brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where Don Quixote's and Sancho Panza's had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, making no account of Rosinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass, and before it was day he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his Dapple, and finding himself deprived of him, began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that Don Quixote awaked at his cries, and heard him say: O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! for, with six and twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family. Don Quixote

hearing the lamentation, and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home. Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him. Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern (now that he thought he was out of danger) than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils: and thus, sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast [1], he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch: and while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw

[1] The translation follows the text of the second edition. As the theft of Sancho Panza's ass is recorded in the previous paragraph, and as it is not recovered till we reach Chapter xxx, it is plain that it is a mistake to describe Sancho as riding on it at this point. The account of the episode in the first edition is mutilated, and the blunder appears to have been made by an unauthorized person, who took it on himself to remedy the defect. An attempt to correct the inconsistency was made during the author's lifetime, but not by the author himself.

The translator suggested that the passage was a 'burlesque on the *History of Montelion, Knight of the Oracle*, ch. 23', and added that 'if Cervantes had this meaning (as most probably he had), the critics were fairly hit'. This theory is untenable, for, in Chapter xxvii of the Second Part, Cervantes admits the mistake, and throws the responsibility on the printers.

his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground: wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite rotten and torn; but so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and though the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and, in a handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and as soon as he espied them, he cried: Blessed be heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure. And searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bid him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: I am of opinion, Sancho (nor can it possibly be otherwise), that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him. It cannot be so, answered Sancho; for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here. You say right, said Don Quixote; and I cannot guess nor think what it should be; but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has anything written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know. He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it, to this purpose:—

Or love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause

That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if love be a god, we must suppose
His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
Nor does high heaven's behest ordain my fall.
I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable;
For where we know not the disease's cause,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.

From this parcel of verses, quoth Sancho, nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given, you can come at the whole bottom. What clue is here? said Don Quixote. I thought, said Sancho, your worship named a clue. No, I said Chloë [1], answered Don Quixote; and doubtless that is the name of the lady whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art. So, then, said Sancho, your worship understands making verses too! Yes, and better than you think, answered Don Quixote; and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, Sancho, that all, or most of the knights-errant of time past, were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them. Pray, Sir, read on further, said Sancho; perhaps you may find something to satisfy us. Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: This is in prose, and seems to be a letter. A letter of business, Sir? demanded Sancho. By the beginning, it seems rather one of love, answered Don Quixote. Then pray, Sir, read it aloud, said Sancho; for I mightily relish these love matters.

[1] The translator's rendering of *hilo* and *Fili* by 'clue' and 'Chloë' has been adopted by all his successors.

With all my heart, said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:—

'Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit, than I. But, if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good fortune, not to bewail my own wretchedness; what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O causer of my disquiet; and may heaven grant that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire.'

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: We can gather little more from this, than from the verses; only that he who wrote it is some slighted lover. And, turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not; but the purport of them all was complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours, and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloak; together with all

the hunger, thirst, and weariness, he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But there being no one, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way soever Rosinante pleased, and that was wherever he found the way easiest; still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he thus went on musing, he espied, on the top of a hillock, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts. His head was bare; and, though he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw and observed all these particulars; but though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not; for it was not given to Rosinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places; and besides, he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains before he should find him: wherefore he commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes that by this diligence they might light on the man who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. I cannot do it, answered Sancho;

for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions: and let this serve to advertise you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence. Be it so, said he of the Sorrowful Figure, and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you: and now follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes: we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who, doubtless, is the owner of what we have found. To which Sancho replied: It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it; and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, *bona fide*, until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am truly free by the law. You deceive yourself in this, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: for, since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have that this may be him, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed from in finding him. Then he pricked Rosinante on, and Sancho followed at the usual rate; and, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock;

and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down to them. He answered as loudly, and demanded who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho replied, if he could come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in everything. The goatherd descended, and coming to the place where Don Quixote was, he said: I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney mule which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts? We have lighted on nothing, answered Don Quixote, but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from hence. I found it too, answered the goatherd, but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not. I say so too, answered Sancho; for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it; there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell. Tell me, honest man, said Don Quixote, do you know who is the owner of these goods? What I know, said the goatherd, is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, you say you found, and touched not. He inquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy, and least accessible. We told him it was this where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league further, perhaps you would not

easily find the way out: and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and made towards the place we showed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain; and, from that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds knowing this, went almost two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and in few, but complaisant terms, bade us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated, in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to anybody. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance

presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we who heard him, must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be; for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, showed himself to be well born, and a court-like person; for though we who heard him were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself, even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, riveting his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight: for by his demeanour, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground, and then shutting them again; by his biting his lips, and arching his brows, we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions; for he started up with great fury from the ground on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him, with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out: Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured: and to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us, and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him some injury of as

grievous a nature as the condition to which it has reduced him sufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force; for, when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but when he is in his senses, he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you, pursued the goatherd, that yesterday I, and four young swains, two of them my servants, and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is, when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your inquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods you found, is the same whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly: for Don Quixote had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected, for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described; but, as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff

doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber; whence he positively concluded that the person who wore such apparel could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with a harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rosinante with a genteel air and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call 'the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure' (as Don Quixote of the Sorrowful), after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour, of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first who spoke after the embracing was the Ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV

A continuation of the adventure of the Sable Mountain.

The history relates, that great was the attention wherewith Don Quixote listened to the Ragged Knight of the mountain, who began his discourse thus: Assuredly, señor, whoever you are (for I do not know you), I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare goodwill, for the kind reception you have given me; but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you, for your kind intentions towards me. Mine, answered Don Quixote, are to serve you, inasmuch that I

determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction, which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it; and though your misfortune were of that sort which keeps the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes to find those who pity them. And if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgement, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of; I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved, or do love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire. And I swear, added Don Quixote, by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised. The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure, talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: If you have anything to give me to eat, give it me, for God's sake, and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me.

Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the Ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another;

for he rather devoured than ate; and while he was eating, neither he nor the bystanders spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same; and all this without a word spoken, until the Ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions, or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more. These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to our Ragged Knight: he went on, saying: I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance, serves only to add new ones; and though the fewer questions I am asked the sooner I shall have finished my story, yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire. Don Quixote promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so; and, upon this assurance, he began in the following manner.

My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedness so great that my parents must have lamented it, and my relations felt it without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the goods of fortune seldom avail anything towards the relief of misfortunes sent from heaven. In this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family, and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions.

This Lucinda I loved, courted, and adored, from my childhood and tender years; and she on her part loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not displeased at them; foreseeing, that if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage; a thing pointed out as it were by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house; imitating, as it were, the parents of that Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O heavens! how many billets-doux did I write to her! what charming, what modest answers did I receive! how many sonnets did I pen! how many love-verses indite! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward; and that was, to demand of her father, her for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I showed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand; for, without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father

would come into it as soon as I should break it to him. In that very instant I went to acquaint my father with my desires; and upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service. This Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it; which was, that he would send me presently to him, being desirous to place me (not as a servant, but) as a companion to his eldest son; and that he engaged to put me into a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall depart, to fulfil the Duke's pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve. To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to Lucinda, and told her all that had passed; and I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her, until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired; and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows, and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided; who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the Duke conferred upon me, was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my being there, was a second son of the Duke's called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman of a genteel, generous, and amorous disposition, who in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship

with me, that it became the subject of everybody's discourse; and though I had a great share likewise in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's: her parents were very rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country-maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her; for, otherwise, it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples, I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But, finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, Duke Ricardo, with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the Duke, a matter so prejudicial to his honour: and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months; and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the Duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal,

as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it not been so plausible a one, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the Duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had enjoyed the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose, in order to avoid, what was now no longer agreeable to him. The Duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

We came to our town: my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited Lucinda; my passion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep: unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it, to my misfortune, and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming, as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen

before. He was struck dumb; he lost all sense; he was transported: in short, he fell in love to such a degree, as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And, the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to heaven alone, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in Lucinda alone, were united all the graces of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is (I confess it now) that though I knew what just grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and suspect him: for he was every moment putting me upon talking of Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in never so abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealousy: and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing they secured me against. Don Fernando procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaul*——

Scarce had Don Quixote heard him mention books of chivalry, when he said: Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your story, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such savory reading; so that, with respect to me it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to

be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece*; for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraida and Garaya, and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his Bucolics [1], which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit, and freedom; but the time may come when this fault may be amended, and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life: though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So that, pray excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present.

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful; and though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But after some time, he raised it, and said: I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, but that that great villain master Elisabat lay with Queen Madásima [2]. It is false, I swear, answered Don Quixote, in great

[1] These 'bucolics' occur in the Fourth Part of *Don Florisel de Niquea* (Salamanca, 1551).

[2] A slip for the Infanta Grasinda, in whose household Elisabat was physician. None of the three Madásimas in *Amadis de Gaula* was a queen.

wrath; it is extreme malice, or rather villany, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack; and whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal; and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases. Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madásima: and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say, then, that Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and, catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backwards. Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the Ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently, getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when he had beaten and thrashed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage, to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal, and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much, they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one

another so, that, if Don Quixote had not made peace between them, they would have beat one another to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin, like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour. True, said Don Quixote; but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened. Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote inquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

CHAPTER XXV

Which treats of the strange things that befell the valiant knight of La Mancha in the Sable Mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros [1].

Don Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rosinante, commanded Sancho to follow him; which he did, with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst, for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him; but, not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him:

[1] The name bestowed on Amadis by the hermit at the Peña Pobre, the rock to which the knight withdrew when suspected of infidelity by Oriana.

Señor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismission; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall, at least, have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it, that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Guisopete[1], it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill fortune; for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brickbat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb. I understand you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue: suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks. Be it so, said Sancho: let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And so beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licence, I say: What had your worship to do to stand up so warmly for that same Queen Magimasa, or what 's her name? or, what was it to the purpose, whether that abbot[2] was her gallant, or no? for, had you let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets.

In faith Sancho, answered Don Quixote, if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady Queen Madásima was, I am certain you would

[1] Aesop.

[2] *Abad* = abbot; and, from the last two syllables of the name, Sancho assumes that Elisabat was an ecclesiastic instead of a physician.

own I had a great deal of patience, that I did not dash to pieces that mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is a very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be punk to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that same master Elisabat, whom the madman spoke of, was a very prudent man, and of a very sound judgement, and served as tutor and physician to the queen: but, to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. And to show you that Cardenio did not know what he said, you may remember, that when he said it, he was out of his wits.—So say I, quoth Sancho; and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for if good fortune had not been your friend; and the flint-stone had been directed at your head as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off as being a madman?—A knight-errant, answered Don Quixote, is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses and those out of them; how much more then should he stand up in defence of queens of such high degree and worth, as was Queen Madásima, for whom I have a particular affection on account of her good parts: for, besides her being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. And the counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to think and talk that she was his paramour; and I say again they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who say or think her so—I neither say or think so, answered Sancho; let those who say it eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty or no they have given an account to God before now: I come from my

vineyard; I know nothing; I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind; besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain. I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty what is that to me? Many think to find bacon where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on: but who can hedge in the cuckoo? Especially, do they spare God himself? God be my aid, quoth Don Quixote, what a parcel of impertinences are you stringing! what has the subject you are upon to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Prithee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you. And understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have professed it in the world. Sir, replied Sancho, is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who, perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finish what he began, not his story—but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?

Peace, I say, Sancho, once again, said Don Quixote: for know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I shall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it shall be such an one as shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous. And is this same exploit a very dangerous one? quoth Sancho Panza. No, answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; though the die may chance to run so, that we may have an unlucky throw: but the whole will depend on your diligence. Upon my diligence? quoth Sancho. Yes, said Don Quixote; for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon

be over, and my glory will presently commence: and, because it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said one of—he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those who say he equalled him in anything! for I swear they are mistaken. I say also, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. And the same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son, and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Aeneas; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the knight-errant who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the Poor Rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And, since this place is so well adapted for the purpose,

there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which now so commodiously offers me its forelock.

In effect, quoth Sancho, what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this? Have I not told you, answered Don Quixote, that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless, and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagances, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance.[1] And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando (for he had all these three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And, perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses, arrived to as great fame as the best of them all. It seems to me, quoth Sancho, that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but, pray, what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor or Christian? There lies the point, answered Don Quixote, and in this consists the finesse of my affair: a knight-errant who runs mad upon a just occasion deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business, giving my lady to understand what I should perform

[1] The guilty love of Angelica and the Moor, Medoro, drove Orlando to madness, and supply the theme of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*: see especially canto xxiii.

in the wet, if I do this in the dry. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me, by being so long absent from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, as you may have heard from that whilom shepherd Ambrosio, 'The absent feel and fear every ill'. So that, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until your return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady Dulcinea; and, if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end: but, if it proves the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest, and, being so, shall feel nothing: so that what answer soever she returns, I shall get out of the conflict and pain, wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them.

But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino's helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper. To which Sancho answered: As God liveth, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says: they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lie, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it? for, to hear you say, that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he, who says and affirms such a thing, must be crack-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if God be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold, Sancho, said Don Quixote, I swear likewise, that thou hast the shallowest brain that any

squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and extravagances, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us: hence it is that this, which appears to you a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else: And it was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to everybody to be a basin, which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet: because, being of so great value, all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me: but now that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off; for, in faith, had he known what it was he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present; I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was born, in case I should have more mind to copy Orlando, in my penance, than Amadis.

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood alone among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest trees, and some plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance, and upon viewing it he thus broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beside himself: This is the place, O ye heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which yourselves have

involved me. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of those lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty! O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains (so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never disturb your sweet repose), assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (so may heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for) consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity! O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person! And, O thou my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all! And, saying this, he alighted from Rosinante, and, in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle, and giving him a slap on the buttocks, said to him: O steed, as excellent for thy performances, as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself! Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolfo's Hippogriff [1], nor the

[1] The Hippogriff is the winged horse in *Orlando Furioso* on which Astolfo rode to seek tidings of Orlando.

famous Frontino[1], which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed.

Sancho, observing all this, said: God's peace be with him, who saved us the trouble of unpannelling Dapple; for, in faith, he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise: but, if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master when it so pleased God. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rosinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming; for, if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a sorry footman. Be it as you will, answered Don Quixote; for I do not disapprove your project; and I say, you shall depart within three days; for I intend in that time to show you what I can do and say for her, that you may tell it her. What have I more to see, quoth Sancho, than what I have already seen? You are very far from being perfect in the story, answered Don Quixote; for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration. For the love of God, said Sancho, have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that, at the first dash, you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance: and I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself (since it is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham), I say, you might

[1] Frontino was the war-horse of Sacripante, from whom it was stolen by Brunello and given to Bradamante's lover Ruggiero. It passed to Rodomonte, who was compelled to give it up on his defeat by Bradamante.

content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond. I thank you for your goodwill, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote; but I would have you to know, that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest: for, otherwise, it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoins us to tell no lie at all, on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation, or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam. It was worse to lose the ass, answered Sancho; for in losing him, we lost lint and everything else; and I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench; for in barely hearing it mentioned my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: and write you the letter, and dispatch me quickly: for I long to come back, and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you. Purgatory, do you call it, Sancho? said Don Quixote. Call it rather hell, or worse, if anything can be worse. I have heard say, quoth Sancho, that 'out of hell there is no retention'. I know not, said Don Quixote, what retention means. Retention, answered Sancho, means, that he who is once in hell, never does, nor ever can, get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels if I have but spurs to enliven Rosinante: and let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things (for they are all no better) which

your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree: with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, and is not, because there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have said, none can have that are in hell; nor do I believe you will say otherwise.

That is true, answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; but how shall we contrive to write the letter? And the ass-colt bill? added Sancho. Nothing shall be omitted, said Don Quixote; and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book, and you shall take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town you come to where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any parish-clerk will transcribe it for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand. But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand? said Sancho. Billets-doux are never subscribed, answered Don Quixote. Very well, replied Sancho; but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts. The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: 'Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure'. And it is no great matter if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for our

loves have always been of the Platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father Lorenza Corchuelo and her mother Aldonza Nogales have brought her up.

Hey day! quoth Sancho; what, the daughter of Lorenza Corchuelo! is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo? It is even she, said Don Quixote; and she who deserves to be mistress of the universe. I know her well, quoth Sancho; and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish: Long live the giver; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church steeple to call some young ploughmen, who were in the field of her father's; and though they were half a league off they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower; and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of everybody. I say, then, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Señor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought, for certain, that the lady Dulcinea

was some great princess, with whom you was in love, or at least some person of such great quality, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscainer as that of the galley-slaves, and many others there must have been, considering the many victories you must have gained before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo (I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso) to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends, or may send, fall upon their knees before her? for who knows, but at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or thrashing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present? I have often told thee, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that thou art an eternal babbler; and, though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting: but to convince you at once of your folly and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

Know, then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well-set lay brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension, I wonder, madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose as you would among pears, and say, this I like, that I do not like. But she answered him with great frankness and good humour: You are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old-fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself. In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have

celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barber-shops, and stage-plays, are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood, and to those who do, and have celebrated them ? No, certainly ; but they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste ; and as to her lineage, it matters not ; for there needs no inquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood [1] ; and, for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love ; namely, great beauty, and a good name : now both of these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea ; for in beauty none can be compared to her, and for a good name few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that everything is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution ; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or Barbarian. And let every one say what he pleases ; for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges. Your worship, replied Sancho, is always in the right, and I am an ass : but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who

[1] Knights were not admitted to the Spanish orders till they had proved their *limpieza de sangre*, or freedom from any taint of Jewish or Moorish blood. Great difficulties were raised in the case of the famous painter, Velazquez, before he was admitted to the order of Santiago within fifty years of Cervantes's death.

was hanged? but give me the letter, and God be with you; for I am upon the wing.

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart if he should chance to lose it by the way; for everything was to be feared from his ill fortune. To which Sancho answered: Write it, Sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully; but to think that I can carry it in my memory is a folly; for mine is so bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one. Listen, then, said Don Quixote, for it runs thus:—

Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

'Sovereign and high lady,

'The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you which he wants himself. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours; and if not, do what seems good to you; for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

'Yours until death,

'The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'

By the life of my father, quoth Sancho, hearing the letter, it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Odds my life, how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do

you close all with 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure'! Verily your worship is the devil himself: and there is nothing but what you know. The profession I am of, answered Don Quixote, requires me to understand everything. Well then, said Sancho, pray clap, on the other side of the leaf, the bill for the three asscolts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight. With all my heart, said Don Quixote; and, having written it, he read as follows:—

'Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of asscolts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire; which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquaintance, shall be your discharge. Done in the heart of the Sable Mountain, the twenty-second of August, this present year.'

It is mighty well, said Sancho; pray sign it. It wants no signing, said Don Quixote; I need only put my cipher [1] to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred. I rely upon your worship, answered Sancho: let me go and saddle Rosinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more. At least, Sancho, said Don Quixote, I would have you see (nay, it is necessary you should see), I say, I will have you see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks; for I shall dispatch them in less than half an hour: and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform. For the love of God, dear Sir, quoth Sancho, let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion

[1] The *rúbrica*, or flourish, without which no signature was complete in Spain: it often took the place of the signature in the cases of illustrious persons.

much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is so disordered with last night's grief for the loss of poor Dapple, that I am in no condition at present to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this; and, as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured, that so famous a knight-errant as your worship should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a—Let not madam provoke me to speak out; before God, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market. I am pretty good at this sport: she does not know me; if she did, in faith she would agree with me. In troth, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to all appearance you are as mad as myself. Not quite so mad, answered Sancho, but a little more choleric. But, setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds like Cardenio? Trouble not yourself about that, answered Don Quixote: though I were provided I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me; for the finesse of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities. Then Sancho said: Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so concealed? Observe well the marks; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, said Don Quixote, and will moreover take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many trees that are here, and

strew them, as you go on, from space to space, until you have got down into the plain; and they will serve as landmarks and tokens to find me by at your return, in imitation of Theseus's clue to the labyrinth.

I will do so, answered Sancho Panza; and having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon Rosinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay, and see him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said: Your worship, Sir, said very well, that in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already in your staying here. Did I not tell you so? quoth Don Quixote: stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in the repeating of a Credo. Then stripping off his breeches in all haste he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt: and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, exposing things that made Sancho turn Rosinante about, that he might not see them a second time; and fully satisfied him that he might safely swear his master was stark mad; and so we will leave him going on his way until his return, which was speedy.

CHAPTER XXVI

A continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote, as a lover, in the Sable Mountain.

THE history, turning to recount what the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure did, when he found himself alone, informs us, that Don Quixote, having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was going without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of a high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution: and that was, which of the two was best, and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madness, or Amadis in his melancholic moods. And, talking to himself, he said: If Orlando was so good and valiant a knight, as everybody allows he was, what wonder is it since, in short, he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him, but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with seven soles of iron[1]? These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against Bernando del Carpio, who knew the secret, and pressed him to death, between his arms, in Roncesvalles. But setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, occasioned by some tokens he found in the forest, and by the news brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramante[2]. And if he knew this to be true, and that his lady played him false, he did no great matter

[1] It was not Orlando, but Ferrau, who wore the seven finely tempered plates in the *Orlando Furioso*, xxiv. 48.

[2] Medoro was not page to Agramante, but to Dardinel.

in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madnesses, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of them? for I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a Moor, in his own dress, in all her life, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her: and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For, as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence, until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept his bellyful, until heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and greatest anguish. And, if this be true, as it really is, why should I take pains to strip myself stark naked, or grieve these trees that never did me any harm? neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them. And if I am not rejected, nor disdained, by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well, then; hands to your work: come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you: but I know that the most he did was to pray; and so will I do. Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was, his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea.

But those that were found entire and legible, after he was found in that place, were only these following :—

I

Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

II

Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led ;
Here exiled from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.
Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears,
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

III

O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel lash display ;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

The addition of Del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea, occasioned no small laughter in those who found the above recited verses, for they concluded that Don Quixote imagined, that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add Del Toboso, the couplet could not be understood ; and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed.

He wrote many others: but, as is said, they could transcribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, and in sighing, and invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to answer, to condole, and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself until Sancho's return; who, if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure would have been so disfigured, that the very mother who bore him could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befell Sancho in his embassy.

Which was, that when he got into the high road he steered towards Toboso; and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him; and scarcely had he discovered it at a distance, when he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is, about noon: besides he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. And, while he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him; and one said to the other: Pray, Señor licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, was gone with her master as his squire? Yes it is, said the licentiate, and that is our Don Quixote's horse. And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber of his village, and the persons who had made the scrutiny and gaol-delivery of the books; and being now certain it was Sancho Panza and Rosinante, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him, and the priest, calling him by his name, said: Friend Sancho Panza, where have you

left your master? Sancho Panza immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances in which he had left his master: so he answered, that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. No, no, quoth the barber, Sancho Panza, if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and see that you produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you. There is no reason why you should threaten me, quoth Sancho; for I am not a man to rob or murder anybody: let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what Sancho told them; and, though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's orders he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The priest said, if he would show it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it, had he searched for it until now: for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without

more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and presently after he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? What should happen to me, answered Sancho, but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass colts each of them as stately as a castle? How so? replied the barber. I have lost the pocket-book, answered Sancho, in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home. And, at the same time, he recounted to them the loss of Dapple. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said, that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. Repeat it, then, Sancho, quoth the barber, and we will write it down afterwards. Then Sancho began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon another: one time he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said, after a very long pause: Before God, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said, 'High and subterrane lady'—No, said the barber, not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign lady. It was so, said Sancho. Then, if I do not mistake, it went on: 'the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and

regardless fair'; and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent'; and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, and desired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagances. After this, he recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind dispatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward, to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them two; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person and the strength of his arm; and when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower) and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the mainland; for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it; besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies; and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an arch-

bishop, or something else of equal dignity. To which Sancho answered: Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant usually give to their squires? They usually give them, answered the priest, some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more. For this, it will be necessary, replied Sancho, that the squire be not married, and that he knows, at least, the responses to the mass: and if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the first letter of A, B, C. What will become of me if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant? Be not uneasy, friend Sancho, said the barber; for we will entreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for it will be better for him also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar. I have thought the same, answered Sancho, though I can affirm that he has ability for everything. What I intend to do, on my part, is, to pray to our Lord, that he will direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me. You talk like a wise man, said the priest, and will act therein like a good Christian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and, that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise (for it is high time), let us go into the inn. Sancho desired them to go in, and said he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in; but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for Rosinante. They went in, and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some meat.

Then they two having laid their heads together how to bring about their design, the priest bethought him of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. Which was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself into the habit of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself, the best he could, so as to pass for his squire; and that in this disguise they should go to the place where Don Quixote was; and himself, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, would beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe; and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor inquire anything further concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight; and he made no doubt but that Don Quixote would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

CHAPTER XXVII

How the priest and the barber put their design in execution with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

The barber liked the priest's contrivance so well, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them, why they desired those things? The priest gave them a brief

account of Don Quixote's madness, and how necessary that disguise was, in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured that this madman was he who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam, and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without concealing what Sancho so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed; and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin; which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of King Wamba [1]. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore at nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed, that it might serve him for an umbrella; and, lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule sideways, like a woman: the barber got also upon his, with his beard, that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the sorrel tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, and of good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary, that God might give them good success in so arduous and Christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it; and acquainting the barber with his scruple, he desired that they might change dresses, it being fitter that he should personate the distressed damsel,

[1] King of the Goths (670–682) in Spain.

and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent to do so, he was determined to proceed no further, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. Upon this Sancho came up to them, and, seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber, in short, consented to what the priest desired, and the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered, that, without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide; who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; but said not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewed the broom-boughs, as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any significancy toward delivering his master; for they had before told him, that their going dressed in that manner, was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from that evil life he had chosen; and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them; and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, that she commanded him, on pain

of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him; for with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out in order to become an emperor, or a king; for as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that. Sancho listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was of opinion, that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool, and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which accordingly they did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little surprised, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well; for, though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is really true; and especially when they observed, that the verses they heard sung, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and courtly

persons. And the verses, which confirmed them in their opinion, were these following:—

I

What causes all my grief and pain?
Cruel disdain.
What aggravates my misery?
Accursed jealousy.
How has my soul its patience lost?
By tedious absence cross'd.
Alas! no balsam can be found
To heal the grief of such a wound,
When absence, jealousy, and scorn,
Have left me helpless and forlorn.

II

What in my breast this grief could move?
Neglected love.
What doth my fond desires withstand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my misery?
Heaven's fix'd decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This strange disease my life will end:
For, die I must, when three such foes,
Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliss oppose.

III

My peace of mind what can restore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains love's joys most readily?
Fickle inconstancy.
Its pains what med'cine can assuage?
Wild frenzy's rage.
'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
For such a grief to seek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than frenzy, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay still, expecting if perchance they might hear something more: but,

perceiving the silence continued a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician, who had sung so agreeably. And, just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears with this sonnet.

Friendship, thou hast with nimble flight
Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
In heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
Thy semblance reigns in mimic show!
From thence to earth, at thy behest,
Descends fair peace, celestial guest;
Beneath whose veil of shining hue
Deceit oft lurks, concealed from view.
Leave, friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat;
Or strip the livery off the cheat.
If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
And still unwary truth beguiles,
Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
Into its first confusion fall.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively in hopes of more; but finding that the music was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person whose voice was as excellent as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho had described to them, when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them; until just at the instant when they came unexpectedly upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in few, but very significant words, entreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greatest. Cardenio

was then in his perfect senses, free from those outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself: and seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time; and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as of a thing known to them; for, by what the priest had said to him, he understood as much: wherefore he answered in this manner: I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons, who, setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place: but, not knowing, as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief, but I shall fall into a greater, they, doubtless, take me for a very weak man, and, perhaps, what is worse, a fool, or a madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension, that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that, without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation: and I find this to be true, by people's telling and showing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me: and all I can do, is, to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies, by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects, and, if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. And, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any further in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have

heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no consolation.

The two, who desired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cause of his misery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used, in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd, some few days before, when, on the mention of master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end: and so, coming to the passage of the love-letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of *Amadis de Gaul*, he said he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

'I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and forces me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you to have.'

This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told

Don Fernando what Lucinda's father expected; which was, that my father should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should not come into it: not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue, and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever; but because I understood by him, that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's. O ambitious Marius! O cruel Catiline! O wicked Sulla! O crafty Galalon[1]! O perfidious Vellido[2]! O vindictive Julian[3]! O covetous Judas! traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what disservice had this poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended you? what word did I ever utter, or advice

[1] As already noted in Chapter i, p. 12, the chief traitor in the Charlemagne cycle.

[2] The rebel who murdered King Sancho at the siege of Zamora in 1072.

[3] Julian (whose name is also given as Illan, Urban, and Olban) aided the Moors to invade Spain: the theme has been treated by Walter Scott in *The Vision of Roderick*, and by Southey in *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. Cervantes naturally follows tradition and the ballads in classing Julian among the traitors; but it seems certain that Julian was not a Spanish Goth. According to Dozy he was a Byzantine; according to Saavedra, an Armenian or Persian; and later investigators describe him as a Berber chief. The outrage of Julian's daughter is ascribed to King Witiza by Ibn-Khaldûn, the most celebrated of the Arab historians.

did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest ? But why do I complain ? miserable wretch that I am ! since it is certain, that, when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that no human force can stop them, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb, which was not yet in my possession ? But, setting aside these reflections as vain and unprofitable, let us resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

I say then, that Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery ? could I so much as suspect it ? No, certainly ; on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando's treachery as I did, desired me to make haste back, since she believed the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than until my father had spoken to hers. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of a great many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having

never seen the like in her before; for, whenever good fortune, or my assiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by heaven for a mistress. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another a hundred thousand little childish stories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance; and the greatest length my presumption ran was to seize, as it were, by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips, as well as the narrowness of the iron grate which was between us would permit. But the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. But, not to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow which parting occasions in those who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected; all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me.

I arrived at the place whither I was sent: I gave the letters to Don Fernando's brother: I was well received; but my business was not soon dispatched; for he ordered me to wait (much to my sorrow) for eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me to be impossible

to support life under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, especially considering I had left her in so much sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man in quest of me, with the letter which he gave me, and which by the superscription I knew to be Lucinda's; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter, that put her to writing to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I inquired of the messenger who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry: Friend, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of God, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and person it is directed to; for both are well known; and in so doing you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief; and, so saying, she threw the handkerchief out at the window; in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this good ring I have here, with the letter I have given you: and presently, without staying for my answer, she quitted the window; but first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief; and I assured her by signs, that I would do what she commanded. And now, seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing by the superscription it was for you (for, sir, I know you very well), and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours (for so long it is since it was given me) I have performed the journey, which you know

is eighteen leagues. While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarcely stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these words:

'The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness, that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will show you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.'

These, in fine, were the contents of the letter, and such as made me set out immediately, without waiting for any other answer, or the money: for now I plainly saw it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and wishes of so many years, added wings to my speed; so that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it that Lucinda was standing at the grate [1], the witness of our loves. She presently

[1] The *reja*, or grating, before the windows on the ground-floor.

knew me and I her; but not as she ought to have known me and I her. But who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed, and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody, certainly. I say then, that, as soon as Lucinda saw me, she said: Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit: there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend; but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which, if my arguments cannot avert, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you. I replied to her, with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her: Let your actions, madam, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse to us. I do not believe she heard all these words, being, as I perceived, called away hastily; for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen! the sun of my joy was set! I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgement in my intellect! I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me: but when I reflected on the consequences of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by anybody. And so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met; whence, without being seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood

there ? the thoughts that occurred to me ? the reflections I made ? Such and so many were they, that they neither can nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall without other ornament than the clothes he usually wore. He had with him, for bridesman, a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and there was no other person in the room but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and courtlike: the agony and distraction I was in, gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress ; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her head-attire, and of the rest of her habit ; which yet were exceeded in lustre by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which vying with the precious stones, and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose ! why dost thou represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy ? Were it not better, cruel memory, to put me in mind of, and represent to my imagination what she then did ; that moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life ? Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing the digressions I make ; for my misfortune is not of that kind that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically, since each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse. To this the priest replied ; that they were so far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as deserved not to be passed over in silence, and merited no less attention than the principal parts of the story.

I say then, continued Cardenio, that, they being

all assembled in the hall, the parish priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, 'Will you, Madam Lucinda, take Señor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what Lucinda answered; expecting from her answer the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud, Ah! Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me; behold, you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice, that your saying Yes, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? consider, you cannot, as a Christian, arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband. Ah, fool that I am! now that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had had as much heart to do it as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and, when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, I will. The same said Don Fernando, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her

heart, swooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw in the Yes I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of my ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, and thought myself abandoned of heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears: the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at Lucinda's swooning; and her mother, unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux; and, having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should have known the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained, that, at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed me; and so, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies (which might very easily have been done, when they thought so little of me), I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives; for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain; but that which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went

to the place where I had left the mule: I got it saddled and without taking any leave, I mounted, and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me; and, when I found myself in the field alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain, without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; but, above all, covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me to engage it to another, to whom fortune had shown herself more bountiful and liberal. But in the height of these curses and reproaches, I excused her, saying: It was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband so considerable, so rich, and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgement, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared, that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter: and how easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine; for I would have appeared, and have confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion. In fine, I concluded, that little love, little judgement, much ambition, and a desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes, and honest desires.

With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at daybreak arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts; and there I inquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here; and, at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger; or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus I was left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground; at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity; for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things, that they wanted no further proof of my having lost my understanding; and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at the time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be a habitation for this miserable carcass. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it; and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it, and the will to take it. At other times, as they tell me

when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and though the shepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting until it shall please heaven to bring it to a final period, or by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando; for if it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune: tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure, for it will do me just as much good as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and, since she was pleased to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone; I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand as an example to posterity, of having been the only unfortunate person whom the impossibility of receiving consolation could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself.

Here Cardenio ended his long discourse, and his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and, just as the priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, said what will be

related in the fourth book of this history; for, at this point the wise and judicious historian Cid Hamet Ben Engeli put an end to the third [1].

CHAPTER XXVIII [2]

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befell the priest and the barber in the Sable Mountain.

Most happy and fortunate were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was ushered into the world; since, through the so honourable resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing, artificial, and true, than the history itself: which resuming the broken thread of the narration, relates, that, as the priest was preparing himself to comfort Cardenio, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner:

O heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? yes, it is, if the solitude, which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.

[1] This refers to the original division of *Don Quixote* into parts—already explained in a note on p. 68.

[2] In the *princeps*, Chapter xxviii begins the Fourth Part.

The priest, and they that were with him, heard all this very distinctly; and perceiving, as indeed it was, that the voice was near them, they rose up in quest of the speaker; and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree; whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon anything but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following th plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were: and finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two, to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts: which they accordingly did, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey huntsman's cap on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with a handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap; and, at the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and such a beauty, that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice; since this is not Lucinda, it can be no human, but must be a divine creature. The youth took off his cap, and shaking his head, there began to flow down, and spread over his shoulders, a quantity of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy. By this they found that the person who seemed to be

a peasant was, in reality, a woman, and a delicate one; nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even Cardenio himself, if he had never seen and known Lucinda; for, as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of Lucinda alone could come in competition with hers. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All which excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. For this purpose they resolved to show themselves; and, at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, with both her hands, parting her hair from before her eyes, saw those who had made the noise: and scarcely had she seen them, when she rose up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or replace her hair, she hastily snatched up something like a bundle of clothes which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, all in confusion and surprise: but she had not gone six steps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down; which the three perceiving, they went up to her, and the priest was the first, who said: Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you; there is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor ours permit. To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on, saying: What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication, that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice, since no evil, which does

not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to that extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention; and therefore, dear madam, or dear sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprise which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly, or severally, disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes.

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupefied, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shown of a sudden something curious, or never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and, breaking silence, said: Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance, than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion; since it will not be in your power, either to remedy or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young, and alone, and in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed, if it was in my power. All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease, and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her, that she would perform her promise;

she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner:

There is a place in this country of Andalusia, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call 'Grandees of Spain.' This duke has two sons; the elder, heir to his estate, and in appearance, to his virtues; and the younger, heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido, and the deceitfulness of Galalon.[1] My parents are vassals to this nobleman; it is true, they are of low extraction, but so rich, that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had anything more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for it is probable, my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low, that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high, as to hinder me from thinking, that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness. In a word, they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, rusty Old Christians; but so rusty, that their wealth, and handsome way of living, is, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers; though the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was, their having me for their daughter: and, as they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror, in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes,

[1] See the notes on pp. 12 and 256.

under the guidance of heaven; to which, being so good, mine were always entirely conformable. And, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses, the number of herds, flocks, bee-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was entrusted to my care: I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on theirs, that I cannot easily enhance it to you. The hours of the day that remained after giving directions, and assigning proper tasks to the head servants, overseers, and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and sometimes spinning: and if now and then, to recreate my mind, I quitted those exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience showed me that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it was not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprised how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. While I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a retirement that might be compared to that of a nunnery, without being seen, as I imagined, by any one besides our own servants, because, when I went to Mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon; it fell out, I say, notwithstanding all this, that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me through the industrious curiosity of

Don Fernando; for that is the name of the duke's younger son, whom I told you of.

She had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he began to sweat with such violent perturbation, that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits, to which they had heard he was now and then subject. But Cardenio did nothing but sweat, and sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the country-maid, imagining who she must be; who, taking no notice of the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story, saying:

Scarcely had he seen me, when (as he afterwards declared) he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and day of rejoicing in our street: nobody could sleep of nights for the serenades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for quite a contrary purpose; not that I disliked the gallantry of Don Fernando, or thought him too importunate; for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for let us women be never so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through Don Fer-

nando's design; for, indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone; they bade me consider the disproportion between me and Don Fernando, from whence I ought to conclude that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon my good: and if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me, they said, out of hand, to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth, and my good character, put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer Don Fernando the least word that might afford him the most distant hope of succeeding in his design. All this reservedness of mine which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his lascivious appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he showed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this account of it.

At length Don Fernando discovered, that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. And this news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what you shall presently hear; which was, that, one night as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and the solitude of this silence and recluseness, he stood before me; at whose sight I was struck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered

me to have done it: for he instantly ran to me, and, taking me in his arms (for, as I said, I had no power to struggle, being in such confusion) he began to say such things that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his designs. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began, I know not how, to deem for true so many and so great falsities; not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. And so my first surprise being over, I began a little to recover my lost spirits; and with more courage than I thought I could have had, said: If, sir, as I am between your arms, I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying anything to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that which has been not to have been: so that, though you hold my body confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force, will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears mollify me. If I saw any of these things in a person whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to theirs, and not transgress the bounds which they prescribed it. And therefore, sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think, that any one

who is not my lawful husband shall ever prevail on me.

If that be all you stick at, most beautiful Dorothea (for that is the name of this unhappy woman), said the treacherous cavalier, lo! here I give you my hand to be yours, and let the heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of Our Lady you have here, be witnesses to this truth. When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; only he said: What! Madam, is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble yours. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things that will equally move your wonder and compassion. Dorothea took notice of Cardenio's words, and of his strange and tattered dress; and desired him, if he knew anything of her affairs, to tell it presently; for, if fortune had left her anything that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster whatever that might befall her, secure in this, that none could possibly happen, that could in the least add to those she already endured. Madam, replied Cardenio, I would not be the means of destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet. Be that as it will, answered Dorothea; I go on with my story. Don Fernando, taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband; although I warned him, before he had done, to consider well what he was about, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father, to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and therefore he ought to beware, lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, since that would not be a sufficient excuse for his fault; and if

he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure, with which they set out.

All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he who never intends to pay sticks at nothing in making a bargain. Upon that occasion I briefly reasoned thus with myself: Well: I shall not be the first, who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to a high condition, nor will Don Fernando be the first, whom beauty, [or] rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since then I neither make a new world, nor a new custom, sure I may be allowed to accept this honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shows for me, should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for in short, in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence: and so I shall remain dishonoured, and without excuse, when I am censured by those, who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents, and others, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent? All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, was Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and, in fine, his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He

attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. And with this, and my maid's going again out of the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a traitor and perjured.

The day that succeeded the night of my misfortune came on, but not so fast as I believe Don Fernando wished. For, after the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando made haste to leave me; and by the diligence of the same maid who had betrayed me, was got in the street before break of day. And, at parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and the truth and sincerity of his oaths; and as a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained I know not whether sad or joyful; this I can truly say, that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myself, whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told Don Fernando, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, until he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street, or at church, in above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt, an exercise he was very fond of. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to

doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption, which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to inquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing lies to deceive them. But all this was soon put an end to by an accident which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world; which was this. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town, that Don Fernando was married in a neighbouring city to a young lady of extreme beauty, and whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich, that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding.

Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, but did nothing more than shrug up his shoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. Dorothea did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on saying: This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarce forbear running out into the streets, crying out and publishing aloud, how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated for the present by a resolution I took, and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by one of those, who, in farmer's houses, are called swains, to whom I discovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking, and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company,

as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put up, in a pillow-case, a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house, accompanied only by my servant, and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot, the desire of getting thither adding wings to my flight, that, if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at least demand of Don Fernando, with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I inquired where Lucinda's father lived; and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what had happened at the young lady's wedding; all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that, on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the Yes, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper written with Lucinda's own hand, in which she affirmed and declared, that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already Cardenio's (who, as the man told me, was a very considerable cavalier of the same town) and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand, that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so doing: all which they say, was confirmed by a poniard they found about her, in some part of her clothes. Don Fernando, seeing all this, and concluding himself deluded, mocked, and despised by Lucinda, made at her, before she recovered from her fainting fit, and, with the same poniard that was found, endeavoured to stab her; and had certainly done it, if her parents

and the rest of the company, had not prevented him. They said further, that Don Fernando immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda did not come to herself until the next day, when she confessed to her parents, that she was really wife to the cavalier aforesaid. I learned moreover, it was rumoured that Cardenio was present at the ceremony, and that, seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of the town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in everybody's mouth; but the talk increased, when it was known that Lucinda also was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use, in order to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find Don Fernando, than to have found him married, flattering myself, that the door of my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that, possibly, heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect, that he was a Christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul than to any worldly considerations. All these things I revolved in my imagination, and having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes in order to support a life I now abhor.

Being, then, in the town, without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier promising a great reward to any one who should find me, describing my age, and the very dress I wore. And, as I heard, it was reported that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me; a thing which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to say that I was gone off, but it must be added with whom, and

he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we got into the thickest of this mountain, for fear of being found. But, as it is commonly said, that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befell me; for my good servant, until then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him; and, with little shame, and less fear of God, or respect to his mistress, began to make love to me; but, finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which, at first, he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner, that, with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. And then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design than to hide myself here from my father, and others, who, by his order, were in search after me. It is I know not how many months since, with this design, I came hither, where I met with a shepherd who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him, all this time, as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solicitude were to no purpose; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast that had possessed my servant. But, as fortune does not always with the difficulty

present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more advisable to leave him, and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say, then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech heaven with sighs and tears to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life among these solitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of hers, has ministered matter to be talked of, and censured, in her own and in other countries.

CHAPTER XXIX

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion, with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.

THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy; see now, and judge, whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes; and, the quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all counsel is in vain, since a remedy is nowhere to be found. All I desire of you is (what with ease you can and ought to do) that you would advise me where I may pass my life, without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those who are searching after me; for, though I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents towards me for a kind reception, yet so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from

their sight, than to behold their face under the thought that they see mine estranged from that integrity, they had good reason to promise themselves from me.

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour, as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt in theirs no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel; but Cardenio prevented him, saying: It seems then, madam, you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo. Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly Cardenio was apparelled: and she said to him: Pray, sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for, to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned his name in the whole series of the account of my misfortune. I am, answered Cardenio, that unfortunate person, whom, according to your relation, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of him who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see, to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, Dorothea, am he, who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; he, who waited to hear the fatal Yes, by which Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he, who had not the courage to stay, and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom: for my soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes: and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together; and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending my life, which, from that moment, I abhorred as my

mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you; and, as I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a better issue out of our misfortunes than we think. For since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she has publicly declared, nor Don Fernando Lucinda, because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope that heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. And, since we have this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. For I swear to you upon the faith of a cavalier and a Christian, not to forsake you, until I see you in possession of Don Fernando, and, if I cannot by fair means persuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then to take the liberty, allowed me as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries done to myself, the revenge of which I leave to heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth.

Dorothea was quite amazed at what Cardenio said; and, not knowing what thanks to return him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet, to have kissed them; but Cardenio would by no means suffer her. The licentiate answered for them both, and approved of Cardenio's generous resolution, and, above all things, besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and there consult how to find Don Fernando, or to carry back Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever they thought most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour

he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less goodwill than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He told them also, briefly, the cause that brought them thither, with the strange madness of Don Quixote, and that they were then waiting for his squire, who was gone to seek him. Cardenio hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had with Don Quixote, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

And this instant they heard a voice, and, knowing it to be Sancho Panza's, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him; and asking him after Don Quixote, he told them, that he had found him, naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had told him, that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place, and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his master persisted in that humour, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as he was in honour bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: therefore they should consider what was to be done to get him from that place. The licentiate bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

He then recounted to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said, she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; and they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their

design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use, when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. Then there needs no more, quoth the priest, to put the design immediately in execution; for, doubtless, fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of. Dorothea presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and, out of a casket, a necklace, and other jewels; with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner, that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home, to provide against what might happen; but until then she had had no occasion to make use of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the gaiety of her disposition, and her beauty; and they agreed, that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgement or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he, who admired most, was Sancho Panza, who thought (and it was really so) that, in all the days of his life, he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and therefore he earnestly desired the priest to tell him, who that extraordinary beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts? This beautiful lady, friend Sancho, answered the priest, is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress her a wrong of injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him. Now, a happy seeking, and a happy finding, quoth Sancho Panza; and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whoreson giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him,

unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, señor licentiate, which is, that you would not let my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes; for I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my master should be an archbishop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name. She is called, replied the priest, the Princess Micomicona; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called so. There is no doubt of that, answered Sancho; for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as, Pedro de Alcalá, John de Úbeda, Diego de Valladolid; and, for aught I know, it may be the custom, yonder in Guinea, for queens to take the names of their kingdoms. It is certainly so, said the priest; and, as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power. With which assurance Sancho rested as well satisfied, as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were rivetted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself, that Don Quixote would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard and they bid Sancho conduct them to the place where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licentiate or the barber, for that the whole stress

of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest, nor Cardenio, would go with them; the latter, that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: and therefore they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; who said, they need give themselves no trouble about that, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed; and as soon as Dorothea espied him, and was informed by Sancho, that was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber; and, when she was come up to Don Quixote, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down Dorothea in his arms, who, alighting briskly, went and kneeled at Don Quixote's feet: and though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner:

I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your puissant arm be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes. I will not answer you a word, fair lady, replied Don Quixote, nor will I hear a jot more of your business, until you arise from the ground. I will not arise, Señor, answered the afflicted damsel, if, by your courtesy, the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me. I do vouch-

safe, and grant it you, answered Don Quixote, provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty. It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear sir, replied the doleful damsel. And as she was saying this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: Your worship, sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she, who begs it, is the mighty Princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia. Let her be who she will, answered Don Quixote, I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession: and, turning himself to the damsel, he said: Fairest lady, rise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask. Then, what I ask, said the damsel, is, that your magnanimous person will go with me, whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom. I repeat it, that I grant your request, answered Don Quixote; and therefore, lady, from this day forward shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits: for by the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it: and therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay. The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in everything a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rosinante ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the arms, which were hung,

like a trophy, on a tree, and having got Rosinante ready, helped his master on with his armour in an instant; who, finding himself armed, said: Let us go hence, in God's name, to succour this great lady. The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing, and to keep his beard from falling, which had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device: and seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up, and took his lady by the other hand: and thus, between them both, they set her upon the mule. Immediately Don Quixote mounted Rosinante, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, Sancho remaining on foot; which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple: but he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the ready road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon; only he was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in the land of the negroes, and that the people who were to be his subjects, were all blacks: but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do, but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life? no! sleep on, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers. With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this Cardenio and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join

companies: but the priest, who was a grand schemist, soon hit upon an expedient; which was, that with a pair of scissors, which he carried in a case, he whipped off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet: and now Cardenio made so different a figure from what he did before that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when Don Quixote and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him: and, after he had stood a pretty while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: In an happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant! and, in saying this he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively: at length he knew him, and was surprised to see him, and made no small effort to alight. But the priest would not suffer it: whereupon Don Quixote said: Permit me, señor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot. I will by no means consent to it, said the priest: let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures that our age hath beheld: as for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen, who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them; and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra, or

the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous Moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto.[1] I did not think of that, dear Señor Licentiate, said Don Quixote; and I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double. I believe she will, answered the princess; and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer any ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride. Very true, answered the barber; and, alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted of without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened, that, as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind legs twice or thrice into the air; and, had they met with master Nicholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frighted, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off: and perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said: Odds life! this is very wonderful! no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth. The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and, holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards, as they should soon see: and, when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well-bearded, and as whole,

[1] Alcalá de Henares, Cervantes's birthplace.

as before : at which Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm ; for he was of opinion, that its virtue must extend further than to the fastening on of beards, since it was clear, that, where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things besides beards. It is so, said the priest, and promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed, that the priest should get up first, and that they should all three ride by turns, until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest ; and the other three on foot, to wit, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza ; Don Quixote said to the damsel : Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best. And, before she could reply, the licentiate said : Towards what kingdom would your ladyship go ? towards that of Micomicon, I presume, for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms. She, being perfect in her lessons, knew very well she was to answer Yes, and therefore said : Yes, señor, my way lies towards that kingdom. If it be so, said the priest, we must pass through our village, and from thence you must go straight to Carthagena, where you may take shipping in God's name ; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years, you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is little more than a hundred days' journey on this side of your highness's kingdom. You are mistaken, good sir, said she ; for it is not two years since I left it ; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the

justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm. No more ; cease your compliments, said Don Quixote, for I am an enemy to all sort of flattery, and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that, whether I have valour or not, what I have or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life : and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire, that the señor licentiate would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it. To this I shall answer briefly, replied the priest. Your worship, then, is to know, Señor Don Quixote, that I, and Master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were going to Seville, to receive some moneys, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me : and it was no inconsiderable sum ; for it was about sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter ; and passing yesterday through these parts, we were set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one : and, as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), you see how they have transformed his. And the best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts, that the persons who robbed us, were certainly galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty near this very place, by a man so valiant, that in spite of the commissary and all his guards, he let them all loose : and, without all doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority : he has, I say, disabled the galleys of their [feet], and disturbed the many years' repose of the Holy Brotherhood : in a

word, he has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body. Sancho had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do, or say: whose colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own, that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. These, said the priest, were the persons who robbed us; and God of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved.

CHAPTER XXX

Which treats of the pleasant and ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight from the very rigorous penance he had imposed on himself.

Scarce had the priest done speaking, when Sancho said: By my troth, señor licentiate, it was my master who did this feat; not but that I gave him fair warning and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains. Blockhead, said Don Quixote, knights-errant have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to inquire whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me; and for the rest I care not: and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Señor the Licentiate, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles

of chivalry, and lies like the base-born son of a whore: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner. This he said, setting himself in his stirrups, and clapping down the visor of his helmet; for the barber's basin, which, in his account, was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that everybody, excepting Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behind-hand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat, said to him: Sir knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent: therefore assuage your wrath; for, if Señor the Licentiate had known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship. I would so, I swear, quoth the priest, and even sooner have pulled off a moustache. I will say no more, madam, said Don Quixote; and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and will go on peaceably and quietly, until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what sort, are the persons, on whom I must take, due, satisfactory, and complete revenge. That I will do, with all my heart, answered Dorothea, if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes. Not at all, dear madam, answered Don Quixote. To which Dorothea replied: Since it is so, pray favour me with your attention. She had no sooner said this, but Cardenio and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of a story the

ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. And she, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following:

In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is—— Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her: but he presently helped her out; for he knew what she stopped at, and said: It is no wonder, madam, that your grandeur should be disturbed, and in some confusion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of such a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who have forgotten that you are called the Princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon: and with this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate. You are in the right, answered Dorothea, and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them.

My father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call the magic art, and knew, by his science, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, would die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much, as the certain fore-knowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect (for it is averred, that though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and this he does out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at): I say, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with

a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in: but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him; though, as far as he could understand, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match; and in this he said the truth, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge and unmeasureable. My father said also, that, after his death, when I should find Pandafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was, freely to quit the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant; and immediately to set out with a few attendants for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Açote, or Don Gigote. Don Quixote, you would say, madam, quoth Sancho Panza, or as others call him, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. You are in the right, said Dorothea. He said further, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that on his right side under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles.

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire; here, son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king. Why would you pull off your clothes, sir? said Dorothea. To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of, answered Don Quixote. You need not strip, said Sancho; I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man. It is enough, said Dorothea; for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles; and whether it be on the shoulder, or on the back-

bone, imports little: it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father hit right in everything, and I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Señor Don Quixote; for he must be the knight, of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all La Mancha: for I was hardly landed in Osuna, before I heard so many exploits of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he must be the very person I came to seek. But, dear madam, how came you to land at Osuna? answered Don Quixote, since it is no seaport town [1]. But, before Dorothea could reply, the priest interposing, said: Doubtless the princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at Málaga, the first place where she heard news of your worship, was Osuna. That was my meaning, said Dorothea. It is very likely, quoth the priest; please your majesty to proceed. I have little more to add, replied Dorothea, but that, having at last had the good fortune to meet with Señor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of the wise Tinacrio, my good father; who, moreover, left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek (for I cannot read them) that, if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person.

[1] A dig at the famous Jesuit historian, Juan Mariana, who made the same geographical blunder as Dorothea.

What think you now, friend Sancho ? quoth Don Quixote ; do you not hear what passes ; did not I tell you so ? see whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry ? I swear it is so, quoth Sancho ; and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as Señor Pandafilando's weasand is cut. About it then; her majesty's a dainty bit ; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse. And so saying he cut a couple of capers, with signs of very great joy ; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. Which of the bystanders could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man ? In short, Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when heaven should be so propitious, as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions, as to set the company again a-laughing.

This, gentlemen, continued Dorothea, is my history: it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard ; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks as it were by miracle ; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And if I have exceeded in anything, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Señor the Licentiate said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory. I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady, said Don Quixote, under the greatest that can befall me in your service : and so I again confirm the promise I have made you, and I swear to bear you company to the end of the world,

until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of God, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword ; thanks to Ginés de Pasamonte, who carried off my own[1]. This he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying : And after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper ; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected to her—I say no more, it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix.

What Don Quixote said last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he said, raising his voice : I vow and swear, Señor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses ; how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is ? think you, fortune is to offer you at every turn such good luck as she now offers ? is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful ? no indeed, not by half ? nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth ; and, when you are a king, make me a marquess, or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest if he will. Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, could not

[1] This passage, and another in Chapter xxvii of the Second Part, would seem to show that Cervantes originally wrote a parody of the episode in *Orlando Furioso*, where Brunello first steals Sacripante's war-horse Frontino, and then steals Marfisa's sword. The burlesque was omitted (through the carelessness of the printers, according to Cervantes), and subsequent attempts to set the matter right were unsuccessful.

bear it, and, lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows, that he laid him flat on the ground ; and, had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him there upon the spot. Thinkest thou, said he to him, after some pause, pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is, nothing to be done but transgressing on thy side, and pardoning on mine? Never think it, excommunicated varlet ; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea ? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who thinkest thou has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquess (for all this I look upon as already done) but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arms as the instrument of her exploits ? She fights in me, and overcomes in me : and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O whoreson villain ! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee ! Sancho was not so much hurt, but he heard all his master said to him ; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from thence said to his master : Pray, sir, tell me ; if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me ? this is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady Dulcinea ; for, I think it is no new thing for kings to keep mistresses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that ; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the

lady Dulcinea. How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor! said Don Quixote: have you not just brought me a message from her? I say, I did not see her so leisurely, said Sancho, as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough. Now I excuse you, said Don Quixote, and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power. I have found it so, answered Sancho; and so, in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end. For all that, quoth Don Quixote, take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well—I say no more. Well, then, answered Sancho, God is in heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be a judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so. Let there be no more of this, said Dorothea; run Sancho and kiss your master's hand, and ask him forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that Lady Toboso, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince. Sancho went, hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence. Sancho did so: and, when they two were got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said: Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to inquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and the answer you brought back; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news. Ask me what questions you please, sir, an-

swered Sancho: I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future. Why do you press that, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. Because, replied Sancho, the blows you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence, like any relic (though she be not one), only as she belongs to your worship. No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life, said Don Quixote; for they offend me: I forgave you before, and you know the common saying, 'For a new sin a new penance.'

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy: but Sancho Panza, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarce seen the man, when he knew him to be Gines de Pasamonte, and, by the clue of the gipsy, found the bottom of his ass: for it was really Dapple, upon which Pasamonte rode; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily, as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him; and scarce had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: Ah, rogue Ginesillo, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly, whoreson; get you gone, thief, and relinquish what is not your own. There needed not so many words, nor so much railing: for, at the first word, Gines nimbly dismounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and, embracing him, said: How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion? and then he kissed and caressed

him as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his Dapple ; especially Don Quixote, who assured him that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest said to Dorothea, that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She said, she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of seaports, and therefore had said at a venture, that she landed at Osuna. I found it was so, said the priest, and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lies, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books ? It is indeed, said Cardenio, and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question, whether, if one had a mind to dress up a fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it. There is another thing remarkable in it, said the priest, which is, that, setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in everything relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgement in all things ; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding.

While the rest went on in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho : Friend Panza, let us forget what is past ; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when, did you find Dulcinea ? what was she doing ? what did you say to her ? what answer did she return ? how did she look when she read my letter?

who transcribed it for you ? and whatever else in this case is worth knowing, inquiring after, or being satisfied in, inform me of all, without adding or diminishing, to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction. Sir, answered Sancho, if I must tell you the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me ; for I carried no letter at all. It is as you say, quoth Don Quixote ; for I found the pocket-book I had written it in, two days after your departure ; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you should find you had no letter ; and I still believed you would come back, as soon as you should miss it. So I should have done, answered Sancho, had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life. And have you it still by heart, Sancho, said Don Quixote. No, sir, answered Sancho : for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no further use, I forgot it on purpose ; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of ' the high and subterrane (I mean sovereign) lady ', and the conclusion, ' thine until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure ' ; and between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI

Of the relishing conversation which passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, with other incidents.

All this does not displease me; go on, said Don Quixote. You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight. No, I did not, answered Sancho; but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a backyard of her house. Then make account, said Don Quixote, that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort? It was neither, answered Sancho, but of the reddish kind. Be assured, however, quoth Don Quixote, that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread—but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? or what did she do? When I was going to give it her, answered Sancho, she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve full of the wheat; and she said to me: Lay the letter, friend, upon the sack, for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here. Discreet lady! said Don Quixote; this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she inquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end, tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the inkhorn. She asked me nothing, said Sancho; but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not

eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune. In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss, quoth Don Quixote: I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso. So high indeed, answered Sancho, that in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am. Why, how, Sancho, said Don Quixote, have you measured with her? I measured thus, answered Sancho: as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span. If it be so, replied Don Quixote, does she not accompany and set off this stature of her body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind?

But Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabaean odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover's shop? All I can say is, quoth Sancho, that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with overmuch painstaking. It could not be so, answered Don Quixote: you must either have had a cold in your head, or have smelt your own self: for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber. All that may be, answered Sancho; for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my lady Dulcinea; but where's the wonder, that one devil should be like another? Well then, continued Don Quixote, she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter? The letter, quoth Sancho, she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to anybody to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village: and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning

the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off those foolish extravagances, and set out immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her whether the Biscainer of t'other day had been there with her: she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow: I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them. All goes well, as yet, said Don Quixote. But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and ancient custom among knights- and ladies-errant to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgement for their welcome news. Very likely, quoth Sancho, and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore, for nowadays the custom is to give only a piece of bread and cheese: for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's milk. She is extremely generous, said Don Quixote; and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter[1]. I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? it is, that you must have gone and come through

[1] The equivalent of 'good things are never out of season', or the Scotch proverb—'A Yule feast may be done at Pasch'.

the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither; from whence I conclude that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendence of my affairs, and is my friend (for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant), I say, this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it: for there are sages, who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of Armenia, with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or some other knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon the point of being killed; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight, his friend, who just before was in England, who succours him, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who undertake the care of those valorous knights. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that you went and came in so short a time, between this place and Toboso, since, as I have already said, some sage, our friend, must have expedited your journey without your being sensible of it. It may be so, quoth Sancho; for, in good faith, Rosinante went like any gipsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears. With quicksilver! said Don Quixote, aye, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please without being tired.

But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me, about going to see her ? for, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself at present under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess, who is now with us ; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me : on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. But what I propose to do, is to travel fast, and get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, presently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun that enlightens my senses ; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary ; for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers. Ah ! quoth Sancho, how is your worship disordered in your head ! Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing ? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together ? For the love of God, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already ; and follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest ; and, if there be none, here is our licentiate, who will do it cleverly. And pray take notice, I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you ; for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing ; and he that may have good if he will, it is

his own fault if he chooses ill. Look you, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire: for I will covenant before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom to bestow it on whom I please; and when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it, but to yourself? That is clear, answered Sancho: but pray, sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them as I said before. And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before God, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit. You are in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and I take your advice as to going first with the princess, before I go to see Dulcinea. And be sure you say nothing to anybody, no, not to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them. If it be so, quoth Sancho, why does your worship send all those you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, this being to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall on their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret? How dull and foolish you are! said Don Quixote. You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For you must know, that in this is our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant, who serve her merely for her

own sake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good desires, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights. I have heard it preached, quoth Sancho, that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for Himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though for my part, I am inclined to love and serve Him for what He is able to do for me. The devil take you for a bumpkin, said Don Quixote; you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you had studied. And yet, by my faith, quoth Sancho, I cannot so much as read.

While they were thus talking, Master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote stopped, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and embracing his legs, fell a-weeping in good earnest, and said: Ah! dear sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am Andres, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied. Don Quixote knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company and said, To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world to redress the wrongs

and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men; you must know, good people, that a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hasted immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place from which the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see here (I am glad, in my soul, he is present! for he will attest the truth of what I say): I say, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country-fellow, whom I afterward found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said: Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages. The master replied, with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andres? and did you not observe, with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified and required of him? Answer, be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road. All that your worship has said is very true, answered the lad; but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine. How otherwise? replied Don Quixote: did not the rustic instantly pay you? He not only did not pay me, answered the boy, but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff

or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid on me in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you was not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live.

The mischief, said Don Quixote, was in my going away: I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, Andres, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in a whale's belly. That is true, quoth Andres; but it signified nothing. You shall see now whether it signifies, said Don Quixote: and so saying, he arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rosinante, who was grazing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered, that he would go and find out the rustic, and chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, until he had accomplished hers; and, since he could not but know this better than anybody else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment until his return from her kingdom. You are in the right,

answered Don Quixote; and Andres must have patience until my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest until he is revenged and paid. I do not depend upon these oaths, said Andres: I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville, than all the revenges in the world. If you have anything to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me. Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and, giving it to the lad, said to him: Here, brother Andres, we all have a share in your misfortune. Why, what share have you in it? said Andres. This piece of bread and cheese which I give you, answered Sancho: God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told. Andres laid hold on the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him anything, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he said, at parting, to Don Quixote: For the love of God, Señor Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of God light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world. Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him; but he fell a-running so fast, that nobody offered to pursue him. Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andres's story: and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAPTER XXXII

Which treats of what befell Don Quixote's whole company in the inn.

The notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without anything happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them, with signs of much joy; and he received them with a grave deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that, provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before: and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard, said: By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is tossed up and down, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail. The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the licentiate bade him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote, that being robbed by those thieves the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the princess's squire, they should tell him, she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects, that she was coming, and

bringing with her their common deliverer. With this the barber willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent them, in order to Don Quixote's enlargement. All the folks of the inn were surprised, both at the beauty of Dorothea, and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served a pretty tolerable supper. All this while Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awake him: for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes, and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befell him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the priest happened to say, that the books of chivalry, which Don Quixote had read, had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: I cannot conceive how that can be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world; and I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in the harvest time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter, during the noonday heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, and about thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs: at least I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night. I wish you did, quoth the hostess; for I never have a quiet

moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for then you are so besotted, that you forget to scold for that time. It is true, said Maritornes, and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady, and her knight, lie embracing each other under an orange tree, and how a duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say, all this is pure honey. And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters? said the priest, addressing himself to the innkeeper's daughter. I do not know indeed, sir, answered the girl: I listen too; and truly, though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it: but I have no relish for those blows and slashes, which please my father so much; what I chiefly like is the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really, sometimes, they make me weep, out of the pity I have for them. You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman, said Dorothea, if they wept for you? I do not know what I should do, answered the girl; only I know, that several of those ladies are so cruel, that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at. Hold your tongue, hussy, said the hostess; methinks you know a great deal of these matters; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, so much. When this gentleman asked me a civil question, replied the girl, I could do no less, sure, than answer him.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host; and, going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-

bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character. The first book he opened, he found to be *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*[1], the next *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*[2], and the third the *History of the Grand Captain Gonçalo Hernandez of Córdova*, with the *Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes*[3]. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned about to the barber, and said: We want here our friend's housekeeper and niece. Not at all, answered the barber; for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire. What, sir, would you burn my books? said the innkeeper. Only these two, said the priest, that of Don Cirongilio, and that of Felixmarte. What, then, are my books heretical, or phlegmetical, that you have a mind to burn them? Schismatical, you would say, friend, said the barber, and not phlegmetical. It is true, replied the innkeeper; but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego de Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others. Dear brother, said the priest, these two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; and this of the Grand Captain is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonçalo Hernandez of Córdova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for Diego Garcia de Paredes, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a millwheel, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and, being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he

[1] By Bernardo de Vargas, and published at Seville in 1545.

[2] See the note to Chapter vi, p 45.

[3] Published at Saragossa in 1554.

repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. And he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos. Persuade my grandmother to that, quoth the innkeeper; do but see what it is he wonders at—the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before God, your worship should have read what I have read, concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who with one back-stroke cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy but to let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they were got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of.

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio: Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of

Don Quixote. I think so too, answered Cardenio; for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the barefooted friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise. Look you, brother, said the priest, there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention: for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of whiling away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it. To another dog with this bone, answered the host; as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: do not think, sir, to feed me with pap; for, before God I am no suckling. A good jest indeed, that your worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagances, being printed with the licence of the king's privy council; as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of lies, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted. I have already told you, friend, replied the priest, that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons: but I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it;

and, in the meanwhile, Señor Innkeeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lies, as you please; and much good may you do with them, and God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does. Not so, answered the innkeeper, I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world.

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded, and very pensive at what he heard said, that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the priest said to him: Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character. The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and at the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all. To which the innkeeper answered: Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness; but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person who forgot and left behind him this cloak-bag, with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for though I am an innkeeper, thank God I am a Christian. You are much in the right, friend, said the priest; nevertheless, if

the novel please me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it. With all my heart, answered the innkeeper. While they two were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it so as that they might all hear it. I will, said the priest, if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading. It will be as well for me, said Dorothea, to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful. Well then, said the priest, I will read it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining. Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: on which the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said: Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner:

CHAPTER XXXIII

In which is recited The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.[1]

In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, the Two Friends. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same manners: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true indeed that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and

[1] This story of the *Curious Impertinent* is expanded from the *Orlando Furioso*, xliii.

Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand with such harmony, that no clock kept such exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved (with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario who carried the message; and it was he who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her. For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends, when married, in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in anything, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend? Anselmo took notice of Lothario's remissness, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he suspected that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of the Two Friends, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part; and

therefore he besought him (if such a term might be used between them) to return, and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him, that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these, and many other reasons, which Anselmo urged to Lothario, to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgement, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that, two days in a week, besides holidays, Lothario should come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between them two, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man, on whom heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what men he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies (things, which husbands must not always deny their wives) may be concerted and brought about at the house of a female friend or relation, of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has at first for his wife, makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, some things, the doing, or not doing, whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might easily be remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour

of his friend, and contrived to retrench, cut short, and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected; and therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. And thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

Now it fell out one day, as they two were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect: I know very well, friend Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me with so liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which, if I value not as high as I ought, I value at least as high as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire so strange, and so much out of the common tract of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts, and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that,

through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly. Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark; and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendship, to seek for roundabout ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. It is very true, answered Anselmo; and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing which disquiets me is, a desire to know whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited: and that she alone is really chaste who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For what thanks, said he, to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray and knows she has a husband who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my

desire is that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her?'[1] And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain that, if Camilla should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hid in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of.

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario; to all which he was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his

[1] Prov. xxxi. 10.

lips until his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly for some time, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know that you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must imagine I am not that Lothario I ought to be; for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet[1] expresses it, *usque ad aras*; as much as to say, they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain

[1] Really Plutarch, who ascribes the phrase to Pericles.

I take away your life, since a man without honour is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo, and have patience, and forbear answering until I have done urging what I have to say, as to what your desire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you. With all my heart, said Anselmo; say what you please.

Then Lothario went on, saying: Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from Holy Scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: 'If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal'. And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mis-spending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for, at present, I can give it no better name; and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously with you, nor will it consent that I should desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And, that you may clearly see that it is so, say, Anselmo, have you not told me, that I must solicit her that is reserved, persuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that

is disinterested, and court her that is prudent? Yes, you have told me so. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since, when that is done it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And, therefore, we must conclude, that to attempt things from whence mischief is more likely to ensue than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men; and especially when they are such as we are no way forced nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprise itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together: those which are done for God's sake are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those which are taken in hand for love of the world are done by those who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called 'the goods of fortune'; and those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, but laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the

midst of a thousand opposing deaths that await them. These are the difficulties which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniencies. But that, which you say you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured than you are at present: and if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think that nobody else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you to know it yourself. And, as a further confirmation of this truth, I will repeat the following stanza of the famous poet, Louis Tansillo, at the end of the first part of the *Tears of Saint Peter*:

> When conscious Peter saw the blushing East,
> He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
> And, though by privacy secured from blame,
> Saw his own guilt, and seeing, died with shame.
> For generous minds, betrayed into a fault,
> No witness want but self-condemning thought:
> To such the conscious earth alone and skies
> Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.

And, therefore, its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who, as the poet[1] relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent Rinaldo more wisely declined doing. And though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood, and imitated. But I have

[1] Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, xliii. But it was the knight, not the doctor, who tasted the cup.

still something more to say upon this subject; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

Tell me, Anselmo, if heaven or good fortune had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlative fine diamond, of whose goodness and beauty all jewellers who had seen it were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare that, in weight, goodness, and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and by mere dint of blows try whether it was so hard, and so fine, as it was thought to be? and further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resists so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? Yes, certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in everybody's opinion. Make account then, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value: and should she fail and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may without hindrance advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists

inform us that the ermine is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that, when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise and drive it toward those places; and when the ermine comes to the dirt it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take quite a different method from that which is used with the ermine: for he must not lay in her way the mire of courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments; it is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored, but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch anything, but only at a distance, and through iron rails, to enjoy its fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses, which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy[1], and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises another, who is father of a young maiden, to look

[1] This play has not been identified. The lines are a gloss on the Spanish proverb quoted by Nuñez: *Es de vidrio la mujer.*

well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reasons, gives these following:

I

If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because perchance she may be so.

II

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?

III

In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.

All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo, relates only to you: it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour: nor is this all; you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine, is plain: for, when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour, and base, since I attempt, and do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt: for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself

as dishonoured, affects you, as being her husband. And hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye rather of contempt than of pity. But I will tell you the reason why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occasion to become such: and be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise (as the holy Scriptures inform us) he infused a sleep into Adam; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve: and, when Adam awoke, and beheld her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone'. And God said: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh'. And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can loose. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh: nay, it doth more in the properly married; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle though it was not the cause of it: so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the selfsame thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh

and blood, and those of the naughty wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it. Behold then, O Anselmo, the danger to which you expose yourself in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider through how vain and impertinent a curiosity you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune, for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive.

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so confounded and pensive that, for some time, he could not answer him a word; but at last he said: I have listened, friend Lothario, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to; I see also and acknowledge, that in rejecting your opinion and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider that I labour under the infirmity to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. And therefore some art must be made use of to cure me: and it may be done with ease only by your beginning to court Camilla, though but coldly and feignedly, who cannot be so yielding and pliant that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset: and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have com-

plied with what you owe to your friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges you to undertake this business, which is, that whereas I am determined, as I am, to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. And since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined.

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what further reasons to offer to dissuade him from his purpose; and finding he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied; and therefore he returned for answer that he desired he would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels

to present her with. He advised him to give her music, and write verses in her praise, and, if he did not care to be at the pains he would make them for him. Lothario consented to everything, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had stayed abroad longer that day than usual. Lothario after some time retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely out of this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a way how to deceive Anselmo, without offending Camilla: and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with much good will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner being ended and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired Lothario to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch and be back in about an hour and a half. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company: but it signified nothing with Anselmo; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to stay and wait for him; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired Camilla to bear Lothario company until his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and Camilla and Lothario remained by themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself entered in the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him, able to conquer by her beauty alone a squadron of armed cavaliers: think then, whether Lothario had not cause to fear. But the

first thing he did, was, to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair and his cheek on his hand, and, begging Camilla to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered, that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in and lie down there. Lothario excused himself, and slept where he was until Anselmo's return: who, finding Camilla retired to her chamber, and Lothario asleep, believed that, as he had stayed so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he thought it long until Lothario awoke, that he might go out with him, and inquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awoke, and presently they went out together, and Anselmo asked him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. Lothario answered that he did not think it proper to open too far the first time, and therefore all he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town rang of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as it might insinuate him into her good will, and dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure: in which he employed the same artifice, which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; who, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning. Anselmo was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day without going abroad; for he would so employ himself at home that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Now many days passed, and Lothario, though he spoke not a word to Camilla on the subject, told Anselmo that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least sign of anything that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; on the contrary, that she threatened to

tell her husband, if he did not quit his base design. It is very well, said Anselmo, hitherto Camilla has resisted words: we must next see how she will resist deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well-dressed and going fine: and if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no further trouble. Lothario answered, that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new lie to invent: but, in fine, he resolved to tell him, that Camilla was as inflexible to presents and promises as to words, so that he need not weary himself any further, since all the time was spent in vain.

But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the keyhole, how they behaved themselves, and saw that in above half an hour Lothario said not a word to Camilla; nor would he have said a word had he stood there an age. On which he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction and lies. And, to try whether they were so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling Lothario aside, asked him what news he had for him, and in what disposition he found Camilla? Lothario replied, that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily, that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. Ah! said Anselmo, Lothario! Lothario! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the keyhole of that door, and have found that you have

not spoken a word to Camilla; whence I conclude, that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire? Anselmo said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave Lothario abashed and confounded: who, thinking his honour touched by being caught in a lie, swore to Anselmo, that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell him no more lies, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him: which however he might save himself the trouble of doing; for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction, that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and to give him an opportunity, more secure and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city. And, to excuse his departure to Camilla, he contrived that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is it you are contriving? consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse Camilla is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; nobody disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours, and that of heaven. If, then, the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain, or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since, in truth, it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature? Consider, that he who seeks after what is impossible ought in justice

to be denied what is possible; as a certain poet has better expressed it in these verses:

In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest;
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.

But adverse fate, and heav'n's decree,
In this to baffle me are joined,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.

The next day Anselmo went to his friend's house in the country, telling Camilla that, during his absence, Lothario would come to take care of his house and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. Camilla, as a discreet and virtuous woman should, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him, how improper it was, that anybody, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and, if he did it, as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see by experience that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. Anselmo replied it was his pleasure it should be so, and that she had nothing to do but to acquiesce and be obedient. Camilla said, she would, though much against her inclination. Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with Lothario, being constantly attended by her men and maidservants, especially by her own maid called Leonela, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and, upon her marriage with Anselmo, had brought with her. Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner: for so Camilla had directed;

and further, Leonela had orders to dine before her mistress and never to stir from her side; but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours, and that opportunity, to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders, but often left them alone as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless, the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, were such that they awed and bridled Lothario's tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing Lothario's tongue redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For if his tongue lay still his thoughts were in motion; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved: and this consideration began by little and little to undermine the regards he had for Anselmo: and, a thousand times, he thought of withdrawing from the city, and going where Anselmo should never see him, nor he Camilla, more: but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him, to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on Camilla. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend and a bad Christian. He reasoned upon, and made comparisons between his own conduct and that of Anselmo, and still concluded that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity: and if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into

his hands, quite overturned Lothario's integrity. And without regarding anything but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires, he began to solicit Camilla with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that Camilla was astonished, and could only rise from her seat, and retire to her chamber, without answering a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, Lothario's hope was not withered: for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of Camilla: who, having discovered in Lothario what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe nor right to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, as she accordingly did, to send that very night one of her servants to Anselmo with a letter, wherein she wrote as follows.

CHAPTER XXXIV

In which is continued the novel of the Curious Impertinent.

CAMILLA'S LETTER TO ANSELMO.

'AN army, it is commonly said, makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governor; but a young married woman, I say, makes a worse without a husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I leave yours without a guard: for the guard you left me, if you

left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure than upon anything which concerns you: and, since you are wise, I shall say no more, nor is it proper I should.'

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish: and overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message, not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at Anselmo's answer, which increased the perplexity she was under; for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents; since in staying she hazarded her virtue, and in going she should act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length she resolved upon that which proved the worst for her; which was, to stay and not to shun Lothario's company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk; and she already began to be sorry she had written what she did to her spouse, fearing lest he should think Lothario must have observed some signs of lightness in her, which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But, conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God, and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any further account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo, when he should ask her the cause of her writing that letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than proper or beneficial, the next day she sat still, and heard what Lothario had to say to her; who plied her so warmly, that Camilla's firmness began to totter; and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes, and prevent some indications of an amorous compassion, which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed.

and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity, which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress. And therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself, when posted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that, though she had been made of brass, she must have fallen to the ground. Lothario wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity that he quite overthrew all Camilla's reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected, and most desired. She surrendered—even Camilla surrendered: and what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A plain example, showing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine succours are necessary to subdue such force, though human. Leonela alone was privy to her lady's frailty; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance, rather than out of choice.

A few days after, Anselmo returned home, and did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and the one inquired what news concerning his life or death. The news I have for you, O friend Anselmo, said Lothario, is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers

have been despised, my presents refused; and, when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository in which modesty, good nature, and reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praiseworthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money; here it is; I had no occasion to make use of it; for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no further trials; and since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel, which heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world; but make account, that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, until you are required to pay that duty from which no human rank is exempted.

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless, he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement; however he need not, for the future, ply her so close as he had done: all that he now desired of him, was, that he would write some verses in her praise under the name of Chloris, and he would give Camilla to understand that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty: and, if Lothario did not care to be at the trouble of writing the verses himself, he would do it for him. There will be no need of that, said Lothario; for the Muses are not so unpropitious to me, but that, now and then, they make a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses; which, if not so good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the

best I can make. Thus agreed the impertinent and the treacherous friend. And Anselmo, being returned to his house, inquired of Camilla, what she wondered he had not already inquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered, that she then fancied Lothario looked at her a little more licentiously than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own; for Lothario had, of late, avoided seeing, and being alone with her. Anselmo replied, that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue, and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been beforehand advertised by Lothario, that this story of his love for Chloris was all a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the praises of Camilla herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy: but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they three being together at table, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved Chloris; for, since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. Though she did know her, answered Lothario, I should have no reason to conceal what I have written; for, when a lover praises his mistress's beauty, and at the same time taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you, that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of Chloris; and it is this:

In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
When others' cares are hush'd in soft repose,
The sad account of my neglected woes
To conscious heaven and Chloris I recite.

And when the sun with his returning light,
Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
With accents such as sorrow only knows,
My griefs to tell, is all my poor delight.

And when bright Phoebus, from his starry throne,
Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;
And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
Nor heaven nor Chloris my complainings hear.[1]

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo more: he commended it, and said, the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. What then! replied Camilla, are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth? Not all they tell us as poets, answered Lothario, but as lovers; for though as poets they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth. There is no doubt of that, replied Anselmo, resolved to second and support the credit of everything Lothario said with Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with Lothario. Being therefore pleased with everything that was his, and besides taking it for granted, that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. I remember one, answered Lothario; but I believe it is not so good as the former, or to speak properly, less bad; as you shall judge; for it is this:

I die, if not believed, 'tis sure I die,
For ere I cease to love and to adore,
Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.

When to the regions of obscurity
I hence am banish'd to enjoy no more
Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
Your image graven in my heart shall see.

[1] Cervantes introduced this sonnet again in his play, *La Casa de los Celos y Selvas de Ardenia.*

That relic, with a lover's generous pride,
I treasure in my breast, the only source
Of comfort whilst thy rigour lets me live.
Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive.

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour; for when Lothario dishonoured him most, he then assured him his honour was safest. And thus, every step of the ladder Camilla descended towards the centre of her disgrace, she ascended in her husband's opinion, towards the uppermost round of virtue and her good fame.

Now it happened one day that Camilla, being alone with her maid, said to her: I am ashamed, dear Leonela, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost Lothario more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon: I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him. Dear madam, answered Leonela, let not this trouble you; for there is nothing in it; the value of a gift if it be good in itself, and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given; and therefore they say, he who gives quickly, gives twice. They say also, quoth Camilla, that which costs little is less valued. This does not affect your case, answered Leonela; for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; runs with one person and goes leisurely with another; some he warms and some he burns; some he wounds, and others he kills; in one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening has it surrendered to him; for no force is able to resist him. And, this being so, what are you afraid of, if this be

the very case of Lothario, love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary to finish, in that interval, what love had decreed, without giving Time himself any time to bring back Anselmo, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect? for love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity: it is that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and, one day or other, madam, I may let you see, that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage yourself so soon, but you had first seen, in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises, and his presents, Lothario's whole soul; and in that, and all his accomplishments, how worthy Lothario was of your love. Then, since it is so, let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but rest assured, that Lothario esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one who possesses not only the four SS [1], which they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right, amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS, as they say; lastly, true, valiant, and wise: the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour.

Camilla smiled at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love matters than she had hitherto owned; and indeed she now confessed to Camilla, that she had a love affair with a young

[1] *Sabio, solo, solicito, secreto,* or sage, solitary, solicitous, secret. Leonela's alphabet cannot, of course, be literally rendered from the Spanish.

gentleman of the same city. At which Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest from that quarter her own honour might be in danger. And therefore she sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone further than words. She, with little shame, and much boldness, owned it had. For, it is certain, that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Camilla could do no more but beg of Leonela to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy, that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonela answered, she would do so; but she kept her word in such a manner as justified Camilla's fears that she might lose her reputation by her means. For the lewd and bold Leonela, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though she knew it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and lewdness; as was the case with Camilla: for, though she saw, not once only but several times, that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all could not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at first, it must be some apparition. But when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care and caution, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour,

came thither upon Leonela's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonela in the world. What he thought, was, that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another also: for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense and prudent reasonings seem to have failed him upon this occasion: for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, without more ado, grown impatient, and blinded with a jealous rage that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he was up, and said to him: Know, Anselmo, that for several days past I have struggled with myself to keep from you what is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla's fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure; and if I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was to satisfy myself whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her, with your connivance, was in earnest. And I still believed, if she was what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would, before now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where Camilla used to entertain him). And, since the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in

part, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to what is most fitting for you to do. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry and other movables may serve to conceal you; and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends; and if it be wickedness, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury.

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and astonished at Lothario's words, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them; for he already looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said: Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in everything; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked-for an event requires. Lothario promised him he would; and scarcely had he left him when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone; and immediately on his coming in, she said: Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me in such a manner, that methinks it is ready to burst it, and, indeed, it is a wonder that it does not; for Leonela's impudence is arrived to that degree, that she every night entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight, so much to the preju-

dice of my reputation, that it will leave room for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours: and what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise or so much as reprimand her; for her being in the secret of our correspondence puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers; and I am afraid of some unlucky event from this quarter.

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by persuading him that the man he saw go out was Leonela's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said; and so was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonela's insolence. He also told her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe, to be an eyewitness from thence of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and desired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of so perplexed a labyrinth, as his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario had said, and, with much resentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her; and with many and discreet reasons set before him the folly and inconsiderateness of the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them when they set themselves purposely to deliberate, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid Lothario see that Anselmo hid himself the next day where he had proposed; for by this very hiding she proposed to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment without fear of surprise; and, without letting him into the whole

of her design, she only desired him, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonela's call, and that he should take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might with the more safety and caution be upon his guard in all he thought necessary. No other guard, said Camilla, is necessary, but only to answer me directly to what I shall ask you. For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into that design, which she thought so good, and should look out for some other not likely to prove so successful.

Lothario then left her; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself, which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonela were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hid, with all that palpitation of heart which may be imagined in one who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved Camilla; she and Leonela, being well assured that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; and Camilla had scarce set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: Ah, dear Leonela, would it not be better before I put that in execution, which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But do it not; for it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know what the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, that could give him the assurance to imagine so wicked a design, as that he has discovered to me, in contempt of his friend and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonela, and call him, for, doubtless, he is waiting in the street in hopes of putting

his wicked design in execution. But first my cruel, but honourable purpose shall be executed. Ah! dear madam, answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, what is it you intend to do with this dagger? is it to take away your own life, or Lothario's? whichever of the two you do will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble your wrong than to let this wicked man now into the house while we are alone. Consider, madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and resolute; and, as he comes blinded and big with his wicked purpose, he may perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you than taking away your life. A mischief take my master Anselmo for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead? What, child? answered Camilla; why leave him here for Anselmo to bury him; for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him without more ado; for all the time I lose in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband.

All this Anselmo listened to, and at every word Camilla spoke his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and discovering himself; but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing, however, to come out in time enough to prevent mischief. And now Camilla was taken with a strong fainting fit; and throwing herself upon a bed that was there, Leonela began to weep bitterly, and to say: Ah, woe is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity; with other such expressions, that nobody, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and

her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said: Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless friend of all friends that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I expect pass off in empty threatenings and curses. I am going to call him, said Leonela; but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing which might give those who love you cause to weep all their lives long. Go, dear Leonela, and fear not, said Camilla; I will not do it, for though I am resolute, and, in your opinion sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that Lucretia was, of whom it is said that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine.

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty before she would go and call Lothario; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said: Good God! would it not have been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and naught, though it be only for the short time I defer the undeceiving him? without doubt it would have been better: but I shall not be revenged, nor my husband's honour satisfied, if he gets off so clean, and so smoothly, from an attempt to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprises with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person who dared

to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo; but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to pure good nature, and a confidence in Lothario which would not let him believe that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it, for many days, nor should ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him whom heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood and the impure gore of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw. And saying this she walked up and down the room with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras, where he had hid himself, and was amazed at all, and already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. And being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with Lothario by the hand; and, as soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: Take notice, Lothario, of what I say to you: if you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or but come up to it, the moment

I see you attempt it, I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand: but before you answer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me, whether you know Anselmo my husband, and in what estimation you hold him? and, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? Answer me to this, and be under no concern, nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you. Lothario was not so ignorant, but that from the instant Camilla bid him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth; and therefore he answered Camilla in this manner: I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to things so wide of the purpose for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still further day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say I do not answer to your questions, I reply, that I know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does: for, were it not so, I should not for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love. If you acknowledge so much, replied Camilla, mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror in which Anselmo looks, and [in] which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But ah! unhappy me! I now begin to find

what it was that made you forget yourself: it was, doubtless, some indiscretion of mine: for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign, that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? when were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? when were your many promises and greater presents believed or accepted? but knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; since without doubt, some inadvertency of mine has nourished your hope so long, and therefore I will chastise, and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence deserves. And, to convince you, that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I say again that the suspicion I have, that some inadvertency of mine has occasioned such licentious thoughts in you, is what disturbs me the most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the vengeance of impartial justice strictly executed on him who has reduced me to this desperate condition.

At these words, she flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, and with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real: and he was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded by Camilla, who played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth she resolved to stain it with her own blood. For, perceiving, or pretending, that she could not wound Lothario, she said: Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not, however, be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely: and so struggling to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and directing the point to a part where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and presently fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario stood in suspense, and astonished at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily, frighted, and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair Camilla. And now, to act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass, and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonela took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance

to come home before it was healed. He answered, that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following: he bid her endeavour to staunch the blood; and, as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. And so, with a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house, and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonela. He considered what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture and the truth, the most artfully disguised that can be imagined.

Leonela, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonela said, Camilla added others, calling herself coward and poor spirited, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice whether she should give an account of what had happened to her beloved spouse, or no. Leonela persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and a good woman was obliged to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied she approved of her opinion, and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to Anselmo about the wound which he must needs see. To which Leonela answered, that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lie, though but in jest. Then, pray

thee, replied Camilla, how should I know how, who dare not invent, or stand in one, though my life were at a stake ? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the whole truth, than that he should catch us in a false story. Be in no pain, madam, answered Leonela ; for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what we shall tell him ; and perhaps the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, good madam ; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder ; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of heaven, which always favours honest designs.

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to, and beholding represented, the tragedy of the death of his honour ; which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on the finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out ; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario ; and, having found him, it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. All which Lothario hearkened to, without being able to show any signs of joy ; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. And though Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and he had been the occasion of it. And therefore, among other things, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla : for, without doubt, the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to

hide it from him: and as he might depend upon it there was nothing to be feared, he desired that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him, since, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness he could wish to arrive at; and, for himself, he said, he would make it his pastime and amusement to write verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said, that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice.

Anselmo now remained the man of [all] the world the most agreeably deceived. He led home by the hand the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, until then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.

CHAPTER XXXV

The conclusion of the novel of the Curious Impertinent, with the dreadful battle betwixt Don Quixote and certain wine-skins.

THERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room, where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: Run, sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip. What say you, brother? quoth the priest (leaving off

reading the remainder of the novel), are you in your senses, Sancho ? How the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off ? At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud: Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing. And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. Do not stand listening, quoth Sancho; but go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin. I will be hanged, quoth the innkeeper, at this juncture, if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's-head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood: and, so saying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant: and the best of it was, his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant: for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and already engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts,

that the whole room was afloat with wine. The innkeeper, perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many cuffs, that if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash; whereat Don Quixote awoke, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho was searching all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: Well, I see plainly, that everything about this house is enchantment: for, the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing anybody: and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain. What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints! said the innkeeper: dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them! I know nothing, said Sancho; only that I should be so unfortunate, that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water. Now Sancho awake, was madder than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience to see the squire's phlegm, and the knight's wicked handiwork; and he swore they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The priest held Don Quixote by the hands; who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said: High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt; and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since by the assistance of the most high God, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it. Did not I tell you so? quoth Sancho, hearing this; so that I was not drunk; see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls[1]; my earldom is safe. Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? they all laughed except the innkeeper, who cursed himself to the devil. But at length, the barber, Cardenio, and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed, who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head, though they had most to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay anything; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two-

[1] A proverb, probably originating with some relieved spectator, previously doubtful as to the arrival of the bulls in time for the bull-fight.

pennyworth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter. The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath; and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him, that whenever it should really appear, that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess, she might depend upon it, that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was because everything passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel; for he saw it wanted but little. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest entreated him so to do; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows:

Now so it was, that Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might think she rather hated than loved him:

and Lothario, for further security in this affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain, the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request: and thus, by a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding anything else, she let loose the reins, and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on.

In short, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonela's chamber, and being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him, which increased his desire of getting in; and he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and, just as he entered, he saw a man leap down from the window into the street: and running hastily to stop him, or to see who he was, he could do neither: for Leonela clung about him, crying: Dear sir, be calm, and be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out; he belongs to me; in short he is my husband. Anselmo would not believe Leonela, but, blind with rage, drew his poniard, and offered to stab her, assuring her, that, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her: she, with the fright, not knowing what she was saying, said: Do not kill me, sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine. Tell me then quickly, said Anselmo, or you are a dead woman. At present, it is impossible, said Leonela, I am in such confusion: let me alone until to-morrow morning, and then you shall know from me what will amaze you: in the meantime be assured, that the person who jumped out at the window is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage. With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming

he should hear anything against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure; and so leaving the room, he locked Leonela in, telling her she should not stir from thence, until she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say, whether Camilla was disturbed or not: so great was the consternation she was in, that, verily believing (as indeed it was very likely) that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait until she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded: and that very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels, and some money, without being perceived by anybody, she left her house, and went to Lothario's, to whom she recounted what had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her, where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length, he bethought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was his sister. Camilla consented, and Lothario conveyed her thither with all the haste the case required, and left her in the monastery; and he too presently left the city, without acquainting anybody with his absence.

When it was daybreak, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side (so impatient was he to know what Leonela had to tell him), got up, and went to the chamber where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no Leonela there: he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down, and was gone off. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor anywhere in the house, he stood astonished. He inquired of the servants for her, but no one could

give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone; and this gave him the first suspicion of his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, just as he then was but half dressed, he went sad and pensive, to give an account of his disaster to his friend Lothario; but not finding him, and his servants telling him that their master went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And, to complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of all his servants, man nor maid, but the house left alone and deserted. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself, in an instant, deprived of wife, friend, and servants; abandoned as he thought by the heaven that covered him, but, above all, robbed of his honour, since, in missing Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country house, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, got on horseback, and set forward with great oppression of spirits: and scarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs, and stayed there until almost night; about which time, he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and, having saluted him, he inquired what news there was in Florence? The strangest, replied the citizen, that has been heard these many days; for it is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the Rich, who lived at St. John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he is also missing. All this was told by a maidservant of Camilla's, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. In short, I do

not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in astonishment at this accident: for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great and entire friendship between them, which, it is said, was so remarkable, that they were styled the Two Friends. Pray, is it known, said Anselmo, which way Lothario and Camilla have taken? It is not, replied the citizen, though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them. God be with you, said Anselmo. And with you also, said the citizen, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the losing, not only of his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he desired. And now, finding himself alone, he so overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end, and therefore resolved to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death: and beginning to write, before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that sorrow, which was occasioned by his impertinent curiosity. The master of the house, finding it grow late, and that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indisposition increased, and found him with his face downwards, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had

befallen Anselmo: afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with Anselmo's own hand, wherein were these words:

ANSELMO'S PAPER.

'A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should: and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——'

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared, that, at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; who had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla's retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover absenting himself. It is said, that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil, until, not many days after, news being come of Lothario's being killed in a battle, fought about that time between Monsieur de Lautrec, and the Great Captain Gonçalo Hernandez of Córdova, in the kingdom of Naples[1], whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat, she then took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all, an end sprung from an extravagant rashness at the beginning.

I like this novel very well, said the priest; but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story: and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband so

[1] A chronological slip: the Great Captain left Italy with Ferdinand in the summer of 1507, and was never employed again: Lautrec commanded the French army in Italy twenty years later.

senseless, as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment, as Anselmo did: had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it: however, I am not displeased with the manner of telling it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Which treats of other uncommon accidents, that happened at the inn.

While these things passed, the host, who stood at the inn-door, said: Here comes a goodly company of guests: if they stop here, we will sing Gaudeamus. What folks are they? said Cardenio. Four men, answered the host, on horseback *à la gineta*[1], with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces; and with them a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered: and two lads besides on foot. Are they near at hand? demanded the priest. So near, replied the innkeeper, that they are already at the door. Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's chamber; and scarcely had they done so, when the persons the host mentioned entered the yard; and the four horsemen, who, by their appearance, seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle: and one of them, taking her in his arms, set her down in a chair, which stood at the door of the room, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she, nor they, had taken off their masks, or spoken one word: only the lady, at sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick, and ready to faint away. The

[1] Arab fashion, with high cantle and short stirrups.

servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the lads were, and inquired of one of them; who answered him: In truth, señor, I cannot inform you who these gentlefolks are; I can only tell you, they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took the lady down in his arms: I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs. And the lady, pray, who is she? demanded the priest. Neither can I tell that, replied the lackey: for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey; I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart: and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them: for, having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well. And have you heard any of them called by their names? said the priest. No, indeed, answered the lad; for they all travel with so much silence that you would wonder; and you hear nothing among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her: and whithersoever it is she is going, we believe it must be against her will; and, by what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable: and, perhaps, because the being one does not proceed from her choice, she goes thus heavily. Very likely, quoth the priest; and, leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea: who, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion, went to her, and said: What is the matter, dear madam? if it be anything that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great goodwill. To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer; and, though Dorothea urged her still more,

she persisted in her silence, until the cavalier in the mask, who the servant said was superior to the rest, came up, and said to Dorothea: Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer anything to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth. No, said she, who had hitherto held her peace; on the contrary, it is for being so sincere, and so averse from lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune: and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part.

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them; for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between, and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: Good God! what is this I hear? what voice is this, which has reached my ears? The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up, and was going into the room; which the cavalier perceiving, he stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. With this perturbation, and her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though pale and full of horror: for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness, that she seemed distracted; at which Dorothea, and the rest, without knowing why she did so, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at last it did; and Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person who also held her, was her husband, Don Fernando: and scarcely had she perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal Oh! she fell backwards in a swoon; and, had not the barber,

who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her veil, to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it, but Don Fernando (for it was he who held the other in his arms) knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her: nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady that was struggling so hard to get from him; for she knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. Cardenio heard also the groan, which Dorothea gave when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They all stood silent, and gazing on one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first who broke silence was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: Suffer me, Señor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe how heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then (since all further attempts are vain) let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your goodwill into despite, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of; and, perhaps, my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment.

By this time Dorothea was come to herself, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, whereby she

discovered who she was: but, seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any answer to what she said, she got up as well as she could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, she began to say thus:—

If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun you hold now eclipsed between your arms had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen, that she who lies prostrate at your feet is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, did deign to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until, to the voice of your importunities, and seemingly sincere and real passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are in now. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern, to see myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be yours, and would have it in such a manner, that though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine; nor can she be yours, because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her, who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit; and if this

be so, as it really is, and if you are as much a Christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions delay making me as happy at last as you did at first? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services, as good vassals to yours, do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and if you forfeit that by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, sir, I shall only add, that, whether you will or no, I am your wife: witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be false; witness your handwriting; and witness heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper [to] you in the midst of your joys, justifying this truth I have told you, and disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfactions.

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who accompanied Don Fernando, and all who were present besides, sympathized with her. Don Fernando listened to her without answering a word, until she had put an end to what she had to say, and a beginning to so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her with no less pity for her affliction than admiration at her wit and beauty; and, though she had a mind to go to

her, and endeavour to comfort her, she was prevented by Don Fernando's still holding her fast in his arms; who, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving Lucinda free, said: You have conquered, fair Dorothea, you have conquered; for there is no withstanding so many united truths.

Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando, that he might not know him, now laying aside all fear, and at all adventures, ran to support Lucinda; and, catching her between his arms, he said: If it pleases pitying heaven, that now at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful, and constant mistress, I believe you can find it nowhere more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine. At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being now assured by sight that it was him, almost beside herself, and without any regard to the forms of decency, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, she said to him: You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.

A strange sight this was to Don Fernando, and all the bystanders, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword; and no sooner did she perceive it, but she ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kissing them, she held him so fast that he could not stir; and, her tears trickling down without intermission, she said to him: What is it you

intend to do, my only refuge, in this unexpected crisis ? you have your wife at your feet, and she, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband : consider, whether it be fit or possible for you to undo what heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For God's sake, and your own character's sake, I beseech you, that this public declaration may be so far from increasing your wrath, that it may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time heaven shall be pleased to allot them : and by this you will show the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see, that reason sways more with you than appetite.

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion towards assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively as well as he could, against all who should take part against him, though it should cost him his life. But now Don Fernando's friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran, and surrounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears ; and, as they verily believed she had said nothing but was true, they begged of him, that he would not suffer her to be disappointed in her just expectations : they desired he would consider, that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of heaven, they had all met in a place where one would have least imagined they should ; and the priest put him in mind, that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the

sword, they would account their deaths most happy: and that, in a case which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to show a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere goodwill, to enjoy that happiness which heaven had already granted them: he desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how few, if any could equal, much less exceed her: and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him; but especially that he would remember, that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman, and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that, in so doing, he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand, that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him who raises and equals it to himself; and that in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blameworthy, provided there be no sin in the action. In short, to these they all added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of Don Fernando, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted: and the proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying to her, Rise, dear madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul: and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by heaven, that by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you: for the very same cause and motive that induced me to take you for mine influenced me to endeavour not to be

yours: and, to show you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda, and in them you will see an excuse for all my errors: and since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio; and I will beseech heaven that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea. And saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to hers, with such tenderness of passion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to see that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

The joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time; and then Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer; and so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home? she repeated in few and discreet words all she had before related to Cardenio; with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom, wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if

her parents had not hindered him; upon which he left the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time; that, the following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, without anybody's knowing whither she was gone; in fine, that, at the end of some months, he came to know that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio; and that, as soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she was, but did not speak to her, fearing, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded; and so waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun; and snatching her away, without giving her time for anything, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off; all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He said, that, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned away, and that when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep, and sigh, without speaking one word: and that in this manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Wherein is continued the history of the famous Infanta Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

Sancho heard all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke; and that the fair princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep without troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. Cardenio was in the same doubt; and Lucinda knew not what to think. Don Fernando gave thanks to heaven for the blessing bestowed on him, in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed everything in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their share of the good that had befallen them. But she who rejoiced most, and was most delighted, was the hostess, Cardenio and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damages sustained upon Don Quixote's account. Sancho, as has been said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person: and so, with dismal looks, he went in to his master, who was then awake, to whom he said: Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Señor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already. I verily believe it, answered Don Quixote; for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran

along the ground, as if it had been water. As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say, answered Sancho: for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin: and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is—the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me. What is it you say, fool? replied Don Quixote; are you in your senses? Pray, get up, sir, quoth Sancho, and you will see what a fine spot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will see the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you. I shall wonder at nothing of all this, replied Don Quixote; for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it should be so now. I should believe so too, answered Sancho, if my being tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was downright real and true; and I saw, that the innkeeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me towards heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and whenever it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, though simple and a sinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap. Well, God will remedy it, quoth Don Quixote; give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of.

Sancho reached him his apparel; and, while he was dressing, the priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the Poor Rocks, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures which Sancho had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as everybody did, that it was the strangest kind of mad-

ness that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said further, that, since Madame Dorothea's good fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. No, said Don Fernando, it must not be so; for I will have Dorothea herself go on with her contrivance: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure. It is not above two days' journey, said the priest. Though it were farther, said Don Fernando, I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work.

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company, especially when they perceived his tawny and withered lantern-jaws, his ill-matched armour, and the stiffness of his measured pace: and they stood silent to hear what he would say, when, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he said: I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that from a queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in histories of knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them as attentively, and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never

so arrogant; for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie: but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we least think of it. It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant, quoth the innkeeper: but Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse, who went on, saying: I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that, if for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess's answer; who, knowing Don Fernando's inclination, that she should carry on the deceit, until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity, answered him: Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth: for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday: it is true indeed, some fortunate accidents, that have befallen me, to my heart's desire, have made some alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, sir, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far, and for the rest of the good success

I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast.

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea, and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain: tell me, thief, vagabond; didst thou not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore that bore thee; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow (and here he looked up to heaven, and gnashed his teeth) I have a great mind to make such havoc of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world. Pray, dear sir, be pacified, answered Sancho; for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess of Micomicona; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood's being but red wine, I am not deceived, as God liveth: for the skins yonder at your worship's bed's-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond; and if not, it will be seen in the frying of the eggs[1], I mean, you will find it, when his worship señor innkeeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has. I tell thee, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou art an ass; forgive me, that's enough. It is enough, said Don Fernando, and let no more be said of this; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, until to-morrow, when we will all bear Señor Don Quixote company: for we

[1] A proverb originating in the reply of a thief, who, as he made off with the frying-pan, was asked what he had there

desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprise. which he has undertaken. It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company, answered Don Quixote ; and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me.

Many compliments, and many offers of service, passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a traveller who just then entered the inn ; who by his garb seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors ; for he had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar: his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour: he had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came across his breast. There came in immediately after him a woman mounted on an ass, in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-set beard: in short, his mien, if he had been well-dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well-born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to spare in the inn, he seemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, on account of the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before: and Dorothea, who was always obliging, complaisant, and discreet, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her: Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations ; it is what one must not expect to meet

with at inns. And since it is so, if you please to take share with us (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse entertainment. The veiled lady returned her no answer, but only, rising from her seat, and laying her hands across on her breast, bowed her head and body in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in, and seeing that they were all standing about the woman that came with him, and that, whatever they said to her, she continued silent, he said: Ladies, this young woman understands scarce anything of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is, that she has not answered to anything you may have asked her. Nothing has been asked her, answered Lucinda, but only whether she would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated, and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good will which is due to all strangers that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex. Dear madam, answered the stranger, I kiss your hands for her and for myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time, and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great. Pray tell me, señor, said Dorothea, is this lady a Christian or a Moor? for her habit and her silence make us think she is what we wish she were not. She is a Moor, answered the stranger, in her attire and in her body; but in her soul she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one. She is not yet baptized then? answered Lucinda. There has been no time for that yet, answered the stranger, since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode, and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent, as

to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins; but I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized, with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine seem to denote.

This discourse gave all who heard him a desire to know who the Moor and the stranger were; but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take some rest, than to be inquiring into their lives. Dorothea took her by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so: accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea; and all the bystanders saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the Moor; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in some things. And, as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered, Lela Zoraida; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had inquired of the Christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria; letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: Yes, yes, Maria, Maria; to whom the Moor answered: Yes, yes, Maria, Zoraida macange; as much as to say, not Zoraida.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the innkeeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper-end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraida, and opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, spoke as follows:

In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profession exceeds all that have ever been invented by men; and so much the more honourable is it, by how much it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason they usually give, and which they lay the greatest stress upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters,

for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we who profess it call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's or the warrior's. And this may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each: for that intention is to be the most esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to heaven; for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared), I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds: 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will towards men': and the salutation, which the best master of earth or heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that when they entered into any house, they should say, 'Peace be to this house': and many other times he said: 'My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you'. A jewel and legacy worthy of coming from such a

hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest.

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure, and he continued saying:

I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible: and when I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to show his misery; for he who is poor is destitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, and sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them going a-sopping.[1] Neither do they always want a fireside or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly, at night, they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a

[1] Waiting outside a monastery-gate to share the soup given to the poor.

plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire, which being attained, we have seen many, who, having passed these Syrtes, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up as it were by a favourable fortune, I say, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask; a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short of them. as I shall presently show.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The continuation of Don Quixote's curious discourse upon arms and letters.

Don Quixote, continuing his discourse, said: Since in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer. And we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniencies: and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of

earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I say, suppose the day of battle come; and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket shot, which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get anything considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no comparison between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures.[1] All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who from the gown (I am loath to say the sleeves [2]) are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers: for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve; and this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong

[1] The meaning is that those who are rewarded do not amount to a thousand in number.

[2] The phrase is obscure; but *faldas* (gown) and *mangas* (sleeves) are taken to mean salary and perquisites respectively.

are the reasons which each party alleges on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters say, that, without them, arms could not subsist; for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion, which war carries along with it, while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute, that what costs most the attaining is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other such like inconveniencies, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier, costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel in some ravelin or cavalier, perceives that the enemy is mining towards the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? all that he can do in such a case, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine, and, in the meantime, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow

to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beakhead: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body; and though he knows, that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit the profound depths of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel: and what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which is owing, that without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frighted at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages. And, therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous

and renowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But heaven's will be done: I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, by how much the perils, to which I expose myself, are greater than those, to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed.

Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion, to see a man, who to everybody's thinking had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him, there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were preparing the chamber where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered that the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the stranger to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraida. To which the stranger answered, that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. And he, finding himself courted by so many, said: There is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command: and therefore, pray be attentive, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by

any feigned ones, though usually composed with the most curious and studied art. What he said made all the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows:

CHAPTER XXXIX

Wherein the captive relates his life and adventures.

In a certain town, in the mountains of Leon, my lineage had its beginning; to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune; though amidst the penury of those parts my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal: and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters but very rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal; a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three, all sons, and of age to choose their way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and spendthrift, which was, to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, calling us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this or the like manner:

My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say you are my children; and to make you

think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life, which may be for your honour and profit when you are grown up. Now, what I have resolved upon is, to divide what I possess into four parts: three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve, to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has the share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall propose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences drawn from long and wise experience; and it is this: 'the church, the sea, or the court'; as if one should say more plainly: whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the king in his court; for it is a saying, that, 'the king's bit is better than the lord's bounty'. I say this, because it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in his wars; for it is difficult to get admission into his household; and, though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed; and then he bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him

I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca.

As soon as we had agreed, and chose our several professions, my father embraced us all, and with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the self-same day, we all took leave of our good father, and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father so old, and with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each a thousand ducats; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. To be short, we took our leave of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicante, where I heard of a Genoese ship that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two and twenty years since I first left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at Alicante, and had a good passage to Genoa: from thence I went to Milan, where I fur-

nished myself with arms, and some military finery; and from thence determined to go into the service in Piedmont: and being upon the road to Alessandria della Paglia, I was informed that the great Duke de Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the Counts Egmont and Horn. I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina [1]. And soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V of happy memory, and Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk, who about the same time had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good king Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league, and great preparations for war were everywhere talked of. All which incited a vehement desire in me to be present in the battle that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises, and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. And my good fortune would have it, that Don John of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, rather by my good fortune, than by my deserts. But that day which was so fortunate to Christendom (for all nations were then undeceived of their error in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea); on that day, I say, in which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken; among so many happy persons as there

[1] Cervantes served as a private in Urbina's company, which formed part of Diego de Moncada's regiment.

were (for sure the Christians, who died there, had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors), I alone remained unfortunate, since, instead of, what I might have expected had it been in the times of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus:

Uchali [1], king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley of Malta, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded; the captain-galley of John Andrea Doria [2] came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which, getting off suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me; and so I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many: in short, I was carried off prisoner, and sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful; and a slave, when so many were freed: for fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, did that day recover their long-wished-for liberty. They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Señor Selim made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the Order of Malta. The year following, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley with the three lanterns [3]; and there I saw and observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole

[1] Aluch Ali.

[2] Giovanni Andrea Doria: the fragments of a statue erected to him are preserved in the cloister of San Matteo at Genoa.

[3] The distinctive sign of the admiral's vessel.

Turkish navy in port. For all the [marines][1] and janizaries on board took it for granted they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and their passamaques (or shoes) in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement: such terror had our navy struck into them. But heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains, that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino, and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still until the season of the year forced Don John to return home. In his campaign, the galley, called the *Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples, called the *She-wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Álvaro de Bazan, marquess of Santa Cruz. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the *Prize*.

The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that, as soon as they who were at the oar saw that the *She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who stood near the poop [2], calling out to them to row hard, and passing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows, that he had passed but little beyond the mast before his soul was passed to hell: such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, which was seventy-three, it was known there

[1] I have corrected the translator's mistake in rendering *levantes* by 'Levantines'.

[2] *Estanterol:* there is no precise equivalent in English.

that Don John had taken Tunis, and that kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession thereof, cutting off the hopes that Muley Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world. The Grand Turk felt this loss very sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity, which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he clapped up a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he: and the year following, being that of seventy-four, he attacked the fortress of [the] Goleta [1], and the fort which Don John had left half finished near Tunis. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption: at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost, and the fort also; before which places the Turks had seventy-five thousand men in pay, besides above four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa: and this vast multitude was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through the default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had now shown, how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the Turks now met with none within two yards; and so by the help of a great number of sacks of sand, they raised their works so high as to overlook and command the fortifications: and so levelling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkment: but they who talk thus

[1] *La Goleta* = the 'gullet' (of the lagoon).

speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For if there were scarce seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta and in the fort, how could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts against such a multitude as that of the enemy? and how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and besides in their own country? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor Charles the Fifth; as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should keep it up. The fort also was taken at last: but the Turks were forced to purchase it inch by inch; for the soldiers who defended it fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general assaults. And of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia, and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of [the] Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart, that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagano Doria, knight

of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria: and what made his death the more lamented was, his dying by the hands of some African Arabs, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who made good upon them our Castilian proverb, that, 'though we love the treason, we hate the traitor'; for it is said, the general ordered, that those, who brought him the present, should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the Christians who were taken in the fort was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts; in particular, he had a happy talent in poetry[1]. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with me, and we served in the same galley and at the same oar: and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaph, one upon [the] Goleta, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you.

At the instant the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and all three smiled: and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: Pray, sir, before you go any further I beseech you to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar you talk of? All I know, answered the captive, is, that, after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut, with a Greek spy, and I cannot tell whether he

[1] A manuscript containing memoirs ascribed to this Aguilar was discovered in England, and was printed in 1875.

recovered his liberty; though I believe he did: for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of that journey. He returned to Spain, said the gentleman; for that Don Pedro is my brother, and is now in our town, in health, and rich, is married, and has three children. Thanks be to God, said the captive, for the blessings bestowed on him; for in my opinion, there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty. Besides, replied the gentleman, I have by heart the sonnets my brother made. Then, pray, sir, repeat them, said the captive; for you will be able to do it better than I can. With all my heart, answered the gentleman: that upon Goleta was thus:

CHAPTER XL

In which is continued the history of the captive.

SONNET

O happy souls, by death at length set free
From the dark prison of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,
From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
What generous ardour fired each manly breast!
Whilst slaughter'd heaps disdain'd the sandy shore,
And the tinged ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
O'erpower'd by numbers, gloriously ye fell:
Death only could such matchless courage quell.
Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
Its fame the world, its glory heaven bestows!

You have it right, said the captive. That on the fort, said the gentleman, if I do not forget, was as follows:

SONNET

From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
And scatter'd clods that heap th'ensanguin'd ground,

Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
To better regions took their happy flight.
Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
And fearless shed their unavailing blood;
Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal soil has ever been the tomb
Of slaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb;
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain.

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, went on with his story, saying:

[The] Goleta and the fort being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle [the] Goleta: as for the fort, it was in such a condition that there was nothing left to be demolished. And to do the work more speedily, and with less labour, they undermined it in three places: it is true, they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the engineer Fratin [1], came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and triumphant; and within a few months died my master the famous Uchali, whom people called Uchali Fartax, that is to say, in the Turkish language, 'the scabby renegado': for he was so; and it is customary among the Turks to nickname people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. And the reason is, because there are but four surnames of families which contend for nobility with the Ottoman; and the rest, as I have said, take names and surnames either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the Grand Señor's: and, at about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, to have it in his power to be revenged on

[1] *Fratin* = little monk, the nickname of Giacome Palearo.

him, he renounced his religion. And so great was his valour, that, without rising by those base methods by which the minions of the Grand Señor usually rise, he came to be king of Algiers, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man, and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the Grand Señor, who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased, and the other among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegado, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by Uchali, and was so beloved by him, that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegadoes that ever was seen: his name was Azanaga [1]. He grew very rich, and became king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near Spain: not that I intended to write an account to anybody of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed nor successful: and in Algiers I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired: for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived, and put in execution, did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable.

Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a prison or house, which the Turks call a bath, where they keep their Christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom they call of the Almazen, that is to say, 'captives of the council,' who serve the city in its public works, and

[1] A mistake of the author's for Hassan Pasha.

in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for, as they belong to the public, and have no particular master, there is nobody for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these baths, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety, until their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless it be when their ransom is long in coming; for then, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest; which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; and though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen, and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bath, with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, distinguished and accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see, at every turn, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties with which our master used the Christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One Spanish soldier only, called such an one De Saavedra [1], happened to be in his good graces; and though he did things which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word: and for the least of many things he did, we all feared he

[1] Cervantes himself.

would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once; and, were it not that the time will not allow me, I would now tell you of some things done by this soldier, which would be more entertaining, and more surprising, than the relation of my story.

But to return. The courtyard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction, which, as is usual there, were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It fell out then, that one day as I was upon a terrace of our prison with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves (for all the rest of the Christians were gone out to work), by chance I looked up, and saw, from out of one of those little windows I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it: the cane moved up and down, as if it made signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do; but, as he came near, they advanced the cane, and moved it from side to side, as if they had said No, with the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former: then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let drop, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at the corner of it I found ten zianyis, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals of our money. I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize; and indeed I was no less pleased than surprised to think from whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me; for the letting fall the cane to me alone plainly showed

that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my welcome money; I broke the cane to pieces; I returned to the terrace; I looked back to the window, and perceived a very white hand go out and in, to open and shut it hastily. Hereby we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman, who lived in that house, who had been thus charitable to us; and, to express our thanks, we made our reverences after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

Soon after, there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was presently drawn in again. On this signal we concluded, that some Christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then again we imagined it must be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as our north, from whence that star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed, in which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever. And though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade there, we never could learn anything more, than that the house was that of a considerable and rich Moor, named Agimorato, who had been Alcaide of Pata [1], an office among them of great authority. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more zianyis from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former; and this was at a time when the bath, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three

[1] Near Oran.

companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic; and at the top of the writing was a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace: we all made our reverences; the hand appeared again; I made signs that I would read the paper; the hand shut the window; and we all remained amazed, yet overjoyed at what had happened: and as none of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it.

At last I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of Murcia, who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him: for it is usual with renegadoes, when they have a mind to return to Christendom, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegado is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and that he had a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good intention: others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only; for, going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and pretend that those papers will show the design they came upon, namely, to get into some Christian country, which was the reason of their going a-pirating with the Turks. By this means they escape the first fury, and reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to Barbary, and to their former course of life. Others there are who procure and make use of these papers with a good design, and remain in the Christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegado

of this sort, and had gotten certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers about him they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at it, and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said, he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done, he said: What is here set down in Spanish is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper; and you must take notice, that where it says Lela Marien, it means our Lady the Virgin Mary. We read the paper, which was as follows:

'When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave, who instructed me in the Christian worship, and told me many things of Lela Marien. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Allah; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians, to see Lela Marien, who loved me very much. I know not how it is; I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am very beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care; for Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I write this myself: be careful to whom you give it to read: trust not to any Moor: for they are all treacherous: therefore I am very much perplexed; for I would not have you discover it to anybody; for if my father comes to know it, he will

immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie your answer to it: and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs; for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Allah keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do.'

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprised at the contents of this paper: and both our joy and surprise was so great, that the renegado perceived that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us; and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty; and saying this, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and with many tears, swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him: for he imagined, and almost divined, that by means of her who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he in particular attain what he so earnestly desired, which was to be restored to the bosom of the holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegado said this with so many tears, and signs of so much repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the case; and so we gave him an account of the whole, without concealing anything from him. We showed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and by that he marked the house, and resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed it would be right to answer the Moor's billet; and as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegado that instant wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circum-

stances which befell me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. In short, the answer to the Moor was this:

'The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien, who is the true mother of God, and is she who has put into your heart the desire of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do; for she is so good she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you; for the great Allah has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may without fear give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so; and know, that the Christians keep their words better than the Moors. Allah, and Marien his mother, have you in their keeping, dear lady.

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days until the bath was empty, as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terrace, to see if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I showed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it; but it was already fastened to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and, in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop, and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times,

confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us he had learned that the same Moor, we were before informed of, dwelt in that house, and that his name was Agimorato; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city, that she was the most beautiful woman in all Barbary; and that several of the viceroys, who had been sent thither, had sought her to wife, but that she never would consent to marry: and he also learned that she had a Christian woman slave, who died some time before: all which agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegado, what method we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom: and in fine it was agreed for that time that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraida: for that was the name of her, who now desires to be called Maria: for it was very easy to see, that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties that lay in our way. After we were come to this resolution, the renegado bid us not be uneasy; for he would set us at liberty, or lose his life. The bath, after this, was four days full of people, which occasioned the cane's not appearing in all that time: at the end of which, the bath being empty as usual, it appeared with the handkerchief so pregnant, that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and a hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us it said thus:

'I do not know, dear sir, how to contrive a method for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have asked it of her. What may be done, is: I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold: redeem yourself and your friends therewith, and let one of you go to the

country of the Christians, and buy a bark, and return for the rest; and he will find me in my father's garden, at the Babazon-gate close to the seaside, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark. And remember you are to be my husband; for, if not, I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden: and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bath is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Allah preserve thee, dear sir!'

These were the contents of the second letter: which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself: but the renegado opposed these offers, saying, he would in no wise consent, that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him, how ill men, when free, keep the promises they have made while in slavery; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming some one, who should go to Valencia or Majorca, with money, to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him, but the person sent has never come back: for liberty once regained, and the fear of losing it again, effaces out of the memory all obligations in the world. And, in confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case, which had happened very lately to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprising and wonderful things come to pass. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give him the money designed for the ransom of a Christian, to buy a vessel there in Algiers, upon pretence of turning

merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and on that coast, and that, being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive how to get them all out of the bath, and put them on board. But if the Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noonday: the greatest difficulty, he said, was, that the Moors do not allow any renegado to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go a-pirating; for they suspect, that he who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, designs only to get into Christendom therewith: but this inconvenience, he said, he would obviate, by taking in a Tagarin Moor [1] for partner of the vessel, and in the profits of the merchandise: and under this colour he should become master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as done. Now, though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him; fearing, lest, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design, and put us in danger of losing our lives, in case he discovered Zoraida's intrigue, for whose life we would all have laid down our own: and therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegado. And in that instant we answered Zoraida, that we would do all that she had advised; for she had directed as well as if Lela Marien herself had inspired her; and that it depended entirely upon her, either that the business should be delayed, or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband: and so the next day, the bath happening to be clear, she, at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper, wherein she said, that the first Jumá, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden, and that, before she went she would give us more money: and if that was not

[1] An Aragonese Moor, as explained at the beginning of Chapter xli, p. 429.

sufficient, she bid us let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired; for her father had so much, that he would never miss it; and besides, she kept the keys of all.

We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me, that the first ship that came from Valencia, my ransom should be paid. For if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect, that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In short, my master was so jealous, that I did not dare upon any account to pay the money immediately. The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means get an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in few words, that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to Lela Marien, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bath, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraida; for, though their being men of honour might have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, and so got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us; to whom nevertheless we did not discover our management and secret, because of the danger it would have exposed us to.

CHAPTER XLI

Wherein the captive continues the story of his adventures.

In less than fifteen days our renegado had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons, and to make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers, towards Oran, to which there is a great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, in company of the Tagarin aforesaid. The Moors of Aragon are called in Barbary Tagarins, and those of Granada Mudéjares; and in the kingdom of Fez the Mudéjares are called Elches, who are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. You must know, that each time he passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek, not two bow-shot distant from the garden, where Zoraida expected us: and there the renegado designedly set himself, together with the Moors that rowed, either to perform the cela [1], or to practise, by way of jest, what he intended to execute in earnest; and with this view he would go to Zoraida's garden, and beg some fruit which her father would give him, without knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to Zoraida, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be easy and secure: but it was impossible for him to do it, the Moorish women never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers. Christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frighted her to

[1] The prayer recited daily by orthodox Mahometans.

see that the business was entrusted with a renegado. But God, who ordered it otherwise, gave the renegado no opportunity of effecting his good design: who, finding how securely he went to and from Sargel, and that he lay at anchor, when, how, and where he pleased, and that the Tagarin, his partner, had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but to find some Christians to help to row; he bade me consider whom I would bring with me besides those already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected: and it was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out a-pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them; and these had not been found but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galiot to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them, but that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next Friday, in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about Agimorato's garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, with this caution, that, if they should see any other Christians there they should only say, I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

This point being taken care of, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all; which was, to advertise Zoraida how matters stood, that she might be in readiness, and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted, if we rushed upon her on a sudden before the time she could think that the vessel from Christendom could be arrived. And therefore I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her: and under pretence of gathering some herbs, one day before our departure, I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over Barbary, and even at

Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood. He, I say, in that jargon, asked me what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged ? I answered him, I was a slave of Arnaute Mami [1] (who, I knew, was a very great friend of his), and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me, if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me ? While we were thus talking, the fair Zoraida, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before the Christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who seeing her walking slowly towards us, called to her, and bid her come on. It would be too hard a task for me at this time, to express the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved Zoraida appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ankles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two carcaxes (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in Morisco), of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds, that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles ; and those she wore on her wrist were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good ; for the greatest finery and magnificence of the Moorish women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed-pearls : and therefore there are more of that sort among the Moors, than among all other nations ; and Zoraida's father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in Algiers, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns ; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once

[1] The pirate who took Cervantes prisoner on his way from Naples to Spain.

mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments, she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known, that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents, which diminish or increase it; nay, the very passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned, and extremely beautiful; to me at least she seemed the most so of anything I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief.

When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and that I came to look for a salad. She took up the discourse, and in the aforesaid medley of languages, asked me, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her I was already ransomed, and by the price she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred pieces of eight for me. To which she answered: Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum: for you Christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors. It may very well be so, madam, answered I; but, in truth, I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by everybody in the world. And when go you away? said Zoraida. To-morrow, I believe, said I: for there is a French vessel, which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her. Would it not be better, replied Zoraida, to stay until some ships come from Spain, and go with them, and not with those of France, who are not your friends? No, madam, answered I: but should the news we have of a Spanish ship's coming suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow;

for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great, that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better. You are married, doubtless, in your own country, said Zoraida, and therefore you are so desirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife? No, I replied, I am not married; but I have given my word to marry, as soon as I get thither. And is the lady, whom you have promised, beautiful? said Zoraida. So beautiful, answered I, that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself. Her father laughed heartily at this, and said: Really, Christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom: observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth. Zoraida's father served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though she spoke the bastard language, in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud, that four Turks had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was put into a fright, and so was Zoraida; for the Moors are naturally afraid of the Turks, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the Moors, who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Zoraida's father said to her: Daughter, retire into the house, and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs: and you, Christian, gather your herbs, and begone in peace, and Allah send you safe to your own country. I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who also made as if she was going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me, with her eyes full of tears, and said:

Tamexi, Cristiano, Tamexi? that is, 'Are you going away, Christian? are you going away?' I answered, Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next Jumá, and be not frighted when you see us; for we shall certainly get to Christendom. I said this in such a manner, that she understood me very well; and, throwing her arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling towards the house: and fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if heaven had not ordained otherwise), that, while we were going in that posture and manner I told you, her arm being about my neck, her father, returning from driving away the Turks, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he discovered us. But Zoraida had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but rather held me closer: and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, gave plain signs of fainting away; and I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her. But she not answering, he said: 'Without doubt, these dogs have frighted her into a swoon;' and taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom; and she, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again, Amexi, Cristiano, Amexi, 'Begone, Christian, begone'. To which her father answered: There is no occasion, child, why the Christian should go away; he has done you no harm; and the Turks are gone off; let nothing fright you; there is no danger: for, as I have already told you, the Turks, at my request, have returned by the way they came. Sir, said I to her father, they have frighted her, as you say; but, since she bids me begone I will not disturb her: God be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion, for herbs to this garden; for my master says, there are no better for a salad anywhere than here. You may come whenever you will, answered Agimorato; for my daughter does not say

this, as having been offended by you or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks begone, she bade you begone, only because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs. I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been rent from her, went away with her father. And I, under pretence of gathering herbs, walked over, and took a view of the whole garden, at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, and the strength of the house, and every conveniency which might tend to facilitate our business.

When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegado and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented me in the beautiful Zoraida. In a word, time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came; and, all observing the order and method, which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, we had the desired success. For, the Friday following the day when I talked with Zoraida in the garden, the renegado [1] at the close of the evening cast anchor with the bark almost opposite to where Zoraida dwelt. The Christians who were to be employed at the oar, were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all in suspense, their hearts beating, and in expectation of my coming, being eager to surprise the bark, which lay before their eyes: for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegado, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the Moors who were on board the vessel. As soon, therefore as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were shut, and nobody appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first to Zoraida,

[1] I have here corrected a mistake into which the translator was led by following a corrupt text.

or secure the Moors, who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegado came to us, asking us what we stayed for; for now was the time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about, and he said, that the thing of the most importance was, first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without any manner of danger, and then we might presently go and fetch Zoraida. We all approved of what he said, and so, without further delay, he being our guide, we came to the vessel; and he, leaping in first, drew a cutlass, and said in Morisco: Let not one man of you stir, unless he has a mind it should cost him his life. By this time all the Christians were got on board; and the Moors, who were timorous fellows, hearing the master speak thus, were in a great fright; and, without making any resistance (for indeed they had few or no arms) silently suffered themselves to be bound; which was done very expeditiously, the Christians threatening the Moors, that, if they raised any manner of cry, or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword.

This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegado being still our leader, went to Agimorato's garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked; and we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraida was expecting us at a window, and when she heard people coming, she asked, in a low voice, whether we were Nazareni, that is, Christians? I answered, we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she stayed not a moment, but without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and, opening the door, appeared to us all so beautiful, and richly attired, that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand, and kissed it: the renegado did the same, and my two comrades

also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgements to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in Morisco, whether her father was in the house: she answered, he was, and asleep. Then we must awake him, replied the renegado, and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa. No, said she, my father must by no means be touched, and there is nothing considerable here, but what I have with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content: stay a little and you shall see. And, so saying, she went in again, and bade us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegado what she said: he told me, and I bade him be sure to do just as Zoraida would have him, who was now returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly carry it.

Ill fortune would have it, that her father in the meantime happened to awake, and, hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window, and presently found that there were Christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic, Christians, Christians, thieves, thieves: which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegado, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the enterprise, before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where Agimorato was; and with him ran up several others of us: but I did not dare to quit Zoraida, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short, they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with Agimorato, having tied his hands, and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him, if he made the least noise, it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, that she might not see him, and her father was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put

herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some cross accident. Scarcely two hours of the night were passed, when we were now all got on board, and then we untied the hands of Zoraida's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth: but the renegado warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any show of opposition, or complaint, or coyness, sat so still and quiet: nevertheless he held his peace, lest we should put the renegado's threats in execution.

Zoraida now, finding herself in the bark, and that we began to handle our oars, and seeing her father there, and the rest of the Moors, who were bound, spoke to the renegado, to desire me to do her the favour to loose those Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see a father who loved her so tenderly carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so: but he replied, it was not convenient; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country, and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape: but what might be done, was to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. We all came into this opinion, and Zoraida also was satisfied, when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request. And then immediately, with joyful silence, and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and, recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began

to make towards the island of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of Majorca, and we were forced to keep along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid likewise of meeting in our passage, with some of those galiots, which come usually with merchandise from Tetuan; though, each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed, that if we should meet a galiot, provided it were not a cruiser, we should be so far from being ruined, that we should probably take a vessel, wherein we might more securely pursue our voyage. While we proceeded in our voyage, Zoraida kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling on Lela Marien to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles, when daybreak came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shot distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert, and without any creature to discover us: however, by mere dint of rowing, we made a little out to sea, which was by this time become more calm; and when we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered they should row by turns, whilst we took a little refreshment; the bark being well provided: but the rowers said it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but would eat and row, if those, who were unemployed, would bring the victuals to them. They did so: and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails, and lay down our oars, and steer directly to Oran, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave the Moorish prisoners some-

thing to eat, and the renegado comforted them, telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity: and he said the same to Zoraida's father, who answered: I might, perhaps, expect or hope for any other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O Christains; but as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me, to restore it to me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you by my ransom; which do but name, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand, for myself, and for this my unhappy daughter, or else for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul. In saying this, he began to weep so bitterly, that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraida to look up at him; who seeing him weep in that manner, was so melted, that she got up from me, and ran to embrace her father; and laying her face to his, they two began so tender a lamentation, that many of us could not forbear keeping them company. But when her father observed, that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language: How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary and household dress, and now, without having had time to dress yourself, or having received any joyful news, fit to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best clothes that I could possibly give you when fortune was more favourable to us? answer me to this; for it holds me in greater suspense and astonishment, than the misfortune itself, into which I am fallen. The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who answered him not a word: but when he saw in a corner of the vessel, the little trunk, in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers, and had not brought

with him to the garden, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it ? to which the renegado, without staying until Zoraida spoke, answered : Trouble not yourself, señor, about asking your daughter so many questions ; for with one word I can satisfy them all : and therefore be it known to you, that she is a Christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains, and give us the liberty we enjoy : she is here, with her own consent, and well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, like one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory. Is this true, daughter ? said the Moor. It is, answered Zoraida. In effect then, replied the old man, you are become a Christian, and are she, who has put her father into the power of his enemies ? to which Zoraida answered : I am indeed a Christian ; but not she, who has reduced you to this condition : for my desire never was to do you harm, but only myself good. And what good have you done yourself, my daughter ? Ask that, answered she, of Lela Marien, who can tell you better than I can.

The Moor had scarcely heard this, when with incredible precipitation, he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned, had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. Zoraida cried out to save him ; and we all presently ran, and, laying hold of his garment, dragged him out, half drowned, and senseless ; at which sight Zoraida was so affected that she set up a tender and sorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had been really dead. We turned him with his mouth downward, and he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the meantime, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars, to avoid running upon the shore ; but by good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or head, which, by the Moors, is called the cape of Cava Rumia, that is to say, in our language, 'The wicked Christian

woman'[1]; for the Moors have a tradition, that Cava[2], who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there; Cava signifying, in their language, a 'wicked woman'[3], and rumia, 'a Christian': and further, they reckon it an ill omen, to be forced to anchor there; and otherwise they never do so; though to us it proved, not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars: we ate of what the renegado had provided, and prayed to God and to Our Lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning. Order was given, at Zoraida's entreaty, to set her father on shore with the rest of the Moors, who until now had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender feelings brook, to see her father, and her countrymen, carried off prisoners before her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain; heaven heard them; for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea was calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage.

Seeing this, we unbound the Moors, and set them one by one on shore; at which they were greatly surprised: but when we came to disembark Zoraida's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said: Why, Christians, think you, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? think you it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No,

[1] The real meaning appears to be 'the tomb of the Christian'.

[2] There is no historical basis for this legend.

[3] *Cahba* has this meaning in Arabic; but the epithet has no application to Julian's daughter, and was first bestowed on her in the false *Crónica de Abentarique* (1589) by the forger, Miguel de Luna, who added the erroneous detail that her real name was Florinda. Cava is an abbreviation of the proper name Alataba.

certainly; but it is because of the disturbance my presence would give her, when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. And think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours: no; but because she knows, that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours. And, turning to Zoraida (I and another Christian, holding him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage) he said: O, infamous girl, and ill-advised maiden! whither goest thou blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour, wherein I begat thee: and cursed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up! But, perceiving he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him ashore, and from thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech God to destroy, confound, and make an end of us: and when, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions; which were, tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himself on the ground: and once he raised his voice so high, that we could hear him say: Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all; let those men keep the money they already have; and do thou come back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land, if thou forsakest him. All this Zoraida heard; all this she felt, and bewailed; but could not speak, nor answer him a word, only, May it please Allah, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Allah well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that these Christians are not indebted to me for any particular goodwill to them, since, though I had had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it was impossible; for my mind would not let me be at rest, until I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you, my dearest father, think it bad. This

she said, when we were got so far off, that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted Zoraida, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

But, as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our fortune would have it, or perhaps the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will), I say, it happened, that being now got far out to sea, and the third hour of the night wellnigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them; by the light of the moon, which shone very bright, we discovered a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little ahead of us, but so very near to us, that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also put the helm hard up, to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck, to ask who we were, whither we were going, and from whence we came: but asking us in French, our renegado said: Let no one answer; for these without doubt are French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net. Upon this caution, nobody spoke a word; and, having sailed a little on, their vessel being under the wind, on a sudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, and both, as it appeared, with chain-shot; for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other at the same instant came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisted out the boat or pinnace, with about twelve Frenchmen in her, well armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, they came up close to us,

and seeing how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us, that this had befallen us because of our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegado took the trunk, in which was Zoraida's treasure, and without being perceived by any one, threw it overboard into the sea. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where, after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of everything, and Zoraida even of the bracelets she wore upon her ankles: but the uneasiness they gave her gave me less than the apprehension I was in, lest they should proceed, from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to the depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But the desires of this sort of men seldom extend further than to money, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time; for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made anything of them. Some of them were of opinion, it would be best to throw us all overboard, wrapped up in a sail: for their design was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Brittany; and, should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraida, said, he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way to Rochelle, from whence he came; and therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make: which they did the next day in view of the Spanish coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us; so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty. It was about noon, when they put us into the boat, giving us

two barrels of water, and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraida, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to strip her of these very clothes she has now on.

We went on board giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and showing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering towards the Straits; and we, without minding any other north star than the land before us, rowed so hard, that we were, at sunset, so near it, that we might easily, we thought, get thither before the night should be far spent: but the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon, we did not think it safe to land, as several among us would have had us, though it were among the rocks, and far from any town; for by that means they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who are overnight in Barbary, and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However it was agreed at last, that we should row gently towards the shore, and, if the sea proved calm, we should land wherever we could. We did so; and, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, and kissed the ground, and, with tears of joy and satisfaction, gave thanks to God our Lord for the unparalleled mercy he had shown us in our voyage. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; and, though it was really so, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe, that the ground we were upon was Christian ground. We thought the day would never come: at last we got to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or huts of shepherds; but as far as ever

we could see, neither habitation, nor person, nor path, nor road, could we discover at all. However we determined to go farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see somebody, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most, was to see Zoraida travel on foot through those craggy places; for, though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, my weariness fatigued her more than her own resting relieved her: and therefore she would not suffer me to take that pains any more: and so went on with very great patience and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had gone in this manner somewhat less than a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us; and all of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot of a cork-tree, in great tranquillity and repose, shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he lifted up his head, got up nimbly on his feet; and, as we came to understand afterwards, the first, who presented themselves to his sight, being the renegado and Zoraida, he seeing them in Moorish habits, thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him; and making towards the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as ever he could, Moors! the Moors are landed: Moors! Moors! arm, arm! We, hearing this outcry, were confounded, and knew not what to do: but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed, that the renegado should strip off his Turkish habit, and put on a jerkin or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches. And so, recommending ourselves to God, we went on, the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coastguard would be upon us; nor were we deceived in our apprehension; for, in less than two hours, as we came

down the hill into the plain, we discovered above fifty horsemen coming towards us at a half-gallop; and, as soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the Moors they looked for, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised, and one of them asked us, whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country? I answered we were: and being about to acquaint him whence we came, and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us, knew the horseman who had asked us the question, and, without giving me time to say anything more, he cried: God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez Málaga, and, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, sir, who are asking us these questions, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle. Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying to him: Dear nephew of my soul and of my life, I know you: and we have often bewailed your death, I, and my sister your mother, and all your kindred, who are still alive; and God has been pleased to prolong their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers, and by the appearance of your dress, and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner. It is so, answered the young man, and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story. As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Málaga, which was a league and half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and Zoraida rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having

heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They did not come to see captives freed, or Moors made slaves; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other: but they came to gaze at the beauty of Zoraida, which was at that time in its full perfection; for what with the fatigue of walking, and the joy of being in Christendom, without the fear of being lost, such colours showed themselves in her face, that if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to say, there never was in the world a more beautiful creature; at least none that I had ever seen.

We went directly to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy we had received, and Zoraida, at first entering, said there were faces there very like that of Lela Marien. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every one of them were really that very Lela Marien, who had spoke to her. She, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, presently understood what was told her concerning the images. After this they carried us, and lodged us in different houses of the town; but the Christian, who came with us, took the renegado, Zoraida, and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and treated us with as much kindness as they did their own son. We stayed in Velez six days, at the end of which the renegado, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of Granada, there to be readmitted, by means of the Holy Inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased: as for Zoraida and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on Zoraida; with part of which I bought this beast she rides on; and hitherto I have served her as a father and gentleman usher, and not as a husband. We are going with a

design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself: though considering that heaven has given me Zoraida, no other fortune could have befallen me, which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which Zoraida bears the inconveniencies poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a Christian, is such and so great, that I am in admiration, and look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. But the delight I take in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed by my not knowing whether I shall find any corner in my own country wherein to shelter her, and whether time and death have not made such alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find anybody that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is my history: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances, which were at my tongue's end.

CHAPTER XLII

Which treats of what further happened in the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

HERE the captive ended his story; to whom Don Fernando said: Truly, captain, the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such, as equals the surprising novelty of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which astonish and surprise those who hear them. And so great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that though the story should have held until to-morrow, we should have wished it were to

begin again. And, upon saying this, Cardenio and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their goodwill. Don Fernando in particular offered him, that, if he would return with him, he would prevail with the marquess his brother, to stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in such a manner, that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person. The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night was come on; and, about dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, with some men on horseback. They asked for a lodging. The hostess answered, there was not an inch of room in the whole inn, but what was taken up. Though it be so, said one of the men on horseback, there must be room made for my lord judge here in the coach. At this name the hostess was troubled, and said: Sir, the truth is, I have no bed; but if his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter in God's name; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour. Then let it be so, quoth the squire. But by this time there had already alighted out of the coach a man, who by his garb presently discovered the office and dignity he bore: for the long gown and tucked-up sleeves he had on showed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, seemingly about sixteen years of age, in a riding dress, so genteel, so beautiful, and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, insomuch that, had they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida, who were in the inn, they would have believed that such another beautiful damsel could hardly have been found. Don Quixote was present at the coming in of the judge and the young lady; and so, as soon as he saw him, he said: Your worship may

securely enter here, and walk about in this castle: for, though it be narrow and ill-accommodated, there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world, which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, sir, I say, into this paradise; for here you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection. The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of Don Quixote's, whom he set himself to look at very earnestly, admiring no less at his figure than at his words: and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when he saw Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida appear, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her. But Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. In fine, my lord judge entered, no less confounded at what he saw, than at what he heard; and the beauties of the inn welcomed the fair stranger. In short, the judge easily perceived, that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of Don Quixote distracted him. After the usual civilities passed on all sides, and inquiry made into what conveniencies the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter, who was the young lady, should accompany those ladies; which she did with all her heart. And with part of the innkeeper's narrow bed, together with what the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, who, from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother, asked one of the servants that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of ? The servant answered, that he was called the Licentiate John Perez de Viedma, and that he had heard say, he was born in a town in the mountains of Leon. With this account, and with what he had seen, he was entirely confirmed in the opinion that this was that brother of his, who, by advice of his father, had applied himself to learning: and overjoyed and pleased herewith, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him, that he was going to the Indies in quality of judge of the courts of Mexico. He understood also that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother died in childbed of her, and that the judge was become very rich by her dowry, which came to him by his having this child by her. He asked their advice, what way he should take to discover himself, or how he should first know, whether, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with bowels of affection. Leave it to me to make the experiment, said the priest, and the rather, because there is no reason to doubt, señor captain, but that you will be very well received: for the worth and prudence, which appear in your brother's looks, give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune. Nevertheless, said the captain, I would fain make myself known to him by some roundabout way, and not suddenly and at unawares. I tell you, answered the priest, I will manage it after such a manner, that all parties shall be satisfied.

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down at table, excepting the captive, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the

midst of supper, the priest said: My lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry: but as unfortunate as he was resolute and brave. And pray, sir, what was this captain's name? said the judge. He was called, answered the priest, Ruy Perez de Viedma, and he was born in a village in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance, which happened between his father, himself, and his two brethren, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by a fireside in winter. For he told me, his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of Cato. And I can assure you, that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well, that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great virtue, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road of becoming a colonel very soon. But fortune proved adverse; for where he might have expected to have her favour, he lost it, together with his liberty, in that glorious action, whereby so many recovered theirs,—I mean in the battle of Lepanto. Mine I lost in [the] Goleta; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he came to Algiers, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befell him. The priest then went on, and recounted to him very briefly what had passed between his brother and Zoraida. To all which the judge was so attentive, that never any judge was more so. The priest went no further than that point, where the French stripped the Christians that came in the bark, and the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful Moor were left: pretending that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in Spain, or were carried by the Frenchmen to France.

The captain stood at some distance, listening to all the priest said, and observed all the emotions of his brother; who, perceiving the priest had ended his story, fetching a deep sigh, and his eyes standing with water, said: O sir, you know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly that I am constrained to show it by these tears, which flow from my eyes, in spite of all my discretion and reserve! That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who being of a stronger constitution, and of more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms; which was one of the three ways proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you, when you thought he was telling you a fable. I applied myself to learning, which, by God's blessing on my industry, has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich, that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality. I also have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, until I arrived at the rank to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest son, and begging of God with incessant prayers, that death may not close his eyes, until he has once again beheld his son alive. And I wonder extremely, considering his discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself; for had he, or any of us, known his case, he needed not to have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern, is to think whether those Frenchmen have set him at liberty, or killed him, to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now

are, I would go and find you, to deliver you from your troubles, though at the expense of my own repose. Oh! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive? Though you were in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth, my brother's, and mine, would fetch you thence. O beautiful and bountiful Zoraida; who can repay the kindness you have done my brother? Who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight? These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all who heard him bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow.

The priest then, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense; and so, rising from table, and going in where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand, and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea, and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest would do; who, taking him also by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the judge and the rest of the company were, and said: My lord judge, cease your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire, since you have before your eyes your good brother, and your good sister-in-law. He whom you behold is Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Moor, who did him so much good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of showing the liberality of your generous breast. The captain ran to embrace his brother, who set both his hands against the captain's breast, to look at him a little more asunder: but, when he thoroughly knew him, he embraced him so closely, shedding such melting tears of joy, that most of those present bore him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern they showed, can, I believe, hardly

be conceived, much less written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection; now the judge embraced Zoraida, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her; now the beautiful Christian and most beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Now Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. Now it was agreed that the captain and Zoraida should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraida, it being impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage. In fine, they were all satisfied, and rejoiced at the captive's success; and two parts of the night being wellnigh spent, they agreed to retire, and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant, or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty enclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late: and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which will cost him so dear, as you shall be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to stand sentinel at the castle gate, as he had promised.

It fell out, then, that a little before day, there reached the ladies' ears a voice so tuneable and sweet, that it forced them all to listen attentively; especially

Dorothea, who lay awake, by whose side slept Doña Clara de Viedma, for so the judge's daughter was called. Nobody could imagine who the person was that sung so well, and it was a single voice without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads that take care of the mules, who sings enchantingly. We hear him already, sir, answered Dorothea. Cardenio then went away, and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, heard that this was what he sung:

CHAPTER XLIII

Which treats of the agreeable history of the young muleteer; with other strange accidents that happened in the inn.

SONG

A Mariner I am of love,
And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far
Than Palinure e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail:
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.

O lovely star, by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
In night of death I lie.

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Doña Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice; and so, jogging her gently to and fro, she awaked her, saying: Pardon me, child, that I wake you; for I do it, that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life. Clara awoke, quite sleepy, and at first did not understand what Dorothea had said to her; and having asked her, she repeated it; whereupon Clara was attentive. But scarce had she heard two verses, which the singer was going on with, when she fell into so strange a trembling, as if some violent fit of a quartan ague had seized her; and clasping Dorothea close in her arms, she said to her: Ah! dear lady of my soul and life, why did you awake me? for the greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician. What is it you say, child? pray take notice, we are told he that sings is but a muleteer. Oh, no, he is no such thing, replied Clara; he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally. Dorothea was in admiration at the passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. And therefore she said to her: You speak in such a manner, Doña Clara, that I cannot understand you: explain yourself further, and tell me, what it is you say of heart, and possessions, and of this musician, whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing to mind your trembling; for methinks he is beginning to sing again a new song and a new tune. With all my heart, answered Clara,

and stopped both her ears with her hands, that she might not hear him; at which Dorothea could not but admire very much; and being attentive to what was sung, she found it was to this purpose:

SONG

Sweet hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee disheart'ning fears give way
Not e'en thy death impending nigh,
Thy dauntless courage can dismay.

No conquests bless, no laurels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who sinks reposed in bed of down,
Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.

Love sells his precious glories dear,
And vast the purchase of his joys;
Nor ought he set such treasures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.

Since perseverance gains the prize,
And cowards still successless prove,
Borne on the wings of hope I'll rise,
Nor fear to reach the heaven of love.

Here the voice ceased, and Doña Clara began to sigh afresh: all which fired Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint; and therefore she again asked her, what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to Dorothea's ear that she might speak securely without being overheard, and said to her: The singer, dear madam, is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two towns, who lived opposite to my father's house at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to school, saw me; nor can I tell whether it was at church or elsewhere: but, in short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to

understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs, and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, which he used to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad it might have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to; and therefore I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvas, or lattice window, and gave him a full view of me: at which he would be so transported that one would think he would run stark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me; for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, as far as I could learn, of grief; so that, on the day we came away I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed, that, had I not carried his image so deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me, unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids when he crosses the way before me, either on the road or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and considering that he comes on foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention; for I have heard say, he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over and am in a fright, lest my

father should come to know him, and so discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently, that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much: by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you.

Say no more, my dear Clara, said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair, that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves. Ah! madam, said Doña Clara, what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality, and so wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? and as to marrying without my father's consent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me: perhaps by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though I dare say this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possessed me, he and I being both so young, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas. Dorothea could not forbear smiling to hear how childishly Doña Clara talked, to whom she said: Let us try, madam, to rest the short remainder of the night; to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out.

Then they set themselves to rest, and there was a profound silence all over the inn: only the innkeeper's daughter, and her maid Maritornes, did not sleep; who, very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little

pastime, by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole, then, this pair of demi-lasses planted themselves, and perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone: O my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good humour, and pledge of modesty; lastly, the idea and exemplar of all that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world! and what may your ladyship be now doing? art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her: perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake; or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and lastly, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness thy steeds, to come abroad early and visit thy mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name: but beware, when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wast of that swift ingrate, who made thee sweat, and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus (for I do not well remember over which of them thou rannest at that time), so jealous and so enamoured.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please. At which signal and voice Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be: and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again: and with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rosinante about, and came up to the hole; and, as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve; yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber; and do not, by a further discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful: and if, through the passion you have for me, you can find anything else in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; for I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the sunbeams enclosed in a vial. Sir, quoth Maritornes, my lady wants nothing of all this. What is it then your lady wants, discreet duenna? answered Don Quixote. Only one of your beautiful hands, quoth Maritornes, whereby partly to satisfy that longing, which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and

father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears. I would fain see that, answered Don Quixote: he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter. Maritornes made no doubt but Don Quixote would give his hand as they had desired; and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole just as Don Quixote had got upon Rosinante's saddle to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood: and, at giving her his hand, he said: Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world: take, I say, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers, who has the entire right of my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm which has such a hand. We shall soon see that, quoth Maritornes; and making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. Don Quixote, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said: You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part: consider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate. But nobody heard a word of all this discourse; for, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rosinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread, that, if Rosinante stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm: and therefore he durst not make the least motion; though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rosinante that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since, having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time; it being a rule with knights-errant, that, when they have once tried an adventure, and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself; but he was so fast tied that all his efforts were in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rosinante should stir; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Then he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pannel, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him. Then he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him: then he called upon his special friend Urganda to assist him: lastly, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and

confounded, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect that the day would bring him any relief; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal: and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing Rosinante budged not at all; and he verily thought that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars was overpast, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief; for scarcely did the day begin to dawn when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard; which Don Quixote perceiving from the place where he stood sentinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice: Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that, at such hours, they who are within are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortress, until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon: get farther off, and stay until clear daylight, and then we shall see whether it is fit to open to you or no. What the devil of a fortress or castle is this, quoth one of them, to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? if you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door: for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, for we are in haste. Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper? answered Don Quixote. I know not what you look like, answered the other; but I am sure you talk preposterously to call this inn a castle. It is a castle, replied Don Quixote, and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons, who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads. You had better have said the very reverse, quoth the traveller; the sceptre on the head and the crown in the hand; but,

perhaps, some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of; otherwise I do not believe, that in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns and wield sceptres. You know little of the world, replied Don Quixote, if you are ignorant of the accidents which usually happen in knight-errantry. The querist's comrades were tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, and so they knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the innkeeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn; and the host got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four strangers' horses came to smell at Rosinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring; but being, in short, of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again that came so kindly to caress him: and scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice; for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite: like those, who are tortured by the strappado, who, being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain, by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope, that, if they stretch never so little farther, they shall reach the ground.

CHAPTER XLIV

A continuation of the unheard-of adventures of the inn.

In short, Don Quixote roared out so terribly, that the host in a fright opened the inn door hastily, to see who it was that made those outcries; nor were the strangers less surprised. Maritornes, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without anybody's seeing her, untied the halter, which held up Don Quixote, who straight fell to the ground in sight of the innkeeper and the travellers: who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He without answering a word, slipped the rope from off his wrist, and raising himself upon his feet, mounted Rosinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying: Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say, he lies, and I challenge him to single combat. The new-comers were amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was; and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself. They then inquired of the host whether there was not in the house a youth of about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing the same clothes that Doña Clara's lover had on. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, said: Without doubt he must be here; for this is the coach it is said he follows: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to look for him; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he

may not escape over the pales of the yard. It shall be so done, answered one of them; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds; all which the innkeeper saw, and could not judge certainly why they made this search, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Doña Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise, until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to set about a new adventure, until he had reinstated Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, until he saw what would be the issue of the inquiry and search those travellers were making: one of whom found the youth he was in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of anybody's searching for him, or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: Upon my word, Señor Don Louis, the dress you are in is very becoming such a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up. The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and looking wistfully at him who held him, presently knew him to be one of his father's servants: which so surprised him, that he knew not how, or could not speak a word for a good while; and the servant went on, saying: There is

no more to be done, Señor Don Louis, but for you to have patience, and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world: for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence. Why, how did my father know, said Don Louis, that I was come this road, and in this dress? A student, answered the servant, to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made, the instant he missed you: and so he dispatched four of his servants in quest of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good dispatch we have made, and that we shall return with you so soon, and restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly. That will be as I shall please, or as heaven shall ordain, answered Don Louis. What should you please, or heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home? quoth the servant; for there is no possibility of avoiding it.

The muleteer, who lay with Don Louis, hearing this contest between them, got up, and went to acquaint Don Fernando and Cardenio, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed: he related to them how the man had styled the young lad Don, and repeated the discourse which passed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's house, and how the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him if any violence should be offered him: and so they went towards the place where he was talking and contending with his servant. Now Dorothea came out of her chamber, and, behind her, Doña Clara in great disorder; and Dorothea, calling Cardenio aside, related to him, in few words, the history of the musician and Doña Clara; and he on his part told her what had passed in relation to the servants coming in search after him: and he

did not speak so low but Doña Clara overheard him: at which she was in such an agony, that, had not Dorothea caught hold of her, she had sunk down to the ground. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Doña Clara to their chamber, while he would endeavour to set matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in quest of Don Louis, were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father, without delaying a moment. He answered, that he could in no wise do so, until he had accomplished a business wherein his life, his honour, and his soul, were concerned. The servants urged him, saying they would by no means go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or no. That you shall not do, replied Don Louis, except you kill me; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life. Most of the people that were in the inn were got together, to hear the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who now thought there was no further need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth against his will? Because, replied one of the four, we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this gentleman's absence. Then Don Louis said: There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me. But reason will force you, answered the servant; and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to. Hold, said the judge, let us know what this business is to the bottom. The man, who knew him as being his master's near neighbour, answered: Pray, my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an in-

decent garb, as your honour may see. Then the judge observed him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, said: What childish frolic is this, Señor Don Louis? or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress, so little becoming your quality? The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking Don Louis by the hand, he went aside with him, and asked him, why he came in that manner?

While the judge was asking this and some other questions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about knowing what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists; which they did so roundly, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing nobody so disengaged, and so proper to succour him, as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to a mummy. To whom Don Quixote answered, very leisurely, and with much phlegm: Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for: but what I can do for your service is, what I will now tell you: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress; which if she grants me.

rest assured I will bring him out of it. As I am a sinner, quoth Maritornes, who was then by, before your worship can obtain the license you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world. Permit me, madam, to obtain the license I speak of, answered Don Quixote: for if so be I have it, no matter though he be in the other world; for from thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least I will take such ample revenge on those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied. And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before Dorothea, beseeching her, in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host; but when he came he stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. I delay, quoth Don Quixote, because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks: but call hither my squire Sancho; for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong. This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the innkeeper's cost, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband, and father.

But let us leave him there awhile; for he will not want somebody or other to relieve him; or, if not, let him suffer and be silent, who is so foolhardy as to engage in what is above his strength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what Don Louis replied to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of

his coming on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, squeezing him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, said: All I can say, dear sir, is that, from the moment heaven was pleased by means of our neighbourhood to give me a sight of Doña Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections: and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealthiness and nobility of my family, and that I am sole heir: if you think these motives sufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son: for, though my father, biassed by other views of his own, should not approve of this happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change, and alter his mind. Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at the manner and ingenuity of Don Louis in discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair; and therefore he returned no other answer, but only bade him be easy for the present, and not let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though, if possible, he would have effected it with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded; and the servants of Don Louis were waiting until the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do; when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it, that, at that very instant, came into the inn the barber, from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending something about the pannel; and, as soon as he saw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying: Ah! mister thief, have I got you? give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of. Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a dowse, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle; and he cried out: Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods. You lie, answered Sancho, I am no highway-robber: my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war. Don Quixote was now present and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him.

Now, among other things, which the barber said during the skirmish, Gentlemen, quoth he, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it were a child of my own

body, and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie: pray do but try it, and if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanselled, that was worth a crown. Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; and thrusting himself between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in public view, until the truth should be decided, he said: Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet: I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it, but that common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin. In faith, sir, quoth Sancho, if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin, as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle. Do what I bid you, replied Don Quixote: for sure all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment. Sancho went for the basin and brought it; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands and said: Behold, gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear by the order of knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution. There is no doubt of that, quoth Sancho; for, from the time my master won it

until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for this basin-helmet, he had not then got off very well; for he had a shower of stones hurled at him in that skirmish.

CHAPTER XLV

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pannel is decided; with other adventures that really and truly happened.

Pray, gentlemen, quoth the barber, what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm; for they persist in it, that this is no basin but a helmet? And whoever shall affirm the contrary, said Don Quixote, I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies, and, if a squire, that he lies and lies again, a thousand times. Our barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, to make the company laugh; and so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: Señor barber, or whoever you are, know, that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without missing one. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say (with submission always to better judgements) that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black,

and truth from falsehood. I say also, that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one. No, certainly, said Don Quixote; for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting. It is so, quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's design; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, confirmed the same: and even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Louis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to these pleasantries.

Lord have mercy upon me! quoth the bantered barber, how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain, that this is not a basin, but a helmet! a thing enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise: well, if this basin be a helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said. To me it seems indeed to be a pannel, quoth Don Quixote; but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass's pannel or a horse's furniture. All that remains, said the priest, is, that Señor Don Quixote declare his opinion; for in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference. By the living God, gentlemen, said Don Quixote, so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for anything that may be asked me about it: for I am of opinion, that everything passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgement rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered: but as to declaring, whether this

be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your discretion: perhaps, not being dubbed knights, as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me. There is no doubt, answered Don Fernando, but that Señor Don Quixote has said very right, that the decision of this case belongs to us; and, that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result.

To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was matter of most excellent sport; but to those who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Louis's four servants, and to Don Louis himself, as much as the rest, besides three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet, before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. Everybody laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison: and, after he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud: The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes; for I ask nobody that does not tell me it is ridiculous to say this is an ass's pannel, and not a horse's caparison, and even that of a well-bred horse: so that you must have patience; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alleged on your part are very

trivial and invalid. Let me never enjoy a place in heaven, quoth the bantered barber, if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison: but, so go the laws[1]—I say no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from everything but sin.

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said: There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing. One of Don Louis's four servants said: If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself, that men of so good understanding as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm, that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel: but seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by —— (and out he rapped a round oath), all the men in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin, and that a jackass's pannel. May it not be a she-ass's? quoth the priest. That is all one, said the servant; for the question is only, whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your worships say. One of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, who came in, and had overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk. You lie like a pitiful scoundrel, answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his lance, which he had never let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that, had not

[1] 'The laws go as kings wish': a proverb originating in the dispute concerning the Mozarabic and Gallican rituals which were submitted to the test of fire. The Mozarabic missal survived the ordeal; but Alfonso VI, a partisan of the French ritual, threw it into the fire a second time.

the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out, Help! help the Holy Brotherhood! The innkeeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. Don Louis's servants got about him, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. Don Louis called out to his servants to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who all took part with Don Quixote. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Doña Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pummelled the barber. Don Louis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm, lest he should escape, such a dash in the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The judge interposed in his defence. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The innkeeper reinforced his voice demanding aid for the Holy Brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weepings, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. And in the midst of this chaos, this mass, and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king Agramante's camp[1]; and therefore he said, with a voice which made the inn shake: Hold all of you! all put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive. At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying: Did

[1] Chief of the Moorish kings who besieged Paris in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xxvii.

I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it ? in confirmation whereof, I would have you see with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over and transferred hither among us ; behold, how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet ; and we all fight, and no one understands one another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you, master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramante, the other for king Sobrino [1], and make peace among us ; for, by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities, so many gentlemen of quality, as are here of us, should kill one another for such trivial matters. The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified : but the barber submitted ; for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolences of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down. At last the bustle ceased for that time ; the pannel was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the Day of Judgement.

Now all being pacified, and all made friends, by the persuasion of the judge and the priest, Don Louis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment ; and, while they were debating, and settling the point, the judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that Don Louis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Louis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire that Don Louis should go along with him

[1] An ally of Agramante's.

to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the marquess his brother according to his quality and worth; for he well knew his intention and resolution not to return, just at that time, into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. Now Don Fernando's quality, and Don Louis's resolution, being known to the four servants, they determined among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and the other should stay to wait upon Don Louis, and not leave him until the rest should come back for him, or until they knew what his father would order. Thus this mass of contention was appeased by the authority of Agramante, and the prudence of king Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself illuded and disappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh frays and disturbances.

Now the case was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off the worst. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and mauled by Don Fernando, bethought himself that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied, whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment out of his bosom, he presently found what he looked for; and setting himself to read it leisurely (for he was no great clerk), at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy, and found that without all doubt he must be the person therein

described: and, as soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold on Don Quixote by the collar, that he did not suffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: Help the Holy Brotherhood! and that everybody may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway robber. The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the trooper had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote; who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from heaven, and from the standers-by. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: As God shall save me, my master says true, concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour quietly in it. At length Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless, the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them: for so the king's service, and that of the Holy Brotherhood, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and with great calmness, said: Come hither, base and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable,

to raise the fallen and cast-down, and to relieve the needy and distressed? Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; highwaymen with the licence of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who was he that knew not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porterage, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? what damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? and lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or shall be, in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes, on four hundred troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him?

CHAPTER XLVI

In which is finished the notable adventure of the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood; with the great ferocity of our good knight, Don Quixote.

While Don Quixote was talking at this rate, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did, and said that they need not give themselves any further trouble upon that subject; for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him, as being a madman. To which the officer that had produced the warrant answered, that it was no business of his to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superior, and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. For all that, said the priest, for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken. In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote did such extravagances, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity; and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. At last they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied; for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from henceforth and for evermore, Amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief, and of the

greatest weight, being thus made up, it remained, that three of Don Louis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon him, whithersoever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. And, as now good luck and better fortune had begun to pave the way, and smooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success: for the servants were contented to do as Don Louis commanded, whereat Doña Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed, and her soul depended. The innkeeper, observing what recompense the priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine, swearing, that neither Rosinante nor the ass should stir out of the inn, until he had paid the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him all; though the judge very generously offered payment: and thus they all remained in peace and quietness, and the inn appeared no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Caesar's days: and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, now finding himself freed, and clear of so many quarrels both of his squire's and his own, thought it was high time to pursue his voyage, and put an end to that grand adventure, whereunto he had been called and elected: and therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a

word until he stood up; which he did in obedience to her, and said: It is a common saying, fair lady, that 'diligence is the mother of good success', and experience has shown, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue: but this truth is in nothing more evident than in matters of war, in which expedition and dispatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory, before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this, I say, high and deserving lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day: for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him? and time, giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm may little avail. And therefore, sovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy. Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful infanta, who, with an air of grandeur, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in this manner: I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the inclination you show to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whose office and employment it is to succour the orphans and distressed, and heaven grant that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be instantly: for I have no other will but yours, and, pray, dispose of me entirely at your own pleasure; for she who has once committed the defence of her person, and the restoration of her dominions, into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct. In the name of God, quoth Don Quixote, since it is so, that a lady

humbles herself, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly; for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire, and the length of the journey: and they say, 'delays are dangerous'. And since heaven has not created, nor hell seen, any danger that can daunt or affright me, Sancho, saddle Rosinante, and get ready your ass, and her majesty's palfrey; and let us take our leave of the governor of the castle, and of these nobles, and let us depart hence this instant.

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side: Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in the town than are dreamt of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken. What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin? said Don Quixote. If your worship puts yourself into a passion, answered Sancho, I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what I am bound to tell, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant ought to his master. Say what you will, replied Don Quixote, so your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like myself. Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God, answered Sancho; only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling at every turn, and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company. Dorothea's colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed that her spouse, Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved; which Sancho having espied, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure than a queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could nor would answer Sancho a word, but let him go on with his discourse, which he did, saying: I say

this, sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rosinante, nor to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner. Good God! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! I say it was so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said: Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? and hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Begone! appear not before me on pain of my indignation! And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At whose words and furious gestures Sancho was so frighted, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant, and swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master.

But the discreet Dorothea, who so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, to pacify his wrath, said: Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered: for, perhaps, he has not said them without some ground; nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and Christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any

body: and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, as you yourself say, Sir Knight, that since all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps, I say, Sancho, by means of the same diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw, so much to the prejudice of my honour. By the omnipotent God I swear, quoth Don Quixote, your grandeur has hit the mark, and some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what it was impossible for him to see by any other way but that of enchantment: for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he knows not how to invent a slander on anybody. So it is, and so it shall be, said Don Fernando: wherefore, Señor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions turned his brain. Don Quixote answered, that he pardoned him; and the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment. I believe so too, quoth Sancho, excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way. Do not believe it, answered Don Quixote; for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury. They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the innkeeper gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's tossing; at which they were not a little diverted. And Sancho would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment. And yet Sancho's folly never rose so high as to believe that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit,

being convinced he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the Queen of Micomicon, the priest and the barber might carry him as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. While this was in agitation, Don Quixote was laid down upon a bed to repose himself after his late fatigues; and in the meantime they agreed with a wagoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage with poles, grate-wise, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease: and immediately Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, and the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, together with the innkeeper, all by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, and not dreaming of any such accident; and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that, when he awaked with a start, he could not stir, nor do anything but look round him, and wonder to see such strange visages about him. And presently he fell into the usual conceit that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him, believing that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could not stir nor defend himself: all precisely as the priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out. Sancho alone, of all that

were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he durst not open his lips, until he saw what this surprisal and imprisonment of his master meant. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace; which was, that, bringing the cage thither, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast that there was no breaking them open though you pulled never so hard. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, at going out of the room, a voice was heard as dreadful as the barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other) saying: O Knight of the Sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; for it is expedient it should be so, for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which your great valour has engaged you; which shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosan dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke: from which unheard-of conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds to visit the bright constellations in his rapid and natural course. And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes! for, ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated that thou shalt not know thyself, and shall not be defrauded of the promises made thee by thy noble lord. And I assure thee, in the name of the sage Mentironiana[1], that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect: follow, therefore,

[1] A name coined from *mentira* = a lie.

the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for you to go where you may both rest: and because I am permitted to say no more, God be with you: for I return I well know whither. And, at finishing the prophecy, he raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees, with so soft an accent, that even they who were in the secret of the jest were almost ready to believe that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard; for he presently comprehended the whole signification thereof, and saw that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. And, with this firm persuasion, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said: O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, wherein I am now carried, until I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me! for, so they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of down. And, as touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune. And though it should fall out, through his or my hard hap, that I should not be able to give him the island, or something else equivalent, that I have promised him, at least he cannot lose his wages; for in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability. Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands: for one alone he could not,

they both being tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the wagon.

CHAPTER XLVII

Of the strange and wonderful manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences.

Don Quixote, finding himself cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart, said: Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogriff, or some such beast. But to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen, by the living God, it puts me into confusion! But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those that are enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho? I do not know what I think, answered Sancho, not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant. Yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether Catholic. Catholic! my father! answered Don Quixote; how can they be Catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to come and put me into this state? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting

in nothing but appearance only. Before God, sir, replied Sancho, I have already touched them, and this devil, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what people say your devils are wont to have: for it is said, they all smell of brimstone, and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance. Sancho meant this of Don Fernando, who being a cavalier of such quality, must have smelt as Sancho hinted. Wonder not at it, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for you must know that the devils are a knowing sort of people; and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits: or, if they do smell, it can be nothing that is good, but of something bad and stinking: and the reason is, because, let them be where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can receive no kind of ease from their torments: now, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing: and if you think that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you may not take him for a devil. All this discourse passed between the master and the man: and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should light upon their plot, he being already in the pursuit, and pretty far advanced towards it, they resolved to hasten their departure, and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rosinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition.

In the meanwhile the priest had agreed, for so much a day, with the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, that they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rosinante's saddle, and made signs to Sancho to mount his ass, and take Rosinante by the bridle, and placed two troopers with their carabines on each side of the wagon. But, before the car moved forward,

the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears for grief at his misfortune; to whom Don Quixote said: Weep not, my good ladies; for these kind of mishaps are incident to those who profess what I profess; and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame: for such accidents as these never happen to knights of little name and reputation, since nobody in the world thinks of them at all: but to the valorous indeed they often fall out; for many princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring by indirect ways to destroy them. Notwithstanding all which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself alone, in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor, Zoroaster, ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the heavens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure; for willingly and knowingly I never offended anybody: and pray to God, that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me; for, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve.

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the priest directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him a greater pleasure than to know it; and that, on his part, he would inform of whatever might amuse or please him, either in relation to his own marriage, or

the baptizing of Zoraida, as also concerning Don Louis's success, and Lucinda's return to her parents. The priest promised to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service. The innkeeper came to the priest, and gave him some papers, telling him he found them in the lining of the wallet, in which the novel of the *Curious Impertinent* was found, and since the owner had never come back that way, he might take them all with him; for, as he could not read, he had no desire to keep them. The priest thanked him, and, opening the papers, found at the head of them this title, *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*[1]; from whence he concluded it must be some tale, and imagined, because that of the *Curious Impertinent* was a good one, this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author: and therefore he kept it with a design to read it when he had an opportunity. Then he and his friend the barber mounted on horseback, with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and placed themselves behind the wagon; and the order of the cavalcade was this. First marched the car, guided by the owner; on each side went the troopers with their firelocks, as has been already said; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rosinante by the bridle: the priest and the barber brought up the rear on their puissant mules, and their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence, as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone. And thus, with the same slowness and silence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the wagoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle;

[1] A picaresque story published in Cervantes's *Novelas exemplares* (1613).

and acquainting the priest with his purpose, the barber was of opinion they should travel a little farther, telling them, that behind a rising ground not far off, there was a vale that afforded more and much better grass than that in which they had a mind to stop. They took the barber's advice, and so went on.

Now the priest, happening to turn his head about, perceived behind them about six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred, who soon came up with them; for they travelled, not with the phlegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastical mules, and in haste to arrive quickly, and pass the heat of the day in the inn, which appeared to be not a league off. The speedy overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously; and one of the travellers, who, in short, was a canon of Toledo, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the wagon, the troopers, Sancho, Rosinante, the priest, and the barber, and especially Don Quixote, caged up and imprisoned, could not forbear inquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner; though he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the Holy Brotherhood, that he must be some notorious robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself; for we know nothing of the matter. Don Quixote overheard the discourse, and said: If perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them. By this time the priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with Don Quixote de la Mancha, were come close up, to be ready to give such an answer as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in answer to what Don Quixote said, replied: In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in

Villalpando's *Summaries*[1]; so that, if that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please. With heaven's permission, replied Don Quixote, since it is so, you must understand, señor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one of those whose names fame has forgot to eternize, but one of those, who, maugre and in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians Persia ever bred, the Brahmans of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enroll his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror to future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms. Señor Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth, quoth the priest at this time; for he goes enchanted in this wagon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those to whom virtue is odious, and courage offensive. This, sir, is the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, though envy take never so much pains to obscure them, and malice to conceal them. When the canon heard him that was imprisoned, and him at liberty, both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement, not being able to imagine what had befallen him; and all his followers were in equal admiration.

Now Sancho, being come up to them, and overhearing their discourse, to set all to rights, said: Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats, and drinks, and does his occasions like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being so, will

[1] Published at Alcalá de Henares in 1557.

you persuade me he is enchanted ? Have I not heard many people say, that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak ? and my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk ye more than thirty barristers. And turning his eyes on the priest, he went on saying: Ah, master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you ? and think you I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at ? Let me tell you I know you, though you disguise your face never so much : and I would have you to know, I understand you, though you manage your contrivances never so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with niggardliness. Evil befall the devil ! had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the infanta Micomicona, and I had been an earl at least ; for I could expect no less, as well from the generosity of my master, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, as from the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that ' the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel ', and they, who were yesterday at the top, are to-day on the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children ; for when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a mere groom. All this that I have said, master priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master ; and take heed that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours, and all the good he might have done, during this time of his confinement. Snuff me these candles, quoth the barber at this juncture ; what ! Sancho, are you also of your master's confraternity ? as God shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and to be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises,

and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate. I am not with child by anybody, answered Sancho, nor am I a man to suffer myself to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an Old Christian, and owe nobody anything: and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and, being a man, I may come to be Pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may win so many, that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, master barber, take heed what you say; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me: as for my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let that rest; for it is the worse for stirring. The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so many pains to conceal: and for the same reason the priest desired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him.

The canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life, and customs of Don Quixote: recounting to him briefly the beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures, to the putting him into that cage, and the design they had to carry him home, and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The servants admired afresh, and the canon also, to hear the strange history of Don Quixote; and when he had heard it all, he said to the priest: Truly, sir, I am convinced that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the common weal; and though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail with myself to read any of them

from the beginning to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. And, in my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call Milesian, which are extravagant stories, tending only to please, and not to instruct: quite contrary to the moral fables, which at the same time both delight and instruct. And though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. For the pleasure, which is conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things which the sight or the imagination sets before it, and nothing, in itself ugly or deformed, can afford any real satisfaction. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable, in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two, as if he were made of paste? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said that on the enemy's side there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must, of necessity and in despite of our teeth; believe, that such or such a knight carried the victory, by the single valour of his strong arm. Then, what shall we say to that facility with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What genius, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading that a vast tower, full of knights, scuds through the sea, like a ship before the wind, and this night is in Lombardy, and the next morning in the country of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other, that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marco Polo ever saw. And if it should be answered that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties, or truth; I

reply, that fiction is so much the better, by how much the nearer it resembles truth; and pleases so much the more, by how much the more it has of the doubtful and possible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding, and so contrived, that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight, amuse, and entertain, in such sort, that admiration and pleasure may be united, and go hand in hand: all which cannot be performed by him who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet seen any book of chivalry which makes a complete body of fable, with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle: on the contrary, they are composed of so many members that the authors seem rather to design a chimera or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish, and their voyages extravagant; and lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the Christian commonwealth, as an unprofitable race of people.

The priest listened to him with great attention, and took him to be a man of good understanding, and in the right in all he said; and therefore he told him, that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him which of them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved: at which the canon laughed heartily and said, notwithstanding all the ill he had spoken of such books, he found one thing good in them, which was, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, affording a large and ample field, in which the pen may

expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters, and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, showing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting as in attacking the enemy: sometimes painting a sad and tragical accident, then a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, modest, discreet, and reserved; there a Christian knight, valiant, and courteous; now an unruly and barbarous braggadocio; then an affable, valiant, and good-natured prince: describing the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles. Then again he may show himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman; and, some time or other, he may have an opportunity, if he pleases, of showing himself a necromancer. He may set forth the subtlety of Ulysses, the piety of Aeneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Caesar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those actions which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect; sometimes placing them in one person alone, then dividing them among many: and this being done in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as near as possible to truth, will, doubtless, weave a web of such various and beautiful contexture, that, when it is finished, the perfection and excellency thereof may attain to the ultimate end of writing, that is, both to instruct and delight, as I have already said: because the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to show his skill in the epic or lyric, in tragedy or comedy, with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory: for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse.

CHAPTER XLVIII

In which the canon prosecutes the subject of books of chivalry, with other matters worthy of his genius.

It is as you say, sir, quoth the priest to the canon; and for this reason, those who have hitherto composed such books are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good sense, or art, or to those rules, by the observation of which they might become as famous in prose as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse. I myself, replied the canon, was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purposed to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned; and, to confess the truth, I had gone through above a hundred sheets of it: and, to try whether they answered my own opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons, who were very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons who were ignorant, and regarded only the pleasure of reading extravagances; and I met with a kind approbation from all of them: nevertheless I would proceed no further, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent: and though it is better to be praised by the few wise than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgement of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading [of] such books for the most part falls. But that which chiefly moved me to lay it aside, and to think no more of finishing it, was an argument I formed to myself, deduced from the modern comedies that are daily represented, saying: Of those nowadays in fashion, whether fictitious or historical, all, or most of them, are known absurdities, and things without head or tail, and yet the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, and maintain

and approve them for good: and the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, say, such they must be, because the people will have them so, and no otherwise; and those which are regular, and carry on the plot according to the rules of art, serve only for half a score men of sense, who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss, and can make nothing of the contrivance; and for their part, it is better for them to get bread by the many than reputation by the few: thus, probably, it would have fared with my book, after I had burnt my eyebrows with poring to follow the aforesaid precepts, and I should have got nothing but my labour for my pains [1]. And though I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, and that they would draw more company, and gain more credit, by acting plays written according to art than by such ridiculous pieces, they are so attached and wedded to their own opinion, that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember, that, talking one day to one of these headstrong fellows, Tell me, said I, do you not remember that, a few years ago, there were three tragedies acted in Spain, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such, that they surprised, delighted, and raised the admiration of all who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as the better sort; and that these alone got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been written since? Doubtless, answered the actor I speak of, your worship means the *Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*.[2] The same, replied I; and pray see, whether they did not carefully observe the rules of art, and whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world. So that the fault is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those who know

[1] Literally, 'I shall be like the tailor of Campillo'—who worked for nothing and found himself in thread.

[2] By Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola: *Filis* is lost.

not how to exhibit anything better: for there is nothing absurd in the play of *Ingratitude Revenged* [1], nor in the *Numantia* [2]; nor can you find any in the *Merchant Lover* [3], much less in the *Favourable Sheenemy* [4], and in some others, composed by ingenious and judicious poets to their own fame and renown, and to the advantage of those who acted them. And to these I added other reasons, at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not convinced nor satisfied, so as to make him retract his erroneous opinion.

Señor canon, said then the priest, you have touched upon a subject, which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have against books of chivalry: for, whereas comedy, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners. and an image of truth, those that are represented nowadays are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly, and images of wantonness. For what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of than for a child to appear, in the first scene of the first act, in swaddling clothes, and in the second enter a grown man with a beard ? and what can be more ridiculous than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy-counsellor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place in which the actions they represent are supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa; and, had there been four acts, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in America; and so the play

[1] By Lope de Vega.
[2] By Cervantes.
[3] By Gaspar de Aguilar, a dramatist of the Valencian school.
[4] By Francisco Tárrega, also a dramatist of the Valencian school.

would have taken in all the four parts of the world. If imitation be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action, which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne, ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre, like Godfrey of Bouillon; numberless years having passed between these actions: and besides, the comedy being grounded upon a fiction, to see truths applied out of history, with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times; and all this with no appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors? But the worst of it is, that some are so besotted as to call this perfection, and to say, that all besides is mere pedantry. If we come to the comedies upon divine subjects, how many false miracles do they invent, how many apocryphal and ill-understood, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another? and, even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles, for no other reason in the world, but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a place, that ignorant people may admire, and be induced to see the comedy. Now all this is to the prejudice of truth, and discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our Spanish wits; for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagances of those we write. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say, that the principal intent of well-governed commonwealths, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is, that the populace may be entertained with some innocent recreation, to divert, at times, the ill humours which idleness is wont to produce; and, since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws, or confining those who write or act them to the strict rules of composition, since, as I have said, any of

them serve to compass the end proposed by them. To this I would answer, that this end is, beyond all comparison, much better attained by those that are good than by those that are not so; for the hearer, after attending to an artful and well-contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, in admiration at the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, and in love with virtue: for a good comedy will awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him be never so gross or stupid. And, of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible not to be pleased, entertained, and satisfied much more with that comedy which has all these requisites, than by one which is defective in them, as most of our comedies nowadays are. Nor is this abuse to be charged chiefly on the poets themselves; for there are some among them who know very well wherein they err, and are perfectly acquainted with what they ought to do: but, as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them, if they were not of that stamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. And, that this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms[1], with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, and such excellent sentiments, and lastly with such richness of elocution, and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame. Yet, by his sometimes adapting himself to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that some of them have done. Others, in writing plays, so little consider what they are doing, that the actors are often under the necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has frequently happened, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the

[1] Lope de Vega.

dishonour of families. But all these inconveniences, and many more I have not mentioned, would cease, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, not only those made about the court, but all that should be acted throughout all Spain; without whose approbation, under hand and seal, the civil officers should suffer no play to be acted: and thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety; and the writers of them would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody that understands them. By this method good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the reputation of the wits of Spain, the interest and security of the players, and the saving the magistrate the trouble of chastising them. And if some other, or the same person, were commissioned to examine the books of chivalry that shall be written for the future, without doubt some might be published with all the perfection you speak of, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and might cause the old books to be laid aside, being obscured by the lustre of the new ones, which would come out, for the innocent amusement, not only of the idle, but also of those who have most business; for the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

Thus far had the canon and the priest proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber, coming up to them, said to the priest: Here, señor licentiate, is the place I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day in, and where the cattle would have fresh grass in abundance. I think so too, answered the priest: and, acquainting the canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley, which presented itself to their

view: and therefore, that he might enjoy the pleasure of the place, and the conversation of the priest, of whom he began to be fond, and be informed more particularly of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence what they could find to eat for the whole company; for he resolved to stay there that afternoon. To whom one of the servants answered, that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley. Since it is so, said the canon, take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter hither.

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the priest and the barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to his master's cage, and said to him: Sir, to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that they who are riding along with us and with their faces covered, are the priest and the barber of our town: and I fancy they have played you this trick, and are carrying you in this manner, out of the pure envy they bear you for surpassing them in famous achievements: and supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted, but gulled and besotted; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger on this palpable cheat, and find, that you are not enchanted, but distracted. Ask whatever you will, son Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for I will satisfy you, and answer to your whole will. But as to what you tell me, that those yonder, who come with us, are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be that they may seem to be so; but that they are so really and in effect, do not believe it in any wise. What you ought to understand and believe is, that, if they seem to be those you say, it

must be, that they who have enchanted me, have assumed that appearance and likeness: for enchanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends, in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations, that you shall not be able to find your way out though you had Theseus's clue. Besides, they may have done it to make me also waver in my judgement, and not be able to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For, if on the one side, you tell me that the priest and the barber of our village bear us company, and, on the other side, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself, that no force but that which is supernatural could be sufficient to imprison me; what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have ever read of in the histories of knights-errant that have been enchanted? so that you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say; for they are just as much so as I am a Turk. As to what concerns your asking me questions, ask them; for I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time until to-morrow morning. Blessed Virgin! answered Sancho, raising his voice, and is it then possible your worship can be so thick-skulled and devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours; and seeing it is so, I will prove most evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me, as God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms, when you least think of it—— Cease conjuring me, said Don Quixote, and ask what questions you will; for I have already told you I will answer them with the utmost punctuality. That is what I would have you do, replied Sancho; and what I have a mind to know, is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from, and practised by, all who profess

the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant—— I tell you I will lie in nothing, answered Don Quixote; therefore, make either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many salvos, postulatums, and preparatives, Sancho. I say, replied Sancho, that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master, and, that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or, as you say, enchanted in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to open the greater or the lesser sluices, as people are wont to say? I do not understand, Sancho, said Don Quixote, what you mean by opening sluices: explain yourself, if you would have me give you a direct answer. Is it possible, quoth Sancho, your worship should not understand that phrase, when the very children at school are weaned with it? know then, it means, whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you? Aye, now I comprehend you, Sancho, said Don Quixote; and, in truth, I have often had such a mind, and have at this very instant: help me out of this strait; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be.

CHAPTER XLIX

Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote.

Ha! quoth Sancho, now I have caught you: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Come on, sir, can you deny what is commonly said everywhere, when a person is in the dumps; I know not what such or such a one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is asked a question; he looks as if he were enchanted. From whence it is concluded, that they who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform the

natural actions I speak of, such only are enchanted, and not they who have such calls as your worship has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them. You say right, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: but I have already told you, that there are sundry sorts of enchantments, and it may have so fallen out, that, in process of time, they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though formerly they did not; so that there is no arguing, nor drawing consequences against the custom of the times. I know, and am verily persuaded, that I am enchanted; and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burdened if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection. But for all that, replied Sancho, I say, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison; which I will undertake to facilitate with all my might, and to effect it too; and then you may once more mount your trusty Rosinante, who seems as if he were enchanted too, so melancholy and dejected is he. And, when this is done, we may again try our fortune in search of adventures: and should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple, as to fail in the performance of what I say. I am content to do what you advise, brother Sancho, replied Don Quixote: and when you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in everything; but, Sancho, depend upon it, you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my disgrace.

With these discourses the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire amused themselves, until they came where the priest, the canon, and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The wagoner presently unyoked the oxen from his team, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as considerate and discreet as his squire, who besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while; otherwise that prison would not be quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight as his master required. The priest understood him, and said that he would with all his heart consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared, lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes on him more. I will be security for his not running away, replied Sancho. And I also, said the canon, especially if he will pass his word, as a knight, that he will not leave us without our consent. I do pass it, answered Don Quixote (who was listening to all they said), and the rather because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases; for he who has enchanted him, can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries, and, if he should attempt an escape, will fetch him back on the wing: and since this was the case, they might, he said, safely let him loose, especially it being so much for the advantage of them all; for, should they not loose him, he protested, if they did not get farther off, he must needs offend their noses. The canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and, upon his faith and word, they uncaged him; at which he was infinitely and above measure rejoiced to see himself out of the cage. And the first thing he did was, to stretch his whole body and limbs: then he went where Rosinante stood; and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said: I have

still hope in God, and in His Blessed Mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function for which heaven sent me into the world. And so saying, Don Quixote, with his squire, Sancho, retired to some little distance; from whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. The canon gazed earnestly at him, and stood in admiration at his strange and unaccountable madness, perceiving that, in all his discourse and answers, he discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. And so, after they were all sat down upon the green grass, in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon, being moved with compassion, said to him:

It is impossible, worthy sir, that the crude and idle study of books of chivalry should have had that influence upon you, as to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true, as falsehood itself is from truth. How is it possible, any human understanding can persuade itself, there ever was in the world, that infinity of Amadises, that rabble of famous knights, so many emperors of Trapisonda, so many Felixmartes of Hyrcania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so much bravery of attire, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux, so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents, as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure; but, when I consider what

they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should into the fire, had I one near me, as well deserving such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense, as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe, and look upon as truths, the multitude of absurdities they contain. Nay, they have the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worship, having reduced you to such a pass, that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a team from place to place, like some lion or tiger, to be shown for money. Ah, Señor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to make use of those great abilities heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conscience, and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scripture, the Book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Caesar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonzalez [1], Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Hernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes [2], Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas [3], Toledo a Garcilaso [4], and Seville a Don Manuel de

[1] Commemorated in the *Poema de Fernan Gonçalez*: he died in 970.

[2] Mentioned in Chapter xxxii, p. 322.

[3] Mentioned in Chapter viii, p. 61.

[4] An ancestor of the famous poet. He was killed at Baza on September 21, 1455, and is celebrated in the Spanish ballads for having slain in single combat a Moor who trailed at his charger's tail a placard bearing the words *Ave Maria*. The same story is told of an earlier Garcilaso

Leon[1]; the reading of whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and raise admiration in the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, my dear friend, whereby you will become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, and cautious without cowardice: and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit, and the fame of La Mancha, from whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin.

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse; and when he found he had done, after having stared at him a pretty while, he said: I find, sir, the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, which they teach: and you deny, that ever there were any Amadises, either of Gaul or of Greece, or any other knights, such as those books are full of. It is all precisely as you say, quoth the canon. To which Don Quixote answered: You also were pleased

at the battle of Salado in 1340: both tales are inventions. In December, 1490, Hernan Perez del Pulgar, *El de las Hazañas* ('He of the Feats-of-Arms') rode into Granada, and ran his dagger through a flaming torch which he thus fastened to the door of the mosque as a sign that he took possession of it. The ballad-makers confused the two Garcilasos, and then in a distorted fashion ascribed to the later of the two the exploits performed by Perez del Pulgar.

[1] A fifteenth-century knight, son of the Count de Bailen, to whom tradition attributes the exploit recounted by Browning in *The Glove*. The story is told by a contemporary poet, Garci Sanchez de Badajoz, and by Bandello, *Novelle*, Part III, xxxix, who says he heard it from a Spaniard; but it is found in the folklore of several countries.

to add, that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain, and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books, more true, more pleasant, and more instructive. True, quoth the canon. Why then, said Don Quixote, in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth, that he who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you are pleased to say you bestow on those books, when you read them, and they vex you. For to endeavour to make people believe, that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers, of which histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them, that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another, that the affair of the Infanta Floripes [1] and Guy of Burgundy [1] was not true; and that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible [2], which fell out in the time of Charlemagne; which, I vow to God, is as true, as that it is now daylight? And, if these be lies, so must it also be, that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the Twelve Peers of France, or King Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. And will any one presume to say, that the history of Guarino Mezquino [3], and that of the pursuit of [the] Saint Graal

[1] Guy married Floripes, sister of Fierabras.

[2] A toll on Christians was levied by the giant Galafre at this bridge (which tradition identifies with the bridge of Alconatar), till he was overcome by Charlemagne and Fierabras.

[3] A romance of the Charlemagne cycle translated from Italian into Spanish in 1527.

are lies [1]; or that the amours of Sir Tristram and the queen Iseo [2], and those of Ginebra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal; whereas there are persons who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintañona, who was the best skinner of wine that ever Great Britain could boast of? And this is so certain, that I remember my grandmother, by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me: Look, grandson, that old woman is very like the Duenna Quintañona. From whence I infer that she must either have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona [3], since to this very day, is to be seen in the king's armoury, the peg, wherewith he steered the wooden horse, upon which he rode through the air [4]; which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach: and close by the peg stands Babieca's saddle [5]. And in Roncesvalles is to be seen Orlando's horn [6], as big as a great beam. From all which I conclude, that there were the Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, and such other knights as those the world call adventurers. If not, let them also tell me, that the valiant Portuguese John de Merlo [7] was no knight-errant; he, who went to Burgundy, and in the city

[1] The translator gives 'the law-suit of Saint Grial', and comments on what he erroneously takes to be Cervantes's mistake. I have corrected the passage.

[2] The Spanish form of Iseult.

[3] Translated into Spanish, in 1519, from the twelfth-century Latin or Provençal of Bernard de Treviez, canon of Maguelonne. When Petrarch was studying law at Montpellier, he is said to have amused himself by improving Treviez' book in substance and style.

[4] A slip of memory: the wooden horse does not figure in *Pierres de Provenza y la linda Magalona*.

[5] Babieca was the Cid's horse.

[6] Olifant was the name of Orlando's (or Roland's) 'dread horn'.

[7] Commemorated in Juan de Mena's *Laberinto de Fortuna*.

of Ras fought the famous lord of Charni, Monseigneur Pierre, and afterwards in the city of Basle, with Monseigneur Enrique of Remestan, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame; besides the adventures and challenges, accomplished in Burgundy, of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended), who vanquished the sons of the Count Saint Paul. Let them deny, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the duke of Austria's court. Let them say, that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones of the Pass [1] were all mockery; with the enterprises of Monseigneur Louis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, with many more exploits, performed by Christian knights of these and of foreign kingdoms; all so authentic and true, that I say again, whoever denies them, must be void of all sense and reason [2].

The canon stood in admiration to hear the medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry; and therefore answered him: I cannot deny, Señor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish knights-errant; and I am also ready to allow, that there were the Twelve Peers of France: but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin [3]: for the truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and prowess: at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be

[1] See the note on Quiñones in Chapter iv, p. 35.

[2] There is a basis of truth for the exploits ascribed to the knights whom Don Quixote mentions: see the *Cronica de Don Juan II* and *El Paso Honroso*.

[3] Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, died about 800, two centuries before the compilation of the spurious chronicle ascribed to him.

so, and in this respect, they were not unlike our religious military orders of Santiago or Calatrava, which presuppose that the professors are, or ought to be, cavaliers of worth, valour, and family: and, as nowadays we say, a knight of St. John, or of Alcántara, in those times they said, a knight of the Twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a Cid, is beyond all doubt, as likewise a Bernardo del Carpio [1]; but that they performed the exploits told of them, I believe there is great reason to suspect. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing close by Babieca's saddle, in the king's armoury, I confess my sin, in being so ignorant, or short-sighted, that, though I have seen the saddle, I never could discover the peg; which is somewhat strange, considering how big you say it is. Yet, without all question, there it is, replied Don Quixote, by the same token that they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust. It may be so, answered the canon: but by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadises, nor those of such a rabble rout of knights as we hear of: nor is it reasonable, that a gentleman, so honourable, of such excellent parts, and endued with so good an understanding as yourself, should be persuaded that such strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry are true.

[1] A fabulous personage who passes in the histories of Lucas of Tuy and Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada as son of the Count Don Sancho and Doña Scemena, or Ximena, sister of Alfonso II (The Chaste).

CHAPTER L

Of the ingenious contest between Don Quixote and the canon, with other accidents.

A GOOD jest indeed! answered Don Quixote: that books, printed with the licence of kings, and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be, should be all lies, and especially carrying such an appearance of truth! for do they not tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action, performed daily by such a knight or knights? Good sir, be silent, and do not utter such blasphemies; and believe me, I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person: do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. For, pray tell me, can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed as it were before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most dreadful voice, saying: 'O knight, whoever thou art that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to enjoy the happiness that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, show the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor; for, if thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness'. And scarcely has the knight

heard the fearful voice, when, without further consideration, or reflecting upon the danger to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling pool; and, when he neither heeds nor considers what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness. Beyond it appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady, that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted birds, hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the mussel, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art, imitating nature, seems here to surpass her. Then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths: in short, the structure is so admirable, that, though the materials whereof it is framed, are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious. And, after having seen all this, can anything be more charming than to behold, sallying forth at the castle gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done? And then she who appears to be the chief of them all, presently takes by the hand the daring

knight, who threw himself into the burning lake, and, without speaking a word, carries him into the rich palace, or castle, and stripping him as naked as his mother bore him, bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed. Then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it then, when after this he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with suspense and wonder! then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers: to see him seated in a chair of ivory! to behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence! then to see such variety of delicious viands, so savourily dressed, that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand! To hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is that sings, or from whence the sounds proceed! And when dinner is ended, and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, and perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, enters unexpectedly at the hall door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, and seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it, with sundry other matters which surprise the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history. I will enlarge no further hereupon; for from hence you may conclude, that whatever part one reads of whatever history of knights-errant must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, sir, and, as I have already hinted, read these books, and you will find, that they will banish all your melancholy, and ameliorate your disposition, if it happens to be a bad one. This I can say for myself, that since I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprison-

ments, and enchantments: and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a madman, yet I expect, by the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not oppugning, in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, wherein I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast of mine: for, upon my faith, sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in never so eminent a degree; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For which reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may show my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the honestest man in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him, but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate.

Sancho overheard his master's last words, to whom he said: Take you the pains, Señor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and so long expected by me; for I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. But supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world who take lordships to farm, paying the owners so much a year, and taking upon themselves the whole management thereof, whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like any duke, and let the world rub. This, brother Sancho, quoth the canon, is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue; but as to the administration of justice, the lord himself must look to that; and for this, ability, sound judgement, and especially an upright intention, are required; for

if these be wanting in the beginnings, the means and ends will always be erroneous; and therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning. I do not understand these philosophies, answered Sancho; I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them: and I should be as much a king of my own dominions, as any one is of his: and being so, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it; and let the estate come, and God be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another. These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho, quoth the canon: nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms. To which Don Quixote replied: I know not what more may be said: only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire knight of the Firm Island, and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had. The canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, the manner of his describing the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, the impression made upon him by those premeditated lies he had read in his books; and lastly, he admired the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the canon's servants, who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back; and spreading a carpet on the green grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the wagoner might not lose the conveniency of that fresh pasture, as we have said before. And while they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud

noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briers and thorns that was hard by; and at the same instant they saw a beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and grey, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud in his wonted language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: Ah! wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? what wolves wait for thee, child? wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? but what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? a curse on thy humours, and on all theirs whom thou resemblest so much! turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions: and if you, who are to look after and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them? The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the canon, who said to him: I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat so soon to her fold; for since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her own natural instinct, though you take never so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink: whereby you will temper your choler, and in the meanwhile the goat will rest herself. And in saying this, he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd took it, and thanked him; then drank, and sat down quietly, and said: I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow, for having talked sense to this animal; for in truth the words I spoke to her are not without a mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts.

I verily believe you, said the priest; for I have found, by experience, that the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers. At least, sir, replied the goatherd, they afford men, who have some knowledge from experience; and to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this same gentleman (pointing to the priest) have said.

To this Don Quixote answered: Seeing this business has somewhat the face of an adventure, I for my part will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will all these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken. I draw my stake, quoth Sancho, and hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days; for I have heard my master, Don Quixote, say: That the squire of a knight-errant must eat, when he has it, until he can eat no longer, because it often happens that they get into some wood so intricate, that there is no way of hitting the way out in six days; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into a mummy. You are in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote: go whither you will, and eat what you can; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do, by listening to this honest man's story. We all do the same, quoth the canon, and then desired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying: Lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold. The goat

seemed to understand him; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and, looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story in this manner:

CHAPTER LI

Which treats of what the goatherd related to all those who accompanied Don Quixote.

THREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts; and therein dwelt a farmer, of so good a character, that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, yet he was more respected for his virtue than for the wealth he possessed. But that which completed his happiness, as he used to say himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness, and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her, was in admiration, to see the surpassing endowments wherewith heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. And now the fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages: do I say, through the neighbouring villages only? it spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no padlocks, bolts, or bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town, and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose

right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding. With the very same advantages another of our village demanded her also in marriage; which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us: and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it (for that is the rich maiden's name, who has reduced me to this wretched state), considering that since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children. I do not say, they should give them their choice in things prejudicial, but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them let them choose to their minds. For my part, I know not what was Leandra's liking: I only know that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions as neither laid any obligations upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

About that time there came to our town one Vincent de la Roca, son of a poor farmer of the same village: which Vincent was come out of Italy, and other countries, where he had served in the wars. A captain, who happened to march that way with his company, had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more, in the garb of a

soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets, and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another; but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight, and less value. The country folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed, and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them: but he disguised them so many different ways, and with many inventions, that, if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had above ten suits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous: for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself on a stone bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping, and listening to the exploits he would be telling us. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante, Luna [1], Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be showing us marks of wounds, which though they were not to be discerned, he would persuade us were so many musket-shots, received in several actions and fights. In a word, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would Thou his equals and acquaintance, saying, his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these bravadoes was added his being somewhat of a musician, and scratching a little upon the guitar, which some said he could make

[1] 'Gante, Luna' in the original is probably a misreading for Garcilaso, who is mentioned, together with Diego Garcia de Paredes, in Chapter xlix, p. 519.

speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; for he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad a league and a half in length on every childish accident that happened in the village.

Now this soldier, whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Roca, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra from a window of her house which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel: his ballads enchanted her; and he gave at least twenty copies about of all he composed: the exploits he related of himself reached her ears: lastly (for so it seems the devil had ordained), she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. And, as in affairs of love, none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent easily came to an agreement, and before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it: for she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for mother she had none), and absented herself from the town with the soldier, who came off with this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those others he had so arrogantly boasted of. This event amazed the whole town, and all that heard anything of it. I, for my part, was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood in readiness. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money, and several valuable jewels, she had carried away from home. They brought her back into the presence of her disconsolate father; they asked her how this misfortune had befallen her; she readily confessed, that Vincent de la Roca had deceived her, and, upon promise of marriage, had persuaded her to leave her

father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, through too much credulity and inadvertency, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had put all into his hands the night she was first missing: and that he conveyed her to a craggy mountain, and shut her up in that cave, in which they had found her. She also related to them how the soldier plundered her of everything but her honour, and left her there and fled; a circumstance which made us all wonder afresh; for it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency: but she affirmed it with so much earnestness, that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel, which once lost can never be recovered.

The very same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter had brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who had no interest in her being good or bad; but they who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding, could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally unthinking and disorderly. Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes were blinded: at least they saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction: and mine were in darkness, without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness, and diminished our patience; we cursed the soldier's finery, and detested her father's want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town, and betake ourselves to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent

to our passions, or singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each apart communicating our plaints to heaven. Several others of Leandra's suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia, it is so full of shepherds and folds: nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon her: others arraign and condemn her: one celebrates her beauty: another rails at her ill qualities: in short, all blame and all adore her; and the madness of all rises to that pitch, that some complain of her disdain who never spoke to her: yea, some there are who bemoan themselves, and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it; for, as I have said, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air: the echo, whereever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra: the mountains resound Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these extravagant madmen, he who shows the least and the most sense is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint, complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebeck, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses, which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and, in my opinion, a better way, which is to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their lifeless promises, and broken faith; and, in short, the little discretion they show in placing their affections, or making their choice.

This, gentlemen, was the occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat when I came hither; for, being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you: if I have been tedious in the relation I will endeavour to make you amends by my service: my cottage is hard by, where I have new milk, and very savoury cheese, with variety of fruits of the season, not less agreeable to the sight than to the taste.

CHAPTER LII

Of the quarrel between Don Quixote and the goatherd, with the rare adventure of the disciplinants, which he happily accomplished with the sweat of his brow.

The goatherd's tale gave a general pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who, with an unusual curiosity, took notice of his manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier, than of the rude goatherd; and therefore he said, that the priest was very much in the right in affirming that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio; but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn, by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which, doubtless, she is detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damsels: though I hope in God our Lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned

one may prevail over it; and then I promise you my aid, and protection, as I am obliged by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous. The goatherd stared at Don Quixote; and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered the barber, who sat next him: Pray, sir, who is this man, who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly? Who should it be, answered the barber, but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the reliever of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles? This, said the goatherd, is like what we read of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man: though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished. You are a very great rascal, said Don Quixote at this instant, and you are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for I am fuller than ever was the whoreson drab that bore thee: and, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face, with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or tablecloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and, gripping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over blood, was feeling about, upon all fours, for some knife or other, to take a bloody revenge withal: but the canon and the priest prevented him; and the barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of

buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight as there did from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter; the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood danced and capered for joy; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs when they are fighting: only Sancho was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the canon's servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way from whence they fancied the sound came: but he who was most surprised at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him: Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be anything else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), truce, I beseech you, for one hour; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet, which reaches our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure. The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling, and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face towards the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants.

The case was, that the clouds, that year, had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of His mercy, and send them rain: and for this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. Don Quixote perceiving the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some

adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it: and he was the more confirmed in his fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them covered with black, was some lady of note, whom those miscreants and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. And no sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rosinante, who was grazing about; and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted Rosinante, and braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all that were present: Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry: now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued, or not. And so saying, he laid legs to Rosinante (for spurs he had none) and on a hand-gallop (for we nowhere read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rosinante went full speed) he ran to encounter the disciplinants. The priest, the canon, and the barber, in vain endeavoured to stop him: and in vain did Sancho cry out, saying: Whither go you, Señor Don Quixote? what devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the Catholic faith? consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady, carried upon the bier, is an image of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know. Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him.

Being now come up to the procession, he checked Rosinante, who already had a desire to rest a little, and with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: You there, who cover your faces, for no good I suppose,

stop, and give ear to what I shall say. The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rosinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him, saying: Good brother, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, stop to hear anything, unless it be so short, that it may be said in two words. I will say it in one, replied Don Quixote, and it is this; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step further, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves. By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some madman; whereupon they fell a-laughing very heartily; which was adding fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler: for, without saying a word more he drew his sword, and attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving the burden to his comrades, stepped forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pole whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand; and receiving on it a huge stroke, which the knight let fly on him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, poor Don Quixote fell to the ground in evil plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done anybody harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don

Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock under his girdle, and he began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running towards them, and with them the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood with their crossbows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image; and, lifting up their hoods, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and, if they could, to offend their aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined: for all that Sancho did, was, to throw himself upon the body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily that he was dead. The priest was known by another priest, who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The first priest gave the second an account in two words who Don Quixote was; whereupon he and the whole rout of disciplinants went to see whether the poor knight was dead or not, and they overheard Sancho Panza say, with tears in his eyes: O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea, of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be overrun with evil-doers, who will no longer fear the being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months' service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround! O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said! At Sancho's cries and lamentations Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said, was: He

who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rosinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces. That I will do with all my heart, dear sir, answered Sancho; and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown. You say well, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, and it will be great prudence in us to wait until the evil influence of the stars which now reigns, is over-passed. The canon, the priest, and the barber, told him, they approved his resolution; and so, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the wagon, as before.

The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewell. The troopers would go no farther, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for. The canon desired the priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness was cured or continued, and so took leave, and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with good Rosinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The wagoner yoked his oxen, and accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the priest directed. On the sixth day, they arrived at Don Quixote's village, and entered it about noon; and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Everybody ran to see who was in the wagon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised, and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of

hay, in a wagon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him, to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. The Lord be praised, replied she, for so great a mercy to me. But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children? I bring nothing of all this, dear wife, quoth Sancho; but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence. I am very glad of that, answered the wife: pray, show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend: for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence. You shall see them at home, wife, quoth Sancho, and be satisfied at present; for, if it please God, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had. Grant heaven it may be so, husband, quoth the wife, for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you. Honey is not for the mouth of an ass, answered Sancho: in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship, by all your vassals. What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals? answered Teresa Panza: for that was Sancho's wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name. Be not in so much haste,

Teresa, to know all this, said Sancho; let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for ninety-nine of a hundred one meets with fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled. Yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.

All this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care, and make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better; and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this history, though he applied himself with the utmost curiosity and diligence to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha, that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a famous tour-

nament in that city, and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor should he have learned anything at all concerning his death, if a lucky accident had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding: in which box was found a manuscript of parchment written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rosinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read, and perfectly made out, were those inserted here by the faithful author of this strange and never before seen history; which author desires no other reward from those who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to inquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it to light, but that they would afford him the same credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world; and herewith he will reckon himself well paid, and will rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment. The first words, written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were these:—

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA,

A TOWN OF LA MANCHA,

ON

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA,

WROTE THIS:

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH

La Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse,
The arm, which from Gaeta far
To Cathay did its force diffuse:

He, who, through love and valour's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,
Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenc'd Belianis's name.

He, who, with helmet, sword, and shield,
On Rosinante, steed well known,
Adventures sought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone.

Paniaguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Dulcinea del Toboso.

SONNET

She, whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest, and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamoured knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

For her, armed cap-à-pie with sword and shield,
He trod the Sable Mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,
And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.

Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flow'r,
And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant power!

Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Don Quixote's horse, Rosinante.

SONNET

On the aspiring adamantine trunk
Of a huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk
Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
Frantic with valour, and return'd from fight,
His bloody standard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armour beaming far,
With that fine-tempered steel, whose edge o'erthrows,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
Unheard-of prowess! and unheard-of verse!
But art new strains invents new glories to rehearse.

If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,
Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,
Illustrious Rosinante, wondrous steed!
Not with more generous pride, or mettled speed,
His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.

Burlador, the little Academician of Argamasilla, on Sancho Panza.

SONNET

See Sancho Panza, view him well,
And let this verse his praises tell.
His body was but small, 'tis true,
Yet had a soul as large as two.
No guile he knew, like some before him,
But simple as his mother bore him.
This gentle squire, on gentle ass,
Went gentle Rosinante's pace,
Following his lord from place to place.

To be an earl he did aspire,
And reason good for such desire:
But worth, in these ungrateful times,
To envied honour seldom climbs.

Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,
And trust the flatterer, Hope, no more,
Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream.

Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rosinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.

Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw.

Tiquitoc, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Dulcinea del Toboso.

Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only death could win her.

These were all the verses that could be read: the rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians, to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it after many lucubrations and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

Forse altro canterà con miglior plettro.[1]

[1] Adapted from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, xxx, 16.

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